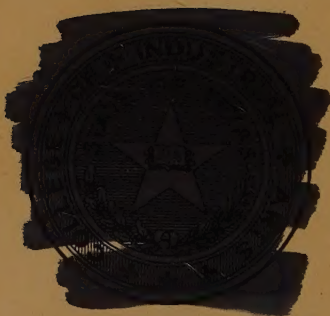




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THE AUTOBIOGRAHY AND MEMOIRS
OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON
VOLUME II



PLATE VII.

[*From the original in the National Portrait Gallery.*]

PLATE VII

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. By G. M. ZORNLIN.

From the original painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

The
AUTOBIOGRAPHY *and* MEMOIRS
of
BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON
(1786-1846)

Edited from his Journals by TOM TAYLOR

A NEW EDITION
with an Introduction
by
ALDOUS HUXLEY



VOLUME II ILLUSTRATED

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MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON
FROM HIS JOURNALS (*CONTINUED*)

MEMOIRS (*Continued*)

1828

"*January 1st.*—I began this new year and ended the last in apathy and indifference. No prayer, no thanksgiving, no reflection, no thought. I was ill, and fretful, and callous. My Frank was seized with an attack of the lungs. He recovered. My Mock Election opened and succeeded moderately, but it has not sold; and though I have to thank God for the last five months with all my heart and all my soul, I am beginning again to apprehend necessity."

He was now at work on *Eucles*, when a new subject suggested itself as adapted to that Hogarthian faculty which he flattered himself might have been developed in the Mock Election. He thus describes the subject and the circumstances under which it occurred to his mind:

"*February 1st.*—For this last week I thought I should have gone mad at the prospect of losing dearest Frank—a fellow-string of the same instrument as myself. O Frank—dear little intellectual, keen, poetic soul! One night I was sitting by the fire in his room—his still room—sobbing quietly, in bitter grief, and resolving, if he died, to glory in letting my faculties rot over my blasted hopes, when—will it be believed?—Punch, as the subject for a picture, darted into my thoughts, and I composed it, quite lost to everything else, till dear little Frank's feeble voice recalled me.

"This involuntary power it is which has always saved me. To God I offer my gratitude for its possession."

"*March 1st.*¹—I begin my new volume, not with the enthusiasm of my former ones. I have ceased to make great attempts, and have gradually sunk to fit my efforts to the taste of those on whom I depend: that noble elevation of soul I feel no longer. The necessities of a large family, imprisonment and sorrow have startled me for the time out of that glorious dream. I can't pray now to the great God to aid and help and foster me

¹ The fifteenth volume of the Journals opens at this date with the motto: "For I have eaten ashes like bread and mingled my drink with weeping."—Psalm cii.

in my attempts for the honour of my great country, for I am making no attempt at all. I am doing that only which will procure me subsistence, and gratify the love of novelty, or pander to the prejudices of my countrymen. Even that does not succeed. I have not sold the Mock Election. I have no orders—no commissions. After all the public sympathy of last year, I am still without employment. The exhibition of the picture gets me a bare subsistence, and that is all.

“ ‘ Non sum qualis eram.’ ”

“ What to do I am at a loss. Brougham is chilled, and the state of the finances renders any expectation of a Government vote for the higher walk of Art a vain delusion. My admission into the Academy is out of the question. It has turned out as I predicted to Lord Egremont it would. I begin at last to long to go abroad, family and all. Had I been single, after leaving prison for the first time, I would have gone back to my stripped house and finished the Crucifixion; but here my wife shrank, and I loved her too well to pain her.

“ To have finished the Crucifixion without a bed to lie on, or a chair to sit on, without casts or prints, because the world thought it impossible, was to my mind a cause of fiery excitement. I would have gloried in doing it, and would have done it. But by painting lately only paltry things I have ceased to excite the enthusiasm I once lived in, because I have ceased to feel it myself. How all this will turn out God knows—for though I do not pray to Him as I used, I trust in His mercy, as I ever shall. I dread blindness in my old age, but I hope my God will spare me this calamity. His will, not mine, be done.

“ *2nd.*—I got up melancholy in the extreme, and sallied forth to call on Brougham, in order to come to some conclusion. I saw him in the passage. His carriage was at the door; a gentleman was eagerly talking; Brougham had his foot on the stairs, and could not get up for the importunity of this man. Brougham’s hand was full of papers, and his whole appearance was restless, harassed, eager, spare, keen, sarcastic and nervous. The servant did not hear me ring, and the coachman called from his box in a state of irritable fidget, ‘ Why, George, don’t you see a gentleman here? He has been here these five minutes.’ Up came George, half dressed, and showed me right in. The moment Brougham saw me, he seemed to look, ‘ Here’s Haydon—at such a moment—to bore me.’ Brougham never shakes hands, but he held out his two fingers. ‘ Mr Haydon, how d’ye do? I have no appointment with you. Call on Wednesday at half-past five. I can’t spare you two minutes now.’ I never saw such a set out. The
horses

horses were not groomed. The coachman not clean. The blinds of the coach were not down, and gave me the idea as if inside the air was hot, damp, foul and dusty. There the horses were waiting, half dozy; the harness not cleaned or polished; their coats rough as Exmoor ponies; and inside and outside the house the whole appearance told of hurry-scurry, harass, fag, late hours, long speeches and vast occupation. Since I saw him last he seems grown ten years older—looks more nervous and harassed a great deal. He tried to smile, by way of saying, ‘Don’t be hurt’; but I never am hurt by such things. When a man calls on another in that way, he must expect the consequences of breaking in. I wish anybody was as considerate for me.”

Haydon now proceeded to turn to further account his King’s Bench experiences. The tragi-comedy of which he had delineated the first act in his Mock Election, furnished him with a second, under the title of Chairing the Member. I append the painter’s own account of the picture at this point, as it will render intelligible many subsequent entries in his journal between the commencement of the work and its conclusion towards the end of August:

“The scene now painted and represented to the public is The Mock Chairing, which was acted on a water-butt one evening, but was to have been again performed in more magnificent costume the next day; just, however, as all the actors in this eccentric masquerade—High Sheriff, Lord Mayor, Head Constable, Assessor, Poll-clerks and Members—were ready dressed and preparing to start, the Marshal interfered and stopped the procession! Such are human hopes!

“The Marshal sent word he wished to speak with those he named; they went directly, anticipating admonishment if their innocent frolic was irregular, and resolving to submit to Mr Jones’s wishes; but, after a few words, the whole who had obeyed his desire were ordered to be closely confined in a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta was a palace.

“Those who were thus treated were gentlemen, one of whom had been member of the House of Commons for two years. They had been guilty of nothing but an innocent and harmless frolic, that relieved their own anxieties, and contributed very materially to assuage the anxieties of others; they had trespassed on no privilege of authority, they had shown no disrespect to their superiors, there had been no wilful violence, no riot, no drunkenness: in fact, during the continuance of this extraordinary scene, there had been less of what was improper or abandoned; for the minds of the unhappy had for a time been excited, and they forgot their troubles and their usual methods of burying the recollection of them.

“The Marshal now sent for some others, whom he had forgotten

gotten in the first instance ; but, dreading a similar fate to their companions, they refused to go ; speeches, expostulations and messages took place, and the Marshal was advised to send for the Guards !

“ About the middle of a sunny day, when all was quiet save the occasional cracking of a racket-ball, while some were reading, some smoking, some lounging, some talking, some occupied with their own sorrows and some with the sorrows of their friends, in rushed six fine grenadiers with a noble fellow of a sergeant at their head, with bayonets fixed, and several round of ball in their cartouches, expecting (by their looks) to meet the most desperate resistance !

“ However, those are questions out of my province : I merely state what I saw, and that I, as an Englishman, felt bitterly wounded that the most heroic troops on earth, the Guards of the Sovereign, should have been sent for to outflank Harry Holt and cut off the retreat of four gentlemen in dressing-gowns !

“ The materials thus afforded me by the entrance of the Guards I have combined in one moment, as I did those in the last picture. In that picture, the dandy in yellow and the dandy in rags, the characters in one corner and the characters in the other, were not all assembled at the same moment at the same place. Some of the materials existed, others I invented. So, in this picture of the Chaining, I have combined in one moment what happened at different moments. The characters and soldiers are all portraits. I have only used the poet's and painter's licence, *'quidlibet audendi,'* to make out the second part of the story—a part that happens in all elections, viz. the charring the successful candidates.

“ In the corner on the left of the spectator are three of the Guards, drawn up across the door, standing at ease, with all the self-command of soldiers in such situations, hardly suppressing a laugh at the ridiculous attempts made to oppose them ; in front of the Guards is the commander of the enemy's forces, viz. a little boy with a tin sword, on regular guard position, ready to receive and oppose, with a banner of 'Freedom of Election' hanging on his sabre ; behind him stands the Lord High Sheriff, affecting to charge the soldiers with his mopstick and pottle, but not quite easy at the glitter of a bayonet. He is dressed in a magnificent suit of decayed splendour, with an old court sword, loose silk stockings, white shoes and unbuckled knee-bands ; his shoulders are adorned with white bows, and his curtain-rings, for a chain, hung by a blue ribbon from his neck. Next to him, adorned with a blanket, is a character of voluptuous gaiety, helmeted by a saucepan, holding up the cover for a shield and a bottle for a weapon. Then comes the fool, making grimaces with his painted cheeks, and bending his fists at the military ; while the Lord Mayor, with his white wand, is placing his hand on his heart with mock gravity and wounded indignation at this violation of Magna Charta and civil rights. Behind him are different characters,

characters, with a porter-pot for a standard, and a watchman's rattle ; while in the extreme distance, behind the rattle, and under the wall, is a ragged orator addressing the burgesses on this abominable violation of the privileges of election.

" Right over the character with a saucepan is a turnkey holding up a key and pulling down the celebrated Meredith, who, quite serious, and believing he will really sit in the House, is endeavouring to strike the turnkey with a champagne glass. The gallant member is on the shoulders of two men, who are peeping out and quizzing.

" Close to Meredith is his fellow-member, dressed in Spanish hat and feather, addressing the sergeant opposite him, with an arch look, on the illegality of his entrance at elections, while a turnkey has got hold of the member's robe, and is pulling him off the water-butt with violence.

" The sergeant, a fine soldier, one of the heroes of Hougoumont, is smiling and amused, while a grenadier, one of the other three under arms, is looking at his sergeant for orders.

" Two of the three soldiers are only seen ; the third is supposed to be behind the member.

" In the corner, directly under the sergeant, is a dissipated young man and his distressed family, addicted to hunting and sports, without adequate means for the enjoyment. He, half intoxicated, his only refuge left his bottle, has just drawn a cork, and is addressing his only comfort, while his daughter is delicately putting the bottle aside and looking with entreaty at her father.

" The harassed wife is putting back the daughter, unwilling to deprive the man she loves of what, though a baneful consolation, is still one ; while the little shoeless boy, with his hoop, is regarding his father with that strange wonder with which children look at the unaccountable alteration in features and expression which takes place under the effects of intoxication.

" Three pawnbrokers' duplicates, one for the child's shoes, 1s. 6d., one for the wedding-ring, 5s., and one for the wife's necklace, £7, lie at the feet of the father, with the *Sporting Magazine* ; for drunkards generally part with the little necessities of their wives and children before they trespass on their own.

" At the opposite corner lies curled up the Head Constable, hid away under his bed-curtain, which he had for a robe, and slily looking, as if he hoped nobody would betray him ! By his side is placed a table, with the relics of luxurious enjoyment, while a washing-tub as a wine-cooler contains, under the table, a pine, hock, champagne and Burgundy.

" Directly over the sergeant, on the wall, are written, ' The *Majesti* of the *Peepel* for ever—huzza ! ' ' No Military at Elections ! ' and ' No Marshal ! ' On the standards to the left are ' *Confusion to Credit, and no fraudulent Creditors !* ' In the window are a party with a lady smoking a hookah ; on the ledge of the window, ' Success to the detaining Creditor ! ' At the opposite window

window is a portrait of the painter, looking down on the extraordinary scene with great interest; underneath him, '*Sperat infestis.*'

"On a board under the lady smoking is written the order of the Lord Mayor, enjoining *Peace*, as follows:

" '*Banco Regis*

" '*Court House, July 16,*

" '*In the Sixth year of the*

" '*Reign of GEORGE IV.*

" '*Peremptorily ordered:*

" 'That the special constables and headboroughs of this ancient bailwick do take into custody all persons found in any way committing a breach of the peace during the procession of chairing the members returned to represent this borough.

" '*Sir ROBERT BIRCH (Collegian), Lord Mayor.*'

" '*A New Way to pay old Debts*' is written over the first turnkey; and below it, '*N.B.—A very old way, discovered 3394 years B.C.*'; and in the extreme distance, over a shop, is, '*Dealer in everything genuine.*'

"While the man beating the long drum, at the opposite end, another the cymbals, and the third blowing a trumpet, with the windows all crowded with spectators, complete the composition, with the exception of the melancholy victim behind the High Sheriff.

"I recommend the contemplation of this miserable creature, once a gentleman, to all advocates of imprisonment for debt. First rendered reckless by imprisonment—then hopeless—then sottish, and, last of all, from utter despair of freedom, insane! Round his withered temples is a blue ribbon, with '*Dulce est pro patria mori*' ('It is sweet to die for one's country'); for he is baring his breast to rush on the bayonets of the Guards, a willing sacrifice, as he believes, poor fellow, to a great public principle! In his pocket he has three pamphlets, *On Water Drinking*, *On the Blessings of Imprisonment for Debt*, and *Adam Smith's Moral Essay*. Ruffles hang from his wrists, the relics of former days; rags cover his feeble legs; one foot is naked, and his appearance is that of a being decaying, mind and body."

"*March 16th.*—Lough's private day to-day. He had a brilliant one, but no orders, though the *Musidora* is the most beautiful of his productions.

"Lough is delicate, sensitive and will be short-lived: but what a mighty genius. He dined with me to-day. What a gaunt, fiery eagle he looks. He complained of palpitations.

"His having no orders affected him, though I told him it was the consequence of fashion. I propped him up, and restored his

his spirits; but he is still depressed. If he goes through one-quarter of what I have gone through, he will die.

"God grant him life, for the sake of the art. What a pure, virginal, shrinking, chaste, delightful creature is Musidora.

"24th.—I am in a very precarious state of mind—in apathy. I cannot begin on anything, do what I will. I feel a lassitude of mind and being; I hope it is not the symptom of some disease. I finished the Election at the beginning of December; then wrote the catalogue, and fell ill. By the time I was well Frank was ill; and now he is well dearest Mary is ill, so that I have continual anxiety. But one must make the most of one's situation, let the difficulties be what they may.

"25th.—Lough has not had one order for the Musidora. My God! to hear on the private day people saying, 'Very promising young man'—at works before which Michel Angelo would have bowed. 'Why does he not do busts?' Why does not the State give him sufficient employment to prevent the necessity?

"26th.—My greatest weakness, I am sorry to say, is the expectation I form of every picture. I am then disappointed—grow angry and foreboding—wander about, and do not return to my pursuits till drawn by conscience. Shee (to whom I strolled for comfort, and who made me worse) said yesterday 'that an artist was always miserable in reality or in imagination—in reality if he fancies he is perfect; in imagination if he have a perfect idea he can never realise.' (This was the day Shee said to me, on my saying to him the Academy was founded for historical purposes, 'That never entered their heads. It was most likely founded on intrigue.')

Haydon ought now to have been employed on the Eucles for the purchase of which his friends had subscribed at the time of his imprisonment. But he hung back from beginning it for some reason he could not explain to himself. The cause was probably that depression which is apparent in the preceding extracts from the Journal, the result of disappointment and ever-recurring difficulty from which he at this moment despaired of being able to extricate himself, and which drove him to apply to his friends, high and low, for money—a practice which he frequently laments that he ever had recourse to, and from which earlier "condescension" to portrait-painting and pictures of the cabinet size might have saved him. Now that he was willing to do anything for money, patrons were, naturally, less eager to employ one who in the heyday of his reputation had refused to undertake such commissions as they were ready to give.

On the 8th of March he writes, "Sent in a study of a child's head to the Academy, and worked hard at copying an old head from

from a miniature. What an employment! After painting the head of Lazarus, to think that at forty-two years of age I am compelled to do this for bread—pursuing my art as I have pursued it, with all my heart and all my soul, for the honour of my country. The fact is England is strictly and decidedly commercial; and the highest gifts of genius are considered more in the light of curses than blessings if a man puts forth his powers on any principle incompatible with the commercial basis of sale and returns.

“10th.—In the city on business. Met my old fellow-student L—— last night at Buckingham’s *conversazione*. He had been in Rome thirteen years. Went out in enthusiasm, and of course in Rome and Italy had increased it by coming in contact with the works of the departed great. He has brought his large picture to exhibit, and is full of all sorts of hopes and quite inexperienced in the apathy of the great. I felt for him, but did not repress his feelings.”

There is much probability (admitting his claims to the title of a man of high genius) in the reasons he gives in the following extract, for the sympathy shown for him in his misfortunes and the apathy which followed:

“16th.—The nobility were touched by my sorrows last year, not because I was a man of genius in sorrow, but because I was a husband shut up from my wife at a time of approaching confinement, and they felt for my dreadful situation as men and human beings. If it was from sympathy for talent, why am I not employed? Why? Because they do not care about my talents, and would rather, conscientiously, if put to the test, not be cursed with any who have powers in a style of Art they do not comprehend, and wish not to encourage because they do not comprehend it. In short, a man of high genius is an incumbrance on the patrons of this country, a nuisance to the portrait painters and an object of sympathy to the public.

“The above is a bitter truth, but it is a truth.”

But a stroke of great and unexpected good fortune was at hand which swept away the gloom from his path and quickened into new life the sanguine anticipations of a nature which no experience of adversity ever really schooled into either prudence or submission to circumstances. This piece of unlooked-for happiness occurred on the 18th of this month and is thus recorded.

“This morning, to my surprise, the King, George IV. (whom God preserve!), sent Seguier to say he would wish to see the Mock Election. For my part I am so used to be one day in a prison, and the other in a palace, that it scarcely moved me. God only have mercy on the art, and make me a great instrument in
advancing

advancing it by any means, suffering or happiness. O have mercy, and grant this lot of fortune, under Thy mercy, may turn out profitable to my creditors.

"19th.—This morning I moved the Mock Election to St James's Palace. I rang the bell, and out came a respectable-looking man, dressed in black silk stockings. I was shown into a back room, and the picture moved in. In a short time livery servants, valets and the devil knows who crowded around it. At eleven Seguier came: the picture was moved up into the state apartments. I went into the city to my old friend Kearsey, one of those who had supported me during the struggle. He was gone to a funeral. 'Man groweth up and is cut down like a flower.' 'Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,' was a very proper rap to me in my superhuman elevation.

"When I came back Seguier called me aside. The room was in a bustle. 'Well,' said he, 'the King is delighted with your picture. When it was brought in he looked at it and said, "This is a very fine thing." To the figures on the left hand he said, "This is our friend Wilkie out-and-out." He then turned to Campbell in the corner. "That's a fine head; it's like Buonaparte." "Your Majesty, Mr Haydon thinks it's like Buonaparte and Byron." "Can I have it left to-day?" "Mr Haydon will leave it with your Majesty as long as you desire."'

"Seguier declared the King was highly delighted, and said, 'Come to me to-morrow.' Seguier said he really was astonished at the tact of the King. He told some stories about his father so capitally, and laughed so heartily, that the pages were obliged to go out of the room. (Exquisite flattery of the pages.)

"Seguier said, 'Can the King have it directly?' 'Directly,' said I. 'Meet me at the British Gallery at twelve on Monday.' 'That I will, my hero,' said I. What destinies hang on twelve on Monday!

"Lackington (my landlord) said, 'D——n it, I hope he will let you have it again, as you will pay your creditors 10s. in the pound!' *vrai Jean Bull!* As I went down I dreaded all sorts of disappointments. 'Might not the King be ill? Might not the palace catch fire? Might not Seguier have overstated his expectations?'

"Thus it is; when we are young, from our ignorance of evil, we dash on expecting flowers to bloom at every step; at maturity, from our dread of evil in consequence of suffering, no pleasure is felt unmingled with apprehension.

"20th.—I thought in the morning, Shall I go to church and pour forth my gratitude? Will it not be cant? Will it not be more in hopes for what is coming, than in gratitude for what is past?

past? Yes. But my Creator is merciful. He knows the weaknesses of human nature. To give up trying to do our duty because we cannot do it perfectly is more criminal than trying to do it sincerely, however imperfectly. I went. I laboured in prayer to vanquish vain aspirations. I poured forth my gratitude, and felt the sweet assurance which prayer only brings.

"21st.—To-day has been a bright day in the annals of my life. The King has purchased my picture, and paid me my money. I went to the British Gallery at half-past eleven; at twelve Seguiet came, with a face bursting, and coming up to me said, 'Get a seven and sixpenny stamp.' 'My dear fellow, I have only got 5s. in my pocket!' Seguiet looked mischievously arch as he took out 2s. 6d. Away I darted for a stamp. 'Threepence more,' said the girl. I ran back again, got the 3d., took the stamp, signed it, and received the money.

"Seguiet was really rejoiced, and verily I believe to him I owe this honour."

Elated by his good fortune, it required all the cool good sense of his friend Seguiet to restrain Haydon from writing to the King a letter of gratitude, in which, we may be sure, he would not have missed the opportunity of inculcating that duty of encouraging Art by public patronage which he so perseveringly forced upon ministers. But though occasional suspicions of his friend's motives in imploring him to be quiet crossed his mind, his better judgment bowed to the force of the advice and he abstained.

The purchase of his Mock Election by the King sent him with fresh spirit to the companion picture of The Chaining.

On the 28th I find in his Journal: "On Friday week at the palace of my Sovereign: to-day in his prison. I called on C——, and found him much improved. His face had lost that desperate look. He expected to be restored to the world. Such was the effect of hope.

"After sketching heads worthy of Shakespeare, I had a desire to throw the possessors off their guard. I sent out for lunch and wine, and ate and drank with them. What a scene! What expressions! What fiery, flashing vigour of diabolism! It was eight months since I had seen them; and the weather-beaten sailor who boasted he drank twenty-six glasses from sunrise to sunset was completely altered—flabby—nervous—gouty. The young bearded Canadian was feeble—hesitating—tired—weak. Meredith's death seemed to have touched them.

"I now, I hope, take my leave of the King's Bench for ever.

"I completed all my studies, and am ready. To-morrow the High Sheriff sits. I met him as I was coming home, loitering about the detestable neighbourhood as if enchanted.

"The

"The Bench is the temple of idleness, debauchery and vice."

Sir Walter Scott was now in town and visited Haydon.

"30th.—Began the High Sheriff's head, and succeeded. Sir Walter Scott called. I introduced him to the High Sheriff. Sir Walter kissed dear Frank's forehead and blessed him, and hoped he would be a clever man. It was highly interesting to see Sir Walter, with his fine head, kissing little Frank, who watched and scrutinised him. He promised to let me have a sketch of his head before he went. Sir Walter laughed heartily at the subject of Chairing the Member. 'The Marshal should have let the poor fellows finish it,' said he.

"May 5th.—Sir Walter came to breakfast according to promise.¹ Talfourd, Eastlake, and a young surgeon met him, and we had a very pleasant morning. He sat to me afterwards for an hour and a half, and a delightful sitting it was. I hit his expression exactly. Sir Walter Scott seems depressed. He came up to be happy with his family, to be among them; and, said he, 'They are all scattered like sheep. My daughter expected a fine season at the Caledonian Ball and Almack's; packed up her best gown, and she found her sister so anxious, she has given it all up!' I myself was touched. I had not seen him so long, and when I saw him last Lazarus towered behind us. I had been imprisoned, he had lost £42,000; he was getting older, I could not be younger. In short, the recollections of life crowded on my mind.

"He told some admirable stories, but still was quieter than before. He is such a native creature. I told him of an Irishman in St Giles's, who, coming by where there was a great row, seized his stick, looked up to heaven, and saying 'The Lord grant I may take the right side!' plunged in, and began to thump away. 'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'he showed more discretion than the rest of his countrymen'; and then he began to look up with an arch look, and pretending to spit in his hands and seize a club, like Paddy, told us of an adventure he met with in Ireland himself; but directly after relapsed into a musing, heavy sadness.

"I started ghosts, quoting Johnson's assertion in *Rasselas*. He told us some curious things, affecting to consider them natural; but I am convinced he half thought them supernatural. Sir Walter Scott has certainly the most penetrating look I ever saw, except in Shakespeare's portraits.

"C. H. Townshend, the author of *The Reigning Vice*, being in an agony of desire to see Sir Walter, I called with him. Sir Walter came out with his usual simplicity of manner and chatted. Townshend came away quite happy, and triumphant over a maiden aunt, who laughed at him for having such a desire.

¹ See note, p. 838.

“ ‘Mr Townshend,’ said I, ‘is a great admirer of your genius, Sir Walter.’ ‘Ah, Mr Haydon, we won’t say a word about that. At any rate, I have amused the public, and that is something.’ We talked of all sorts of things. In speaking of the Thames Tunnel, he said, ‘Mr Brunel should take care of the river, for he has proved he is capable of bursting in.’

“But there was a heaviness about him of which I never saw a symptom before.”

Time has done something to correct Haydon’s judgment of more than one of his contemporaries in Art; and his criticism of one at least of the two painters referred to in the following entry will scarcely be accepted now:

“9th.—Worked till two, and then went out to the private days of Martin and Lane. How completely my private days and exhibitions have bit them all.

“Martin and Danby are men of extraordinary imaginations, but infants in painting. These pictures always seem to artists as if a child of extraordinary fancy had taken up a brush to express its inventions. The public, who are no judges of the art as an art, overpraise their inventions, and the artists, who are always professional, see only the errors of the brush.

“19th.—My portrait day. By devoting a day to portraits without interruption, I find my dislike waning. I then make it a study, and find it useful and delightful, and go to my pictures the day after, improved by it.

“20th.—Hard at work on High Sheriff’s hands; finished them. How every part in nature is in harmony. These hands, bony, venous, long and Irish, would suit no other head. Returned to my picture with delight.”

There is truth, which has now a chance of being admitted, in this criticism of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s portraits:

“22nd.—Spent a whole morning at the Exhibition. Lawrence’s flesh has certainly no blood: Jackson’s is flesh and blood.

“Lawrence sacrifices all for the head; and what an absence of all purity of tint in comparison with Vandyke or Reynolds! His excellence is expression, but it is conscious expression: whereas the expression of Reynolds, Vandyke, Titian, Tintoretto and Raffaele is unconscious nature.

“Lawrence is not a great man: indeed posterity will think so. Lady Lyndhurst’s hands are really a disgrace in drawing, colour and everything. He affects to be careless in subordinate parts, but it is not the carelessness of conscious power; it is the carelessness of intention.

“Since he went to Italy his general hue is greatly improved, but his flesh is as detestably opaque as ever.

“The

"The whole Exhibition was lamentably deficient. Constable and Jackson are the only colourists left.

"Why are there no historical pictures? Hilton has had no commissions, Etty has had no commissions, I have had no commissions. Why are there so many portraits? Lawrence has had commissions, Jackson has had commissions, Shee has had commissions, and a hundred others have had commissions, and that is the reason there are so many portraits.

"If Lawrence dies, there is nobody to give an air of fashion and taste to the room. In fact, I regret I went. There was no one single thing I learnt anything from, but many thousand things I deeply regret remembering.

"I afterwards went to L——'s and Martin's. The group of Joseph and Mary is very fine, and there is really nothing like Martin's picture (Nineveh) in the world.

"22nd and 23rd.—Hard at work making pen sketches of the heads in the Mock Election, and writing a great many anecdotes in a catalogue handsomely bound, which I mean to request his Majesty's acceptance of. Left it with Lord Mountcharles.

"27th.—Portrait day; a day of coats, waistcoats, cheeks, lips and eyes—for themselves alone. The moment the last sitter went, I turned his head to the wall, pulled out my historical easel, placed the Charing on it and soon forgot the turn-up nose.

"June 8th.—Hard at work. The young man who sat for the sportsman in the Mock Election had spent two handsome fortunes; and (as a specimen of the benefit derived by a creditor from imprisoning a debtor) swore his creditor should never get a sixpence, and in a reckless feeling of defiance and disgust gave seventy guineas for a case of pipes a short time after he was in. I ordered up a bottle of wine, which excited him, and his face got that keen relish and fiery flush which is visible in a debauchee when temptation is near. He drank it all, as if the devil was at his elbow. He had served in Spain, and was up to everything. He had once, for fun, joined a strolling company. The actors all boarded with the manager, and one day, at dinner, he addressed them thus: 'Gentlemen, them as can act Thelly or Argo must eat taties!'

"I could not help thinking what a pity it was that those qualities which were so engaging and disinterested generally led to ruin, whilst the meanest vices realised fortunes.

"24th.—Worked hard at the wife, and succeeded; but how superior was Nature! Left off depressed at my own ineffective attempt, when in came some one and admired my effort at imitation, because he had not seen, as I had, superior Nature.

"26th.—Hard at work on the fool's head, and succeeded.

Walked

Walked in the evening in my old haunts in the Kilburn meadows, where I have walked so often with Keats; went on to Hampstead to Well-Walk, and home in a state of musing quiet. The grass, and hay, and setting sun, and singing birds and humming bees entered into my soul, and I lay dozing in luxurious remembrances till the evening star began to glitter dimly in the distance."

Wilkie had now returned to England, after his three years' quest of health, and the old friends met again and renewed acquaintance, but with little, I fear, of the cordiality of their student days. Their natures, in fact, were antagonistic, and each secretly distrusted the other for the qualities in which they differed respectively.

"27th.—Worked till two, and then went to Lord Grosvenor's, where I met Wilkie after an absence of three years. He was thinner, and seemed more nervous than ever. His keen and bushy brow looked irritable, eager, nervous and full of genius. How interesting it was to meet him at Lord Grosvenor's, where we have all assembled these twenty years under every variety of fortune! Poor Sir George is gone, who used to form one of the group. Wilkie, Seguer, Jackson and I are left. Lord Mulgrave is ill.

"As usual, Wilkie started a new theory—about the pictures in Spain not being varnished. He says he saw a Titian in a convent that had evidently not been touched since it was painted. We saw one together at Malmaison belonging to Josephine which was evidently pure—the blues in harmony. Wilkie said it was now in Russia.

"I was deeply interested at seeing my old fellow-student and friend; but Wilkie chills everybody; it is his unfortunate nature. He told me he never ate animal food till he came to Edinboro'—his father was too poor. Perhaps this laid the foundation of his unhappy debility of constitution. Whether the energy of England will recover him I do not know. I hope so. He looks radically shaken.

"29th.—Called on Wilkie; found him better. He said Newton's Vicar of Wakefield looked like Goldsmith in a dress of Molière's. It had not got the simplicity of Goldsmith. He was afraid to talk much; but he will recover. He seemed more impressed with Spain than either Italy or Germany. The whole world has had such a rattle, that the highest as well as the lowest have abated of their pretensions.

"30th.—Completed the group. L—— dined with me yesterday: already, poor fellow, cut up, as I predicted three months ago. He has resolved to relinquish historical painting, and turn to portraits.

"July

" *July 9th.*—The moment I quit my canvas I get into all sorts of messes.

" Whether it is the activity of my mind, or that trifles press more heavily on me when not occupied, I can't tell: but the children seem to cry more than usual; the postman knocks harder than his wont; the dustman's bell makes more noise; and I get restless, yawn, gape at the clock, stroll into the fields, get weary of my existence. What a life an idle man of fortune's must be.

" *12th, 13th.*—Better. Worked faintly at the fool. Everybody who called exclaimed, 'What a melancholy sot, with a touch of insanity.' This was the very thing.

13 days gone. Six ill—idle—business.

6

7 at work.

Eighteen days left. Let us see whether, if I work with prudence and attention to my health, I can keep up the whole eighteen. The misfortune with me is, I do too much at particular times. But it can't be helped: impulses must be attended to. My delight in my art is so interwoven with my nature, that I envy the very fellow who grinds my colours. I could be always in my painting-room when once there. I always leave my work with difficulty, dwell on it till I return, and recommence in pleasure. I would not let pupils set my palette, or grind my colours, or aid my designs. I love it all too much. Business, anxieties and sickness take their turns of retardation; but my heart is anchored, and it is only a slackening of the cable for a time. It is never loose; and when the sea is calm and the winds are high I haul taut up, and ride fearless, in delight and triumph.

" *14th.*—At work successfully, but not long. Rather melancholy from my state of personal health.

" *15th.*—At the moment I opened my window a magnificent white cloud was passing. I rushed in for my palette and dashed it into my picture before it had passed. It does exactly.

" Instead of getting better I got worse, and dear Mary advised me to go out of town for a few days. I flew off directly, and instead of forming one of the vulgar idlers at a watering-place determined to make a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon. Happy, indeed, am I that I did so. A more delightful jaunt I never had in all my life. It will be a bright spot in my imagination for years and years.

" The first day I went to Oxford. I got in late and peeped into some of the colleges. After the bustle, anxieties, fatigues

and harass of a London life, the peace and quiet of those secluded, Gothic-windowed, holy chambers of study came over one's feelings with a cooling sensation, as if one had mounted from hell to heaven, and been admitted on reprieve from the tortures and fierce passions of the enraged, the malignant, the ignorant and the lying, to the beautiful simplicity of angelic feelings, where all was good, and holy, and pious and majestic.

"I need not say it was vacation, or very likely my feelings in peeping in would not have been so very holy.

"I left Oxford next morning outside, and got to Stratford at two. I ordered dinner, and hurried away to Henley Street. The first thing I saw was a regular sign, projecting from a low house: 'The immortal Shakespeare was born in this house.' I darted across, and cursed the door for keeping me out a moment, when a very decent and neat widow-looking woman came from a door that entered from the other house and let me in. I marched through, mounted an ancient staircase and in a moment was in the immortal room where Shakespeare gave the first puling cry, which announced he was living and healthy.

"It is low and long, and has every appearance of having been in existence long before Shakespeare's time. The large old chimney has a cross-beamed front. There is a document to the effect that his father bought the house when Shakespeare was ten years old, and a tradition he occupied it before: so that there is perhaps little doubt he was born in it, and as people generally are born in bedrooms, why this upstairs room probably gave birth to the poet.

"The present possessor complains bitterly of the previous tenant, who after promising not to injure the names of all the illustrious visitors for the last eighty years, in mere spite because she was obliged to leave, whitewashed the whole room. His Majesty's name, as Prince of Wales, can't be found; Garrick's, and the whole host of the famous of the last century, are for ever obliterated; and hundreds on hundreds of immortal obscure who hoped to cut out a little freehold of fame are again and for ever sunk to their natural oblivion.

"The name of this old beldame is Hornby, and let her be damned to eternal fame with her worthy predecessor, Mr Gastrell. Illustrious pair, hail and be cursed! When she thought she was dying she confessed she had imposed on the visitors with her absurd relics and begged they might be burnt. Now she is well again she swears by them as much as ever. Those who sat up by her told the present occupant this.

"A squinting Cockney came in while I was there; so I left and walked to the sequestered and beautiful spot where the dust

of

of this great genius lies at rest. A more delightful place could not have been found. It is Shakespeare in every leaf. It must have been chosen by himself as he stood in the chancel musing on the fate of the dead about him, and listening to the humming murmur and breezy rustle of the river and trees by which it stands. The most poetical imagination could not have imagined a burial-place more worthy, more suitable, more English, more native for a poet than this—above all, for Shakespeare. As I stood over his grave and read his pathetic entreaty and blessing on the reader who revered his remains, and curses on him who dared to touch; as I looked up at his simple unaffected bust, executed while his favourite daughter was living and put up by her husband; as I listened to the waving trees and murmuring Avon, saw the dim light of the large windows and thought I was hearing what Shakespeare had often heard, and was standing where he had stood many times, I was deeply touched. The church alone, from the seclusion of its situation, with the river and trees, and sky and tombs, was enough to call out one's feelings; but add to this, that the remains of Shakespeare were near me, prostrate, decaying and silent in the grave he had himself pointed out, in a church where he had often prayed, and with an epitaph he had himself written while living, and it is impossible to say where on the face of the earth an Englishman should be more affected, or feel deeper, more poetical or more exquisite emotions. I would not barter that simple, sequestered tomb in Stratford for the Troad, the Acropolis or the field of Marathon.

"The venerable clerk, whose face looked as if not one vicious thought had ever crossed his mind, seeing me abstracted, left me alone after unlocking the door that leads to the churchyard, as much as to say, 'Walk there, if you please.'

"I did so, and lounging close to the Avon turned back to look at the sacred enclosure. The sun was setting behind me, and a golden light and shadow chequered the ancient Gothic windows, as the trees moved by the evening wind alternately obscured or admitted the sun. I was so close that the tower and steeple shot up into the sky, like some mighty vessel out at sea, which you pass under for a moment and which with its gigantic masts seem to reach the vault of heaven.

"I stood and drank in to enthusiasm all a human being could feel—all that the most ardent and devoted lover of a great genius could have a sensation of—all that the most tender scenery of river, trees and sunset-sky together could excite. I was lost, quite lost, and in such a moment should wish my soul to take its flight (if it please God) when my time is finished. As soon as I recovered from my trance I was sorry to walk back to the town,

to

to talk to waiters and chambermaids of tea and bread and butter. To feel they were requisite, to think of eating and drinking at all, was a bore and a disgust.

"However, gratified I had lived to enjoy such feelings, I left this delightful seclusion. I dozed all night in a dream; I returned to bed but could not sleep, and early the next morning got up to set off for Charlecote.

"To Charlecote I walked on foot as fast as my legs could carry me, and crossing a meadow entered the immortalised park by a back pathway. Trees, gigantic and umbrageous, at once announce the growth of centuries: while I was strolling on I caught a distant view of the old red-bricked house, in the same style and condition as when Shakespeare lived, and going close to the river-side came at once on two enormous old willows, with a large branch aslant the stream, such as Ophelia hung to. Every blade of grass, every daisy and cowslip, every hedge-flower and tuft of tawny earth, every rustling, ancient and enormous tree which curtains the sunny park with its cool shadows, between which the sheep glittered on the emerald green in long lines of light, every ripple of the river with its placid tinkle,

" ' Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
It overtaketh in its pilgrimage,'

announced the place where Shakespeare imbibed his early, deep and native taste for landscape and forest scenery. Oh, it was delightful indeed! Shakespeare seemed to hover and bless all I saw, thought of or trod on.

"Those great roots of the lime and oak, bursting, as it were, above the ground, bent up by the depth they had struck into it, Shakespeare had seen—Shakespeare had sat on.

"Wondering I had seen no deer, I looked about, and saw a rascal, a lineal descendant, may be, of the very buck Shakespeare shot, lounging on his speckled haunches and staring at me. This completed the delightful delusion, and crossing a little old bridge over a branch of the Avon, of the same age as the hall, I came at once on the green before the house, and turning to the right under an arched doorway reached the front entrance of another archway with a tower at each angle. In the tower facing my left was a clock. Here was an iron gate, and inside a regular garden, the old front of the house showing at the end of it.

"A young lady and an old one were talking to a parrot, and a gardener was shaving the grass plot with a scythe. He referred me to the housekeeper; so fearing I had intruded I returned to the back entrance, and meeting a servant asked to see the house.

By

By this time chambermaid, cook, butler and all the evidences of a full establishment peeped at me by turns. I sent the respects of a gentleman from London and begged to see the house. The butler shortly after showed me to the hall, and afterwards the housekeeper came in.

"The housekeeper of Washington Irving's time was married. I saw the same pictures as he saw, and am convinced the hall is nearly the same as when Shakespeare was brought to it. I saw the old staircase and a collection of pictures with a good one or two amongst them—one a genuine Teniers of his marriage; a fine Hondekoeter, and heads of Sebastian del Piombo and Hobbema, all genuine.

"The Lucy family appeared to me shy. They may not be ambitious of showing themselves as the descendants of the 'lousy' Lucy. That satire sticks to them, and ever must as long as the earth is undestroyed. They sent for my card but nothing came of it. Perhaps they never heard of my name.

"'This is the hall,' said the amiable, good-humoured housekeeper, 'where Sir Thomas tried Shakespeare.' This is evidently the way the family pride alludes to the fact, and I dare say servants and all think Shakespeare a profligate, dissolute fellow, who ought to have been transported.

"In the great hall window were the Lucy arms, three lucas. I left the ill-bred, inhospitable house, my respect for the Lucies by no means much higher than Shakespeare's; but the park amply compensated me, for a nobler, more ancient and more poetical forest I never saw.

"Fulbrook I could not stay to see; but if I live I will spend a week at Stratford, and ransack every hole and stream, and no doubt shall find the very place where Jaques soliloquised upon the wounded deer.

"Just as I came again amongst the venerable trees it began to rain with a jubilee vigour, but the invulnerable foliage completely secured me. I sat down on the roots of an ancient lime and mused on the house before me. A misshapen moss-grown statue of Diana, on a pedestal, as old as the house, was at the end of the large trees; and as I sat in thought a beautiful speckled doe and her young one, after regarding me for a moment, bounded off with a light spring as if their feet were feathered. Again they stopped, and again stared, and again they were off, and dashed behind some enclosure. Weary of the rain I sallied forth, and after crossing the meadow came into the road; but disdaining the beaten track I plunged into a bye-path, which brought me to the river, of which I caught a long, placid and willowed stretch, lucid as a mirror, reflecting earth and sky in sleepy splendour.

I mounted

I mounted the bank again, and scrambling through a damp, soaking path came out on the road, drenched.

"I could not help remarking how short a road is when in pursuit of any object and how tedious after the object is gained.

"Wet to the knees, I passed, as I approached the old bridge, a humble sign of the Plough and Harrow. In I walked, and found an old dame blowing a wood fire; the room and chimney of the same age as Shakespeare; on a form with a back sat a countryman smoking, and by the window a decent girl making a gown; on the table by the door was a bundle of pipes, enclosed in three rings, the two end rings resting on two feet; a clock made by Sharp (who bought Shakespeare's mulberry tree), a chest of drawers on three legs. The old furniture and the whole room looked clean, humble and honest. I ordered ale, which was excellent, and giving the smoker a pint asked him if he ever heard of Shakespeare. 'To be sure,' said he, 'but he was not born in Henley Street.' 'Where was he born?' 'By the water-side, to be sure.' 'Why,' said I, 'how do you know that?' 'Why, John Cooper, in the almshouses.' 'Who's he?' said I. 'What does he know about it?' said the old hostess. 'Nonsense!' said the young girl. My pot companion, giving a furious smoke at being thus floored at his first attempt to put forth a new theory of Shakespeare's birthplace, looked at me very grave and prepared to overwhelm me at once. He puffed away, and after taking a sip said, 'Ah, sir, there's another wonderful fellow.' 'Who?' said I, imagining some genius of Stratford who might contest the palm. 'Why,' said he, with more gravity than ever, 'why, John Cooper.' 'John Cooper!' said I: 'Why, what has he done?' 'Why, zur, I'll tell 'ee'; and then laying his pipe down, and leaning on his elbow, and looking right into my eyes under his old weather-beaten, embrowned hat, 'I'll tell 'ee. He's lived ninety years in this here town, man and boy, and has never had the toothache, and never lost *wan*.' He then took up his pipe, letting the smoke ooze from the sides of his mouth instead of puffing it out horizontally, till it ascended in curls of conscious victory to the ceiling of the apartment, while my companion leaned back his head and crossed his legs with an air of superior intelligence as if this conversation must now conclude. We were no longer on a level.

"I spoke not another word: retired to my inn, the Red Horse; took another sequestered sigh at the grave, another peep at the house; got into the garden where the mulberry tree grew; heard the clock strike which Shakespeare had often heard, and getting into a Shrewsbury stage at nine the next morning was buried in London smoke and London anxieties before nine at night.

"Hail

"Hail and farewell! Not the Loggie of Raffaele, or the Chapel of Michel Angelo, will ever give me such native, unadulterated rapture as thy silver stream, embosomed church and enchanting meadow, O immortal Stratford!"

Soon after his return to town Haydon again saw Wilkie.

"*July 24th.*—Called on Wilkie, and saw his Italian pictures, and was much pleased. Wilkie is getting better, and as he finds I am rising again he was not so cold. Parts of Washing the Pilgrim's Feet were beautiful. His two studies of the Sybils from Michel Angelo were beautiful, but of course his want of knowledge made the drawing deficient.

"Every feeling and theory of Wilkie centres in self. His theory now is no detail, because he finds detail too great an effort for his health. He said: 'When you and I began the art we found everything splash and dash. We set about reforming it, and we did reform it.' I was astonished at the liberality of this acknowledgment.

"The King, with his usual benevolence, has bought two of his pictures. I was glad to see Wilkie recovering. We both talked of our excessive misfortunes, of Sir Walter's misfortunes, and remarked if we all got through, how useful they will have been to the whole of us.

"*27th.*—Wilkie called. He said I had no idea of Fra Bartolomeo. He said some good things, and some weak things, as usual. He said he always stopped when he found a difficulty, and never painted anything but what was perfectly easy. This was entirely on account of his health; and because his health was weak, he laid down as an axiom in Art, that when you come to a difficulty you should stop. A pretty doctrine to teach a pupil! He said (which was good) 'that behind any object of interest there should be repose, and a flat shadow.' I gave him a catalogue, and he said he must get it read to him, for he had not strength to read it. He looked gaunt and feeble. God knows what to make of Wilkie's health.

"But I was happy to see him. The many early and pleasant associations I have connected with Wilkie always must make him interesting to me. His selfishness and Scotch individuality have chilled, without destroying, my regard."

By close and hard work Haydon, by the end of July, had finished his picture of Chairing the Member.

"*30th.*—Hard at work and finished the soldiers. It is done, and God be praised that I have accomplished this work in precisely the same time as the last, and that I have been blessed with health and competence and happiness.

"*31st.*—The Duke of Bedford called; he was infirm. He said,
'I suppose

'I suppose the King will have this to complete the suite.' I wish he may. He admired it exceedingly; but it is a satire touching so nearly on depravity that nobody but a king could sanction it. I passed the day before my picture contemplating improvements, and with my dear friend Miss Mitford. I prayed gratefully and sincerely; and have been quiet, serene and contented."

The point was now the exhibition of the picture. Where was the money to be found for a frame and for advertising? "I wrote to two or three friends," he says, "I hope successfully. Till I am out of debt, I shall be still obliged to pester my friends occasionally." His application, in one quarter at least, *was* successful. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, was ready again in this emergency. It is but one instance of assistance so given by this benevolent man, out of many of which records are preserved in the Journals of Haydon, and in all the manner of conferring the aid is as noble as the aid itself is munificent.

The exhibition opened (at the Western Bazaar in Bond Street) and was moderately successful. Besides the new picture, it included Solomon, Christ's Entry into Jerusalem and the drawings for the two prison pictures. The Mock Election was not there, as it had before this been removed to Windsor. From many letters of congratulation I select this from Charles Lamb. The half-profane, half-reverent allusion towards the end of it seems intended as a hint that it was questionable taste to introduce into the same exhibition of a single painter's works subjects of broad humour and of religious solemnity; and the motive of this hint, to my mind, excuses the manner of it:

"Dear Haydon,

"I have been tardy in telling you that your Chairing the Member gave me great pleasure; 'tis true broad Hogarthian fun, the High Sheriff capital. Considering, too, that you had the materials imposed upon you, and that you did not select them from the rude world as H. did, I hope to see many more such from your hand. If the former picture went beyond this I have had a loss, and the King a bargain. I longed to rub the back of my hand across the hearty canvas that two senses might be gratified. Perhaps the subject is a little discordantly placed opposite to another act of Chairing, where the huzzas were Hosannahs—but I was pleased to see so many of my old acquaintances brought together notwithstanding.

"Believe me, yours truly,"

"C. LAMB."

The Chairing of the Member being at length off the easel, Eucles was fairly begun. Here is the painter's own description of that picture (which was exhibited next year in an unfinished state)

state) introduced here to render more intelligible subsequent references to it while in progress :

“ Eucles was a Greek soldier, who ran from Marathon to Athens, as soon as the victory over the Persians was decided, and died from fatigue and wounds just as he entered the city.

“ It is supposed (in the manner of treating the subject) that after Eucles had announced the victory to the primates he ran bleeding and exhausted to his own home, and dropped just as he reached it.

“ His wife and children are rushing out to welcome him, not knowing his condition : a man is springing from a step to catch him as he drops, a woman is hiding her face, and her daughter clinging to her, while a man on horseback is huzzaing to those behind.

“ In the background is the Acropolis ; with the Propylæum, the Parthenon, and the statue of Minerva Promachus.

“ It is wished to express in the figure of Eucles the condition of a hero, fresh from a great battle—his crest torn—his helmet cleft in—one greave lost—and the other loose—all military array disorganised, and the whole figure announcing struggle, triumph and approaching death !

“ Every caution, criticism and remark are courted. The intention, expression, composition and action are as they are meant to be ; the colour alone is unfinished, and not a subject for criticism. To show a picture in this state is an experiment, but it is to let the subscribers see it is advancing, and that it will soon be done.

“ As remarks have been made in consequence of this picture not being finished before the Mock Election, Mr Haydon begs to say he had leave of the principal subscribers to paint the Election first.”

During the later months of 1828 Haydon was actively engaged in writing on the old subject—public patronage for Art—to influential members both of the Lords and Commons. The Duke of Wellington being now at the head of affairs, Haydon addressed himself to him, as he had done to Mr Robinson, Mr Vansittart and Mr Canning, but with no better effect.

“ *December 13th.*—I wrote the Duke, begging his leave to dedicate a pamphlet to him, on the causes which have obstructed the advance of High Art in England for the last seventy years.

“ Here is his answer in his own immortal hand :

“ ‘ London, 12th December, 1828.

“ ‘ The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has to acknowledge the receipt of his letter.

“ ‘ The Duke has long found himself under the necessity of declining

declining to give his formal permission that any work whatever should be dedicated to him.

“ ‘The Duke regrets much, therefore, that he cannot comply with Mr Haydon’s desire.’ ”

Nothing daunted, Haydon returns to the charge.

“ *December 21st.*—Wrote the Duke and stated the leading points of a system of public encouragement. God in heaven grant I may interest him. Ah, if I do! ”

On the 23rd came the prompt and decisive answer:

“The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and will readily peruse and attend to his work, but he is much concerned again to repeat that he must decline to give permission that any work should be dedicated to him.”

On the 25th Haydon again wrote, and thus recapitulates the points of his letter:

“According to the Duke’s permission I sent him the leading points. I pointed out how a practical plan could be immediately put in force by adorning the Admiralty, Chelsea Hospital, House of Lords, etc. I said I have been asked by members of both Houses what practical plan I could propose. Encouraged by such a question I have replied, Let the great room at the Admiralty and Chelsea Hospital be adorned with the leading points of naval and military glory, and the House of Lords with four subjects to illustrate the best government, the first showing Horror of Democracy (Banishment of Aristides), the second, Horror of Despotism (Burning of Rome by Nero), the third, Blessings of Law (Alfred establishing Trial by Jury), and the fourth, Limited Monarchy settled (the King returns crowned to Westminster Hall, welcomed by the shouts of beauty and rank).

“What finer accompaniment to the graceful magnificence of His Majesty?

“Between each, portraits of the great—Alfred, Bacon, Nelson, Wellington, etc., and all those who established our greatness.”

“I concluded a strong letter by pointing out all the causes of the failure of historical painting, in the preponderance portrait got at the Reformation; and the remedy, the patronage of the State and the Sovereign. I finished by saying, ‘Encumbered by laurel as the Duke is, there is yet a wreath that would not be the least illustrious of his crown.’

“As this was an extract and not addressed to him, I apologised for the allusion.

“But I suspect the Duke is innately modest: he was not pleased, and sent the following cold official reply, so different from his other letters:

‘The

“ ‘The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of his letter of the 25th instant.

“ ‘London, Dec. 26th, 1828.’

“ I know his character. I questioned the policy of saying it; but still, after my explanation, I trusted he would have understood the nature of my mind and my eager enthusiasm.

“ At any rate the truth has gone unto him, and though he may be angry with my obliging him to see it, he can't forget it. I have put him in possession of the ground. Time will develop all.”

On the last day of the year a purchaser¹ was found for the Chaining at £300, “ £225 less than its worth,” says Haydon; but the offer was accepted from sheer necessity. The net receipts from these two pictures, including the produce of the exhibition and the sale of drawings, amounted to £1396, a sum, as he observes, which in better circumstances and with less expense would have been a comfortable independence for the year.

1829

The first month of this year ushered into the world a pamphlet, in which Haydon set out for the public the same reasons which he had so long been vainly urging on ministers, in favour of the public employment of artists. The best disposed of his friendly critics agreed that, admitting the truth of his reasoning, it was hopeless to expect any realisation of what he asked for. The Duke of Wellington, with his usual punctuality, acknowledged, with his own hand, the receipt of the pamphlet, immersed as he was at the moment in the growing difficulties of the Catholic question, which now agitated the country and engrossed the Cabinet.

Haydon remarks on this striking proof of disciplined attention at such a time: “ What an extraordinary man Wellington is! The day I sent my letter his head must have been full, morning, noon and night. Parliament opens on Thursday. The Catholic question was coming on. The Spitalfields weavers came in procession with a petition. There was a Council till six. The day before he was at Windsor. In addition to all this, consider the hundreds of letters, and petitions and immediate duties, and yet he found time to answer himself my request, with as much caution and presence of mind as if lounging in his drawing-room with nothing else to do.”

On the 30th he wrote the Duke “ to ask with all the respect due to his illustrious character,” whether if his plan for the

¹ Mr Francis, a country gentleman, living near Exeter.

encouragement of historical painting by a grant of a moderate sum of money were brought forward in the House of Commons, it would meet with any obstacle on the part of His Grace, or whether, if His Grace should be favourably disposed towards his prostrate style of Art, he would rather that any plan of that nature should emanate entirely from himself?

His Grace's opinion (Haydon assured him) would be held sacred by him, and he concluded with every apology for his presumption.

The Duke replied:

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has had the honour of receiving his letters.

"The Duke begs leave to reserve his opinion upon the encouragement proposed to be given to historical painting, until he will see the practical plan for such encouragement."

On this Haydon at once submitted his practical plan:

"7th February, 1829.

"May it please your Grace,

"I beg respectfully to express my deep sensibility of the high honour conferred by your Grace's reply, viz. that you reserved your opinion till you saw the practical plan to be proposed. May it please your Grace, it must be admitted that historical painting has never flourished in England as in Italy or France, solely because it has never been patronised by the State in this country.

"It will therefore be proposed (not without the sanction of your Grace), that £4000 be granted every two years for six years for the employment of historical painters; and if, at the end of that period, the works produced justify the liberality of the grant,

"That the £4000 shall be continued annually for ten years more, to be renewed every ten years, or abolished at the end of the first ten years, according to the success or failure of the system pursued.

"It will be proposed that a Committee of the House, as in the case of the Elgin Marbles, be selected to examine the most eminent artists as to the best method of disposing of the money to be distributed, the plan to be regulated according to the report made.

"May it please your Grace,

"The above is the plan to be proposed, provided your Grace approves of it being brought into the House; but if your Grace should say £4000 shall be laid aside to try the effect of commissions from the State as in France, and should condescend to ask me, as an individual, for my opinion as to an immediate practical plan, I should presume, encouraged by such a distinction, to say the best and most effectual plan would be at once to give four commissions to four of the most established artists to paint four pictures on an important scale, size of life, viz.:

One

One military	.	.	.	for Chelsea Hospital.
One naval	.	.	.	for great room Admiralty.
One sacred	.	.	.	for an altar-piece.
One civil	.	.	.	for hall of justice.

" May it please your Grace,

" I have received a letter from a distinguished member of the House of Commons within this week, saying historical painting will never flourish in England but from grants of public money as in France, where the effect of such a system is visible, a large school of history being solely supported by such means.

" I humbly and respectfully hope that the sum proposed will be considered by your Grace as so moderate as not (if permitted) to interfere with the system of rigid economy determined on by His Majesty's Government, and that, as the condition of historical painting is prostrate, and will decay and be extinct without the system pursued in other countries where it has flourished be adopted, your Grace will be pleased to add to the other glories of your ministry the glory of establishing a system of national aid to the arts in the highest style.

" Anxiously awaiting your Grace's reply as my sole guide,

" Ever your Grace's humble servant and

" Ardent admirer,

" B. R. HAYDON."

Which eager appeal was met by this brief and conclusive answer:

" The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has had the honour of receiving his letter.

" The Duke must again beg leave to decline to give an answer until the plan shall be brought regularly before him.

" The Duke must, however, in the first instance, object to the grant of any public money for the object."

This left no opening for further correspondence, even to Haydon's pertinacity, and he applied for advice to Mr George Agar Ellis.

" *February 14th.*—Saw Mr Agar Ellis by appointment, and told him all that had passed between the Duke and myself. Asked him if I had any chance by laying the plan regularly before him through the secretaries. He said, ' Not in the least: that last year the Directors of the Gallery applied to Government for £3000, offering £3000 of their own money, for a piece of ground to extend the National Gallery. Lord Wellington would not listen to it. And when he granted the Museum some money he told the trustees that next year they must go without.'

" Mr Agar Ellis said he would be on the alert, and put in a word occasionally whenever an opportunity occurred, but he gave me no hope whatever at present. He begged me to continue my

my pamphlets every year, and whenever he saw a prospect he would make the motion requisite; but unless sanctioned by Government it would be impossible to carry it, because there is a strong party in the House against it, which if backed by Government would be quite irresistible. Well. The King is my only hope now; and perhaps he is afraid of the Duke, as everybody appears to be. I cannot help expressing my astonishment at the masterly manner in which the Duke has managed Peel. If he had let him resign, he would have been head of the opposition to Emancipation, and safe to have been minister. By persuading him to stay he has ruined the only chance Peel ever had of being formidable. All my predictions about Wellington are daily coming true. He will rescue the country, double its power and leave it with its revenue flourishing, feared, respected and wondered at."

July 22nd.—This matter settled, Haydon now renewed his intercourse with Wilkie. "Had a very pleasant two hours indeed with Wilkie looking over his Spanish pictures, and had one of our usual discussions about Art. The worst of it is one never can find out Wilkie's genuine opinion upon Art. He is always influenced by his immediate interests, or convenience, whatever that may be. Now it is all Spanish and Italian Art. He thinks nothing of his early and beautiful efforts—his Rent Day, his Fiddler, his Politicians. 'They are not carried far enough'—as if anything on earth, in point of expression and story, was ever carried further.

"We then, of course, got on the old subject—my writing. Wilkie said, 'It is not the most conducive to a man's interests to be too right.' (I thought this a good touch.) 'It is rather better,' said he, 'to let others imagine they are right and you wrong, if you want to get on in the world.'

"When an opinion of Wilkie's cannot be traced to any personal consideration, it may be listened to with safety. In composition he is perfectly infallible.

"Italian Art is to him quite new, and he comes out to his own astonishment with notions and principles which, to those who began, as I did, with Italian Art, are quite a settled and old story. At the same time there is great liberality in Wilkie, for he keeps nothing to himself, and, right or wrong, always communicates his thoughts to others.

"*25th.*—Wilkie called, and we had again a long and entertaining conversation. He said when he came to Madrid, of course English Art had never been heard of. He had a character to make. He began his Council of War, which the King had bought. The artists called and could make nothing of his system of

of Art. At last, as it began to be completed, they began to be interested, and old Gomez (Ferdinand's painter) said to a friend of Wilkie's, 'Depend on it, the English don't know who they have got in Signior Vix.' He never could pronounce Wilkie's name.

"Wilkie strenuously advised me to get to Italy, family and all. One can't depend on his sincerity. I have got a character, and made a hit in satire; got ground in a style which he finds he cannot touch without being considered an imitator. God knows; he may be sincere. Would to God men had lanterns in their breasts as Socrates said. By staying so long abroad he has lost ground, I am convinced; and I am also convinced if I went now I should break up an interest I could never effectually recover.

"By dunning all classes about my misfortunes I have got all classes to lament that my style of Art is not more supported; this is a step. If I go away and break off, the sympathy will be dissipated.

"*March 1st.*—Spent an hour with Wilkie very delightfully. Since his return from Italy he seems tending to me very much. We got mutually kind to-day, and mutually explained. The only quarrel we ever had was about that arrest.¹ I was too severe and he too timid. We ought to have made allowance for our respective peculiarities. He had been my old friend. He had dined with me the night before. We had drunk success to my marriage. We parted mutually friendly. The next morning I was arrested by a printer, to whom I had paid £120 that year, for the balance of £60. It was the second time in my life. The bailiff said, 'Have you no friend, sir?' 'Certainly,' said I, and at once drove to Wilkie's. Where ought I to have driven? Whom ought I to have thought of? 'I thought it would come to this,' said Wilkie; and after a great deal of very bad behaviour he became my bail. When roused I am like a furious bard of ancient days. I poured forth such a dreadful torrent of sarcasm and truth that I shook him to death. Wilkie told me to-day it sank deep into his mind, and never left him for months. His journey to Italy has opened his mind to the value and importance of my views of Art. I see he thinks higher of me than ever. We agreed to-day never to allude to our unfortunate quarrel, with a mutual desire of continuing our friendship, and I hope it is buried for ever. I should hope it is.

"His temperament is different; but my sister told me she was convinced he had more regard for me than any other person. He was affected to-day, and so was I. I hope we shall end our lives as we began them.

¹ See note on p. 838.

"We both talked of Sir George, and of the happy days we had passed with him, and bitterly lamented him.

" 'Real Art is that which savages feel as well as the refined,' said Wilkie. 'Of course,' said I; 'and the greatest artists are those whose fame does not depend on technicalities, but on intellect and expression. These form a universal language.'

"He speaks very highly of Fra Bartolomeo, Michel Angelo and Titian. I do not think Raffaele impressed him so much. He is quite altered in his views of Art, and has got a large canvas up, to my infinite delight.

"When I remember the rows we used to have about my painting large, and to hear him now say, 'Ah—dear—dear—I wish my pictures were larger,' it is impossible to help laughing. That is all I fear.

"Wilkie's mind is a mind of extreme simplicity. For eight years I battled him about his painting to please the Academicians. He now says they nearly ruined him. In fact, he finds I am right in attacking the whole system of British Art. What I did publicly, he is now doing privately. He argued with me that there was not a man who can colour in the art except Jackson, and he only occasionally.

"Wilkie said if Lawrence did not paint portraits he would not get a subsistence. I agreed with him. What a thing the King's portrait was! We both agreed. Good God! what drawing—perspective—composition! What will foreign artists think? Was there ever such a thing painted? The head is the only part my eye can bear.

"I never saw any man so ignorant of perspective and composition as Lawrence. He never puts his feet at the right angle.

"Wilkie wished me to try subjects of more simplicity. I think he is right. He said, 'Why paint subjects of humour?' 'Ah, my friend, these I have started up in since you were abroad!' I may say to him, 'Why paint subjects of history?' He said, 'You belong to a certain class of Art, and you ought to keep there.' No!—no!—I will carry the principles of a higher class into satire, and, as Lord Gower said, 'I'll found a new one.'

"Master David, I think I scent the old human nature. But with all thy faults I like thee still, and can nowhere find thy equal.

"I believe you think so of me, and the best way is to forget, and make the remainder of our lives as happy as possible; for twenty years will make such a vast advance towards the grave, and then there will be no time to forget grievances.

"We have known each other twenty-four years—since 1805—the finest time of our lives. Now comes the mature part, and then the decaying. God grant we may yet add to our reputation.

"More

"More want of prints. I have little continental reputation; but I will have. And if they cried *per Bacco* for Wilkie in Rome, they shall cry *per Giove* for me, they may depend on it, when I come."

On the 6th of March Haydon had another child born to him—a daughter—brought into the world amidst the excitement of Catholic emancipation and the distresses of her struggling and combative father, who could not be brought to comprehend the indifference with which the great bulk of the Cabinet, the Legislature and the public viewed the whole subject of Art.

" 'When the country is quiet,' " he writes (March 20th), " 'something will be done for Art.' When the country is quiet! When will that be? Was Florence ever quiet? Was Rome, or Pisa, or Venice or Athens? No. Nothing but turbulence and struggle in them, and yet the arts advanced and flourished."

With all his devotion to his pencil Haydon took a keen interest in the politics of the day, and wrote many letters to the newspapers in favour of Catholic emancipation, strenuously urging trust in Wellington. Nay, he even wrote to the Duke a letter of sympathy and respectful encouragement, which the Duke acknowledges with his usual promptness. But besides the distraction of public events, Haydon was harassed at this time by the conduct of the purchaser of his last picture—a young man, who after buying it became alarmed at his rash act, and it was not till the painter was on the brink of arrest (from which indeed he was only saved by his friend Dr Darling) that he got the price of the picture, £300, half in money and half in bills. This saved him from a prison, and he began his picture of Punch.

"April 15th.—Finished one cursed portrait; have only one more to touch, and then I shall be free. I have an exquisite gratification in painting portraits wretchedly. I love to see the sitters look as if they thought, Can this be Haydon's—the great Haydon's—painting? I chuckle. I am rascal enough to take their money, and chuckle more. When a man says, 'Paint me a historical picture,' my heart swells towards him. All my powers rush forth. He seems at once to have turned the key to my cabinet of invention, for I teem instantly with thoughts. Yesterday when I rubbed in Punch, my thoughts crowded with delight. My children's noise hurt my brain. At such moments no silence is great enough, but I am never let alone. Good God! what I should have produced had I been let loose in a great palace, and saved from distracting embarrassments.

"16th.—Rubbed in Punch. It should rather be called Life.

"May 2nd.—Began to-day; worked and completed all my portraits. Now to imagination with all my heart and all my soul.

Sir

Sir George Phillips called, and on looking at my portraits and small Eucles said, 'Ah, you are in the right way now!' *i.e.* I have come down to what artists and connoisseurs think so. God help them! Give me the dome of St Paul's, and they should see which I think the right one.

"3rd.—Called on Wilkie, who was at the levee on Friday. On the whole he seemed pleased with the effect of his pictures at the Academy. Wilkie's face expressed great feeling when I wished him good morning.

"4th.—At the Exhibition Wilkie's portrait of Lord Kellie looked dark in flesh, but broad and wonderfully fine in effect. I agree with Seguier. He spoilt it by the caution he put it in with. His other Italian and Spanish pictures have not made the impression he imagined. Indeed they are in so altered a style the public cannot make them out. The woman in the Saragossa is not beautiful. I am not pleased they do not look better.

"It is no use to affect what I do not feel. I have little or no sympathy with the moderns. The communion I feel is with Titian, with Rubens, with Veronese for execution and colour, with Raffaele and Michel Angelo, and the Elgin Marbles for form and expression, and with Nature for all these, with the addition of humour, and fun and satire. I see nothing in modern exhibitions from which I can learn, and which I can look at with that delight and confidence I feel before an ancient work. It is not from conceit, for I reverence my superiors; but there is in English Art an inherent ignorance of the frame and structure—a vulgar ruddiness of colour—an ignorance of harmony of action as well as its contrasts—a lack of repose that leaves the mind in a state of excitement and fatigue, till one hurries away to a Titian or a Claude for relief and consolation, as one looks out of a heated ball-room at daybreak and listens to the lark, and scents the cool freshness of the dewy grass, and forgets the passions, disgusts, heats, fatigues and frivolities within, in the peace and heavenly repose of renewing Nature. And yet what vast, mistaken, illiterate power is in an English exhibition, struggling like an untaught giant to give vent to his ideas in a language he does not scientifically know.

"But why say all this? Why not keep my mind fixed, and in blessed quiet do my best without interfering with others? This is the best way, and the only way. Paint—paint—paint!

"6th and 7th.—Went early to the Exhibition, and fell in accidentally with Lady Beaumont and Mrs Phipps. Wilkie's portrait does not preponderate, as I thought it would; and except the Cigar picture, the Spanish pictures do not support his reputation. The Cigar picture is a beautiful thing, and the best.

"Called

" Called on W——, who was half-distant, half-disturbed. He told me Lawrence addressed the Duke at the dinner, and appealed to him for aid to build an academy. The Duke rubbed his face with his hand.

" Here was Lawrence owing the Duke £2000 nearly, which he had advanced him for a large picture of all his general officers in Spain, and which he had never touched, to the Duke's great anger, who expresses himself everywhere very strongly; here was Lawrence addressing the Duke, both he and the Duke feeling conscious of their private relation, and Lawrence the merest tool of the Academicians, who had set him on. It is pitiable! I never saw any man who has so subdued a look as Lawrence, as if he was worried out of his senses.

" 8th.—Spent the day at the British Museum in ecstasy. How the Elgin Marbles looked after a long time! I bowed bareheaded as I entered, as I always do.

" Sketched from the Capitoline, Clementine and Florentine Museums. How thoroughly the ancients understood form and motion and grace! Nothing they ever did was ungraceful.

" 10th.—Read prayers at home, felt bitter remorse of conscience at my late neglect. It is extraordinary infatuation. I go on, day after day, like Johnson, in hypochondria, looking for hours at my picture, without the power to do one single thing. With my family it is dreadful. I am so often thrown off my balance by pecuniary difficulty, that it is a perpetual struggle to get on the road again. And yet the only chance I have of getting out of difficulty is by hard work; and now my health is so much recovered I ought not thus to dissipate the fine maturity of my life. Ten days are gone in May; all April and all January I did nothing: oh, it is disgraceful! O God, assist me to vanquish this bitter delinquency of infatuation. If I had read, if I had increased my knowledge, it would be well. But to have done nothing but sit and muse and build castles, till I awoke and mused again! I can hardly read without sleeping. Nothing keeps me alive but painting, and that I think of at this moment with disgust. Strange creature, man!

" 11th.—Went first to the National Gallery, and studied well the Gevartius, the Titian, the Sebastiano. Then walked to the Royal Academy on purpose to compare modern with ancient Art. Wilkie's portrait of Lord Kellie looked blackish and broad. Clint's Lord Spencer made the flesh suffer. This portrait has raised my opinion of Clint very much indeed; the head is exceedingly fine. Wilkie's portrait looks like a common person in a lord's dress; Clint's like a nobleman of literature and taste, dressed as he ought to be. There is something in the eminent
portrait

portrait painters, from their daily and perpetual intercourse with Nature, that painters of history can always look at with advantage and learn from. I am astonished at this portrait of Clint's, for whom I had once a great contempt. Pickersgill and Clint are instances of what hard work and diligence will accomplish without one atom of invention or genius.

"12th.—Partly breakfasted with Wilkie, and spent two hours pleasantly. The King sitting to him, his being at the levee, and altogether his intercourse at Court have affected him, though not much. I dare say he will be *Sir* David if he succeed with the King. He advised me to be patient. God knows I need it. The more one reflects on Christianity, the more one is convinced Christ's advice is the best guide.

"14th.—Worked hardish, and all my depression vanished. I have lost hope for history, and this a great hindrance.

"17th.—Worked deliciously hard; felt light, happy and invincible. Walked in the evening with Talfourd. Read prayers with dear Frank, and slept tranquilly, as if angels were fanning me with their wings. Ah, could I always feel so!

"Succeeded in the head of the mother of Eucles. Talfourd said, before I asked, 'What a distracted and anxious beauty!'—the very thing I tried for.

"18th.—Made a drawing, but felt feeble in mind, and lazy in body. Called at the Admiralty and saw Mr Riley, who gave me hopes of placing my boy¹ in a ship. I hope he will distinguish himself. One of the critics on Pharaoh² said, 'the Queen and all the family were too much dressed for the time of night.' I had a great mind to write, and say 'I had authority for stating that Pharaoh and the royal family were too anxious that night to take off their clothes; and that there is every reason to infer from a passage in Sanconiathon, Lib. MCCCCCXIX. chap. MMMII., that the ladies of the family came out of their apartments in their tunics only, the elder sister with only one sandal and one earring, and that Pharaoh had his night-cap on when he first got up; but being reminded by the eunuch-in-waiting, took it off, and put on his crown.'

"What criticism! If there was time to send for Moses and Aaron, surely there was time to dress at least decently.

"22nd.—At West's sale. I took Frank, and asked him how he liked the Christ in Christ Rejected, and he said it was common. He is six years old, and this is a capital evidence of feeling and taste. Nothing on earth could be truer.

"When first I came to town, West was in the vigour of his life

¹ His second stepson, Simon Hyman.—Ed.

² Then exhibiting.

—tall and upright. He then sunk down, lost his teeth, and died. His works, and house, and all are selling; and shortly not a vestige of his house and gallery will be left.

“ Sketched in a print-shop. Saw a print of Correggio, which enchanted me. Beauty should predominate in everything—in form, expression, colour, light and shadow, drawing and drapery. Beauty in means and pleasure in effect should be the principle. Did not paint.

“ 23rd.—Exceedingly hard at work, but after working eight hours was obliged to undress my lay-figure and take her out to raise three pounds for my family. Something might be done to prevent this disgrace.

“ 25th.—Hardish at work; four hours. Went to the last day of West's sale. Studied his work. Titian took eight years to paint the Peter Martyr. West would have painted eight hundred in the time.

“ In drawing and form his style was beggarly, skinny and mean. His light and shadow was scattered, his colour brick dust, his impression unsympathetical, and his women without beauty or heart.

“ There was not one single picture of a quality to delight the taste, the imagination, or the heart.

“ The block-machine at Portsmouth could be taught to paint as well.

“ His Venuses looked as if they never had been naked before, and were too cold to be impassioned; his Adonises dolts; his Cupids blocks—unamorous. As I left the room, I went into the dining-parlour, and saw two delicious sketches of Rubens. My heart jumped.”

In July Haydon set heartily to work on his picture of Punch, and was occupied with it continuously (with the interval of a visit to Plymouth, to vote for his friend, Captain Lockyer) till its completion in November. The picture is now in the possession of his old and tried friend, Dr Darling. Its character is Hogarthian—a humorous satire on life. The scene is near Marylebone Church. In the left-hand corner of the picture is Mr Punch's theatre, with the performance in progress; in front of it, a simple old farmer, hat in hand and dog at heel, is gazing with delight at that admirable tragi-comedy, unconscious that a pickpocket's hand is upon his pocket-book, while a flashily dressed confederate holds the victim in talk; near the farmer, a soldier and sailor, a nursemaid with a child, and a street-sweeper are looking on in delight; a revel of May-day sweeps, with Jack-in-the-green and his lady, is in full caper in the right-hand corner of the composition, while behind the knot of spectators, a Bow Street officer,

officer, truncheon in hand, is stealing ferret-like upon the pick-pocket. The extreme left of the composition is occupied by a charming figure—an apple-girl sleeping by her stall. A carriage, with a newly married pair, and a black servant in full grin behind, is driving past the show; in the middle distance a hearse issues out of a cross-street. Just beyond Mr Punch's theatre, two horsemen, in the fashionable dress of the day, are riding along, and in the background is an Italian image-boy, with casts of the Theseus and Ilissus on his board, neglected for the more potent attractions of Punch.

The picture is remarkable for the force and truth of expression in the heads throughout; and the execution of much of it, particularly the old farmer and his dog, and the sleeping girl, leaves nothing to be desired. The canvas is about 8 feet by 6, and the figures, of course, less than life-size. Wilkie esteemed the picture very highly. Dr Darling mentions, in a letter now before me, that he saw Sir David, "no mean judge and not overmuch given to praise," when this picture was exhibited, pass his hand over the left-hand portion, exclaiming, "How fine, how very fine, that part is!" adding, "If that picture were in Italy, you would see it surrounded by students from all parts of Europe engaged in copying it." The picture altogether impresses me with a high opinion of the painter's power of conceiving and delineating character. The old farmer, especially, in dress, attitude, and character at all points,¹ would do credit to either Hogarth or Wilkie himself, though it may be doubted if either could have equalled it on the same scale.

The fault of the picture is a little overcrowding, and a consequent confusion in the lines of the composition.

While this picture was in progress, Haydon saw Wilkie from time to time—with something, indeed, like a renewal of their old intimacy.

July 30th, I find, "Called on Wilkie, who was finishing Holyrood House picture for the King. This will be a very curious picture. He began it before he went to Italy, when detail and finish were all in all to him. He is finishing it now, when he has entirely changed his style. The Duke of Argyle, the King's head, the man on horseback with the crown, are in his first style: the trumpeters, the dress of the Duke of Hamilton, the woman, etc., in his last; and the mixture is like oil and water. He was pale and rather depressed. He has not made the hit this season he imagined he should make. I sat with him and his sister while they dined, and he had evidently sunk down into an emaciated

¹ Though even in him there is a defect in proportion, the arms being of unnatural length.

old bachelor. There sat I, rosy, plump, and full of difficulties, harass, and trouble, with a large family, and a dear wife. I could not help thinking in early life of our occasional conversations on marriage. 'When I marry,' Wilkie used to say, 'it will be a matter of interest.' 'When I marry,' I always said, 'it will be for love, and for nothing else.' See the result. He has no household anxieties, no domestic harass, no large family to bring up. But he has no sweet affections, no tender sympathies. Would I exchange my situation for David Wilkie's? No, no; not if I had ten times the trouble, the anxiety, the harass, the torture.

"*August 1st.*—Moderately at work. Wilkie called and we had a long confab. We both lamented the death of Sir George and Lady Beaumont. She has left the Michel Angelo to the Academy.

"Wilkie liked the Eucles very much indeed. Now he is glazing mad, he was advising me what to do, and I told him to take the palette and do it. He then glazed and muddled a head, just in the style he is doing now, which looked rich and filthy, and I rubbed it out. I cautioned him as to his disposition to manner and excess from any new idea in his head, which he acknowledged. His pictures are actually becoming black and white patches, like Raeburn's. Wilkie laughed at Punch. We thought it odd he should tumble into history, and I into burlesque.

"*2nd.*—Hard at work and finished the sailor, and then advanced the whole picture.

"*3rd.*—Moderately at work and advanced the effect and light and shadow. Wilkie was full of wax, and Lord knows what; restless thing the human mind. His first picture will stand for ever, and so will mine, and now he has almost tempted me to quack as well as himself, with his wax and magylyp. Solomon, Jerusalem, Lazarus, Macbeth and Dentatus, are painted in pure oil; so are the Fiddler, Politicians, Card-players, Chelsea Pensioners, Village Wake; in fact, all his early works.

When I first began to paint I executed a head, glazing over pure colour. Wilkie was pleased, and borrowed it. He had then painted nearly all the Blind Fiddler, except the right hand of the fiddler, which he immediately began, leaving out yellow, and painting in white, red, and blue purely, and glazing it into tone. Any painter will see the difference of colour and texture in the right hand of the fiddler from all the other flesh in the picture.

"*6th.*—Harassed: fagged about in the heat and filth of the town to arrange money matters, and came home exhausted: after some refreshment, my horseguardsman being ready, I set to work heartily and finished him before four, and a capital fellow he is in the picture.

"*7th.*

"7th.—Harassed still. A severe pain in the pit of my stomach from sheer anxiety. Flew about the town like an eagle. Got things settled. Talked to this man, promised t'other, took a cab, and dashed home, and after a lunch, which I devoured like a hungry tiger, set to work at my Punch, and vastly advanced it. Thus so far I have not missed a day. I'll try to go through the month so if possible. I saw E[dwin] L[andseer] as I came home, lounging through Bond Street on a blood-horse, with a white hat, and all the airs of a man of fashion. There was I, his instructor and master, trudging on with seven children at my back, and no money.

"8th.—Worked hard till one o'clock: then sallied forth to stop lawyers, and battle with creditors. The week is over, and I have to thank God that in the mixture of good and evil good has preponderated largely.

"I look for thorough rest to-morrow, but I fear I must not take it.

"9th.—I took rest and retired to the windmill beyond Kilburn, where I lounged on the grass and read the first volume of Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*. I am sorry to see a cant rising which I will not demolish till it is more ripe, viz. a disdain for all education in Art; an indifference to the great who are gone; and a disposition to trust all to the 'wild Academy of Nature.' Hogarth is a specimen of the one: Reynolds, Rubens, Titian, Raffaele and Michel Angelo of the other. Reynolds has long settled the question, but Allan Cunningham, a disciple of Chantrey's, who believes himself to be Nature's own high-priest, has laboured hard to revive this exploded trash.

"His review in the *Quarterly*, and his *Lives*, shall undergo an investigation as soon as I have time.

"12th.—Finished the shepherd's dog (the farmer's). Met him by accident. I am remarkably fortunate in models. I went out yesterday in a pet because a model disappointed me. Just as I came into the New Road down rushed a flock of sheep, and a most thoroughbred sheep-dog. I hailed the drover, engaged the dog instantan, and to-day completed him. All my dissections of the lion came into play immediately, the construction being the same.

"22nd.—Ill and fatigued, harassed, exhausted. Nature will be paid back in repose what she has paid in labour. Napoleon's plan was a good one, to counteract excessive labour by excessive repose."

Much of the following criticism still applies to the Painted Hall at Greenwich:

"24th.—Went to Greenwich, and spent the day with my friend,

friend, one of the purchasers of Solomon. Saw the gallery they are making. The plan originated with me. Lord Farnborough had the meanness to decline my plan for the Admiralty, and adopt it, without reference to me, at Greenwich.

"Never was the ignorance of the power—the public power—of the art shown so completely as in the arrangement of the gallery. Instead of making history the leading feature, adorned and assisted by leading portraits of the great and illustrious only, it is a family collection of portraits with names one never heard of—men who got commands through borough-mongeries, and did nothing to deserve distinction, then or now. Ranged along at the bottom are a few paltry attempts at incidents of naval history, cabinet size, as if to bring the higher walks of Art into actual contempt. No figure in such a gallery ought to be less than life at least, and as to subjects, let them be chosen to illustrate the actors, and not the actors to be buried in the scenes and shipping.

"Lord Farnborough and Mr Croker have got unlimited power to adorn this hall, and now they have the opportunity we see the extent of their notions of the capability of painting. All they have done is to unlock the garrets of old families who have had a Dick or Jack in the navy, who once in their lifetime burnt a Terror bomb or drove off a pirate from a convoy.

"Instead of arranging the whole hall with reference to one general idea, the glory of the British Navy, their principal object has been to oblige my lord by hanging up some fusty old portrait of my lord's great grandfather. In fact, they have reversed the order of the art, and if they had wished to degrade history, they could not have done it more successfully than by their present plans."

The old hankering after the pen instead of the pencil still occasionally crossed Haydon's mind; but experience had taught a lesson even to *him*.

"*September 10th.*—I saw a pompous announcement in the *Times* which excited me dreadfully to be at it. I got up; set my palette, my imagination teeming with thoughts of sarcasm and humour. I took up my pen; laid down my brush, stopped, thought, and inwardly said, 'The wit, though irresistible, will be temporary; the injury lasting; paint—paint.' After a struggle I conquered my evil genius, and finished the best hand I ever painted, except the Christ's in the Lazarus.

"*11th.*—The safest principle through life, instead of reforming others, is to set about perfecting yourself. I triumphed yesterday over my evil passions, and this thought was the result."

In September Haydon was at Plymouth, as passionately
absorbed

absorbed (he confesses with shame) in the bustle and strife of a borough election, as if electioneering had been his business instead of painting. This interval of varied activity, however, improved his health (which during the whole of this year had been suffering from the harass of perpetual money difficulties), but threw him back in his work.

"October 12th.—This day month I left town for Devonshire, and have not touched a brush till to-day. Borough squabbles I have nothing to do with, and it will hardly be believed how deeply this jaunt has cut into my habits. Instead of getting quiet (to which I was entitled after work), I got down among old friends who worried and distracted me: gossip, chatter, scandal, idleness, dining, toasting and speechifying interrupted the chain of my conceptions, and instead of finishing my picture, which I should have accomplished, I came back and have all to begin again, just as I was getting into thick-coming fancies and delightful thoughts. Curse these interruptions: they may do one's health good, but they destroy one's thinking.

"30th.—One should keep all the traits and all the stories one can collect of the times of Napoleon. Monsieur D'Embden, an old officer of the Chasseurs de la Garde, dined with me, and in moments of expansion, by a good fire, and over a glass of wine, described the deeds of vice, violence and iniquity which the soldiers of Napoleon had done over Europe. No wonder the world arose as if by instinct against his despotism. Wherever the army came convents were opened! In Bohemia the men under D'Embden's command escalated a convent. The first victim was a poor young creature who had been from twelve years of age a nun. The old abbess fell on her knees, and begged for mercy. The soldiers kicked her away, said D'Embden, pretending to believe (with true French refinement of vice) that she was praying for an embrace. On a march once they were quartered on a gentleman, who said, '*Officiers Français*, here is my wife; I trust her to your honour.' His two daughters he concealed. The soldiers violated the servant girl, and found out there were daughters. At dinner the next day D'Embden said, 'I don't dine without your daughters.' The master of the house brought them, blushing and confused. D'Embden said, 'You have deceived me; I place you under arrest three days.' The officers then proceeded to violate wife and daughters, which they accomplished, while they were drinking this man's wine, and living in his house. '*Mon ami Chauvin*,' said D'Embden, 'got into a good thing. In passing through a town we entered a church as a young bridegroom and bride just married were coming out. The bridegroom pushed a French soldier. It was taken as an

insult.

insult. Chauvin put him instantly under arrest, and made a conquest of the bride.'

"Of the Cossacks he seemed to have great horror. He said they had a way of swinging their spears, and thumping the soldiers between the ribs, which took away their breath. D'Embden had twelve wounds, and lost four or five toes in the Moscow retreat, though he did not go higher than Smolensko. After losing many men, he came to Davoust with a report of his loss. '*Ne me parlez pas des hommes,*' said Davoust. '*Combien de chevaux avez vous perdu?*'"

On the completion of Punch, the subject of the first sight of the sea on the retreat of the Ten Thousand occurred to him and was sketched in. About this time, too, I find the first sketch of a subject which he afterwards repeatedly painted, and with which the name of Haydon is more identified than with any other of his works—I mean Napoleon at St Helena contemplating the setting sun. This first sketch is marred by an allegorical Britannia with her lion, in the clouds, which luckily he did not carry into the picture he afterwards painted of the subject for Sir R. Peel.¹ He now painted, also, a small subject of Lady Macbeth listening on the stairs while the murder of Duncan is being perpetrated.

"December 6th.—It is astonishing how unexcited I am without an important composition. I shall go on with Xenophon tomorrow, or my mind will rot. Pecuniary difficulties bring a train of harassing interruptions which have been fatal to peace and study this week."

During the last month of 1829 Haydon succeeded in getting his stepson, Simon Hyman, entered as a midshipman. Here are the maxims for his guidance pasted by his stepfather inside the lid of the youngster's sea-chest. It is worth noticing how he presses on his observance the rule never to borrow. He had felt in his own case the humiliating and fatal consequences of neglecting it. Almost the last words he wrote, before his death, were in solemn reiteration to his children of the same warning.

*Maxims for Simon Hyman which I pasted on the cover
of his trunk.*

"Remember God is ever present and witness of your actions. Therefore always act as if in His presence.

"Hold your word as sacred as your oath. He who is ever ready to promise seldom keeps his promise.

¹ The Quarterly Reviewer points out that Haydon had painted the subject before executing the picture for Sir Robert Peel, and that the sight of a small engraving from the picture led to the commission.

"Never

"Never purchase any enjoyment if it cannot be procured without borrowing of others.

"Never borrow money. It is degrading. Remember Lord St Vincent.

"I do not say never lend, but never lend if by lending you render yourself unable to pay what you owe; but under any circumstances never borrow.

"Make no man your friend who is regardless of his word.

"Nelson said you must hate a Frenchman. There is no occasion to hate any man; but never treat with a Frenchman till you have beaten him, and then with caution.

"Consider your life as a trifle, where its sacrifice would honour your King or keep up the character of the navy.

"Be obedient to your superiors, and kind to those below you.

"*Αὖν ἀριστεύειν*, Always excel. Be this your motto.

"Honour, truth, dependence on God, diligence and docility, will carry you through all danger and difficulties.

"Never be ashamed of being ignorant, if you wish to gain knowledge.

"Piety is not cowardice, nor boasting courage.

"Vice is not heroism, nor drunkenness virtue.

"Remember a British officer under all circumstances must be a gentleman. This comprises all. Remember this.

"Remember also that your father would welcome your dead body if you died in honour, and spit on you living, if you returned in disgrace.

"Lay these things to thy heart, and God protect thee.

"London, December, 1829."

He closes his Journal for the year with a summary as usual. "January and February I worked little. From March to November I finished *Eucles* and *Punch*, and since I have three small pictures nearly ready, though I have not seized all moments of study; this has often proceeded from harass, which has thrown me off my balance. My children are in health. My dearest

Mary

Mary as lovely and as tender as ever. One of my boys has begun life. God protect him, and make him an honour to the navy. I have reason to hope for the same mercies for the year to come, provided I still struggle (as under God's blessing) to render myself equally deserving.

"O God, on my knees I bless Thee for the mercies of the year past. Still bless me through the ensuing year."

1830

In January of this year Sir Thomas Lawrence died. On the 9th I find this criticism of the painter and his works, much of which has already been sanctioned by the soundest judgments in Art:

"Lawrence is dead; to portrait-painting a great loss. Certainly there is no man left who thinks it worth while, if he were able, to devote his powers to the elevation of commonplace faces.

"He was suited to the age, and the age to him. He flattered its vanities, pampered its weaknesses, and met its meretricious taste.

"His men were all gentlemen, with an air of fashion, and the dandyism of high life; his women were delicate, but not modest; beautiful, but not natural. They appear to look that they may be looked at, and to languish for the sake of sympathy. They have not that air of virtue and breeding which ever sat upon the women of Reynolds.

"Reynolds' women seem as unconscious of their beauty as innocent in thought and pure in expression, as if they shrank even from being painted. They are beings to be met with reverence, and addressed with timidity. To Lawrence's women, on the contrary, you feel disposed to march up like a dandy, and offer your services, with a cock of your hat, and a 'D——e, will that-do?' Whatever characteristics of the lovely sex Lawrence perpetuated, modesty was certainly one he entirely missed.

"As an artist he will not rank high in the opinion of posterity. He was not ignorant of the figure, but he drew with great incorrectness, because he drew to suit the fashion of the season. If necks were to be long, breasts full, waists small, and toes pointed, Sir Thomas was too well-bred to hesitate. His necks are therefore often hideously long, his waists small, his chests puffed, and his ancles tapered. He had no eye for colour. His tint was opaque, not livid, his cheeks were rouged, his lips like the lips of a lay-figure. There was nothing of the red and white which Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. His bloom was the bloom of the perfumer. Of composition he knew scarcely

scarcely anything; and perhaps in the whole circle of Art there never was a more lamentable proof of these deficiencies than in his last portrait of the King.

“Twenty years ago his pictures (as Fuseli used to say) were like the scrapings of a tin-shop, full of little sparkling bits of light which destroyed all repose. But after his visit to Italy the improvement which took place was an honour to his talents. His latter pictures are by far his best. His great excellence was neither colour, drawing, composition, light and shade, nor perspective, for he was hardly ever above mediocrity in any of these, but expression, both in figure and feature. Perhaps no man that ever lived contrived to catch the fleeting beauties of a face to the exact point, though a little affected, better than Lawrence. The head of Miss Croker is the finest example in the world. He did not keep his sitters unanimated and lifeless, but, by interesting their feelings, he brought out the expression which was excited by the pleasure they felt.

“As a man Sir Thomas Lawrence was amiable, kind, generous and forgiving. His manner was elegant, but not high-bred. He had too much the air of always submitting. He had smiled so often and so long, that at last his smile had the appearance of being set in enamel. He indulged the hope of painting history in his day, but, as Romney did, and Chantrey will, he died before he began; and he is another proof, if proof were wanting, that creative genius is not a passive quality that can be laid aside or taken up as it suits the convenience of the possessor.

“How would Raffaele or Michel Angelo have laughed to hear C., L. and R. talk of doing great things, but not till they were rich!

“He was not educated, and once gave me a long lecture about the head of Olympias, the mother of Alexander, calling her Olympia.

“The election of Sir Thomas to the chair of the Royal Academy was a blow to High Art it has never recovered, and never will, unless, indeed, this opportunity be seized by the members of the Academy; unless the historical painter, the sculptor, the architect, the low life, or landscape artist make a stand, and bring in, as they ought, some man of genius in some one of these walks, to the exclusion of any portrait painter, whoever he may be. If they do not, they will sign the death-warrant of the Arts in England.

“But, alas! in public bodies the majority are too lazy to take an active share; and any chattering, talking person, who can make a plausible speech, however impotent in his art, will in all probability get their suffrages.

“To

“ To think of Shee occupying the throne of Reynolds! ”

The election of Sir M. A. Shee as President of the Academy was certain to elicit a burst of bitterness from Haydon. During the preceding year a correspondence had passed between them in which, if Haydon was coarse and offensive, Shee retorted in terms of such contempt as no man can ever forget or forgive. I give Haydon's remarks on the election, which contain much truth—conveyed, it is true, in the harsh and irritated tone which invests truth with some of the worst features of falsehood—not for the sake of showing the feeling with which he regarded the Academy, which is already evident enough, but rather as an illustration of the way in which prejudice will colour a man's inferences from fact, and an example of how little dependence can be placed on predictions influenced by dislike. How astonished would Haydon have been could it have been foreshown to him that the successor of this obnoxious portrait painter would be that friend and pupil of his own (as he delighted to call him) who now fills the President's chair in the Royal Academy! How he would have stormed against anyone who had maintained that the tendency of English Art, even at this inauspicious moment, was from portraiture towards subjects, if not historical in Haydon's sense of the word, still partaking more of the character of history than of portraiture. I extract the following passage because its most acrimonious expressions will, I believe, be read even by the Academicians of the present day without irritation, largely altered as the composition of the Academy has been since the time the entry was written, while there is still much in it which may profitably be laid to heart by artists. It cannot be doubted that if artistic claims be those on which alone should rest the choice of a President of the Academy, Wilkie was the man rather than Shee; but the theory that seemed to Haydon so entirely beyond dispute may, no doubt, be disputed, and on very strong grounds too. A president has ceremonial duties to perform; and erudition, eloquence and personal acceptableness may be quite as important qualifications for the post as skill and success in Art. I offer no opinion of my own on the point, but I cannot help seeing that Haydon's view is far from incontestable. Nor should it be forgotten, in estimating his opinions, that the public encouragement of Art, which he urged so importunately and so long, had at length been conceded by the Legislature, and that we cannot measure the fruits of that encouragement by the limits within which it has hitherto been confined.

With this preface I think there is no reason for withholding Haydon's comments on the election of a successor to Sir Thomas Lawrence:

“ January

"*January 29th.*—In the private history of the Art of the country the last three weeks have been interesting beyond all calculation. Lawrence's sudden death threw the Academy into the most bitter puzzle; the intrigue, the bustle, the vanity, the nervousness, the fidget and the fear evident among the whole, were beyond expression or description.

"I called immediately on Wilkie, and found him quiescently at breakfast. His affected grief for Lawrence, and his sorrow for the loss the art had sustained, were doled forth under an air of conscious power that was amusing.

"In the midst of other conversation I dashed out at once, 'I hope they will elect you.' He became agitated, and affected not to hear me; but I saw in the expression of his face enough to convince me that he had no distant hopes. On going upstairs to look at the picture of the King at Holyrood House, I repeated it. He put his hand on my shoulder, as much as to say, 'Be quiet.' 'Very well,' said I; 'not a word more.'

"All sorts of reports, all sorts of surmises, every species of 'Hum,' and 'Ha,' and, 'Who d'ye think?' went on in the gossip of the art till Lawrence was buried, and the awful time approached.

"On Monday the election took place, and on Monday morning out came in the *Gazette*, from the Lord Chamberlain's office, the King's appointment of Wilkie as his serjeant painter. The moment I read it I said, 'This will destroy Wilkie's chance of success'; and in the evening the Academicians rushed in as the time approached, with a heat, and fury, and violence and passion, quite a disgrace to the feelings of gentlemen, or even of the lowest members of the lowest clubs. So fearful were they of some message from the King that it would be pleasing to his feelings if Wilkie were elected, that without regular balloting they made every member write down the name of the man he wished; and at each successive knock they ran down, and hurried their friend above stairs, without allowing him to take off his greatcoat. Wilkie had one or two votes—some tell me one, some the other—and Shee eighteen, the announcement of which was received with a hurra!

"Wilkie is a man of the greatest genius, and a hatred of superiority had no small share in adding to the apprehension of the Academicians. Wilkie had just that day been appointed the first painter to the King, and this spark was only wanting to explode the magazine.

"Shee is an Irishman of great plausibility, a speechifying, colloquial, well-informed, pleasant fellow, conscious of no high power in Art, and very envious of those who have.

"Such a man is sure to be popular, and he will be the most popular

PLATE VIII

PUNCH, OR MAY-DAY. By B. R. HAYDON.

From the original painting in the National Gallery, Millbank.

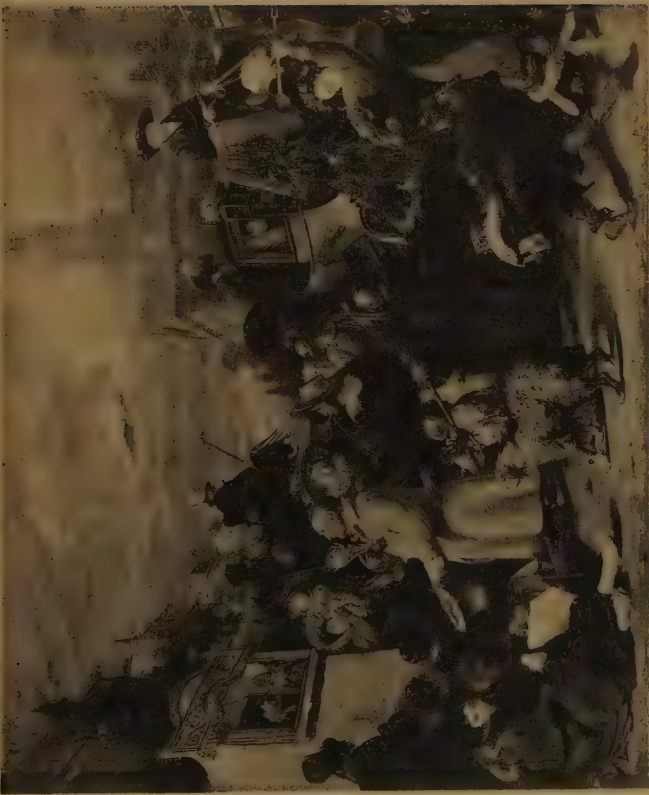


PLATE VIII.

[*From the original painting in the National Gallery, Millbank*]

popular president that the artists have ever had; but the precedent established, viz. that high talent is not necessary to the highest rank in the art, is one of the most fatal blows ever inflicted on the dignity of the Academy since it has been established, and will lower it in English and continental estimation. Here was David Wilkie, the greatest genius in his walk that ever lived, the only living artist who has a picture in our National Gallery, the only painter who has a great European reputation, honoured by his Sovereign, respected by the nobility, modest, discreet, upright, diligent and highly gifted, from whose existence an epoch in British Art must be dated, to whose works our present high rank is owing in the opinion of Europe—David Wilkie had two votes! And Martin Archer Shee, the most impotent painter in the solar system, a man who for forty years has never painted any human creature without making him stand on his tiptoes from sheer ignorance—in short, the great founder of the tiptoe school—had eighteen!

“The present unhappy mistake in the art was predicted forty years ago. Reynolds said a party was gaining ground which would ruin the institution, and he was obliged to resign, finding himself thwarted in everything. West, Opie and Fuseli said the same thing.

“‘Ah! but Wilkie is a Scotchman, and we shall have nothing but Scotch.’

“Here’s an acknowledgment! What would the world say if Sir Walter Scott had contended for the presidency of literature, and had been denied because he was a Scotchman?

“The cause is very simple. Portrait painters have all their wealth and employment from the domestic sympathies of one of the most domestic nations on earth. Against the influence of this important body historical painters have to struggle without employment, without patronage, and in face of prejudices which portrait painters with great art keep up.

“There is only one remedy, viz. a moderate annual vote from Parliament, distributed by a committee of the House, which, by placing historical painters on a level with portrait painters, will enable them to hold their ground, and save the art.”

The concluding passage expresses in brief the doctrine which Haydon was preaching all his life from 1810. It may contain some truth, but it certainly does not explain what it professes to do. Whether portrait painters on the whole earn larger incomes than their fellows in the painters’ calling is matter of dispute. And whatever may have been the case when this was written, it is not true now that portrait painters are dominant in the Academy, or the most highly remunerated class among artists.

The painters of landscape and what are called *genre* pictures stand on a level with them, at least, on these points. But if Haydon's remark be limited to the painting of large pictures, it is undoubtedly true that for these private galleries in England afford no room, and that public employment alone can provide for High Art on a large scale.

Wilkie was now working on his picture of the King at Holyrood, and Haydon thus records a visit to the picture in company with an old courtier and personal friend of the King in the "salad days" of the Regency.

"*February 22nd.*—Went in the morning with Sir Thomas Hammond to see Wilkie's portrait of the King. Sir Thomas Hammond, who had been one of the King's most intimate friends, found fault, and justly, with the legs and feet, which are really wretched and a disgrace to the picture. He liked the head very much, and it is fine. After we came out Sir Thomas Hammond said to me, 'There is no getting on with a Scotchman—there really is not!' I afterwards dined with him, and spent a very delightful evening: we got into most familiar and confidential conversation about the Court.

"I never knew till last night that the crown at the Coronation was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was £70,000, and Lord Liverpool told the King he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged £7000 for the loan, and as some time elapsed before it was decided whether the crown should be bought or not, Rundell charged £3000 or £4000 more for the interval.

"Sir Thomas Hammond said, that once after a long absence, when the King, who had sent for him, received him before a brilliant assembly, he put his hand to his mouth sideways, and whispered, 'Well, damn ye; how are ye?' and then looked grave before the company. Sir Thomas Hammond complained that the manner of young men and women of fashion was altered. Everything now was slang and impudence, and not elegance and grace, as it was when the Prince was in his prime.¹ Young Lord C—— came in, a fine fellow. What fine, high-minded, brave creatures there are amongst the young nobility!"

Eucles and Punch were now exhibited, and to the painter's delight an order came to send the latter down to Windsor for the King's inspection. The picture was dispatched in a flutter of expectation. Much depended on its sale. Haydon's difficulties had accumulated afresh, till the shadow of the King's Bench was again darkening upon him. On the 6th the picture was sent off. On the 8th it came back unbought.

¹ Take the above anecdote as an example!—ED.

"*March*

" *March 8th.*—The Punch came back to-day. I called on Seguier in the morning, but I saw by the girl's face at the door the King had not bought the picture.

" Few men have courage to say they believe in dreams; last night I dreamt the King told Seguier he did not like the picture, and would not have it.

" I got up this morning greatly distressed in mind about it, and said, ' If this prove true, is there not something in dreams? '

" It has proved true. The King thought there was too much in Punch. He admired the apple-girl excessively, but thought the capering chimney-sweeper too much like an opera dancer! "

Now that the publication of confidential memoirs and letters has been sanctioned by so many high examples, I do not feel that the following passage of private history need be withheld:

" *15th.*—Spent the evening with Hammond; a delightful one. He opens his cabinet of past times to me with great confidence.

" He said when it was quite uncertain whether Napoleon would or would not make peace at Châtillon, he dined with the Prince of Condé (who was getting quite childish) and the Duchess D'Angoulême. Their anxiety was lest peace should be made. Every horn that blew, the Prince of Condé sent out for the *Gazette*. Frightened out of his life, he kept saying, '*Ah, Monsieur le général, la paix est faite—la paix est faite!*' Hammond said he tried to keep their spirits up, but the Duchess kept declaring, '*Non, non, nous sommes des pauvres misérables—c'en est fait de nous.*'

" The next morning he was with the King privately, and they were talking about Napoleon, when Sir Thomas Hammond said, ' If the fellow does not sign the treaty, it would be no bad time to shove in the Bourbons.' ' Ah,' said the Prince, ' you like them better than I do. Little, I fear, can be done.' The next day he saw the Prince again, and the Prince said, ' 'Gad, Hammond, I have been thinking of what you said, and I'll see if something can't be done for them. Say not a word.' Hammond then went down to M'Mahon, who was writing in his (Hammond's) room. M'Mahon went up to the Prince, and shortly after came down, and (as he told Hammond all the state secrets) said, ' What do you think? There is the devil to pay upstairs; Lord Liverpool will resign. The Prince says he will restore the Bourbons; Lord Liverpool won't hear of it.' At this instant Lord Liverpool crossed the yard in the dumps, and went away. Hammond's window looked into the yard, and up St Alban's Street, opposite (before Regent Street was built). Sir Thomas declared solemnly to me this was the beginning of the return of the Bourbons, and the Prince always said ' Hammond was their best friend.' "

Despite

Despite of desperate difficulties Haydon had now once more got to work on a historical picture.

"20th.—I shall now date my Xenophon, for to-day—God be praised!—I begin, having got a breathing day. I dashed in the effect. My mind teemed with expressions: the enthusiasm of Xenophon cheering on his men, with his helmet towering against a sea-sky; a beautiful woman in her husband's arms exhausted, hearing the shout of 'The sea, the sea!' languidly smiling and opening her lovely eyes—(good God! What I could do if I were encouraged!)—a wounded and sick soldier raising his pale head, and waving his thin arm and hand in answer to the cheer of his commander—horses snorting and galloping—soldiers cheering and huzzaing, all struggling to see the welcome sight. I'll read all the retreats; Napoleon's, Charles XII.'s, Moore's, Antony's, etc. etc. God spare my life and eyes; I fear the intrigues of—— have destroyed all prospects with my King. I'd inspire him if I was near him. They all know this, and from him they will keep me. In my Protector I trust.

"26th.—Took down a large canvas, and looked with longing eyes. At last I thought it no harm to draw in Xenophon with chalk. Then a little Vandyke brown would be such a pretty tone, and while I was deliciously abstracted in walked my love and said, 'Why do you not do it that size?' 'Shall I?' 'Yes,' said she; 'I know you are longing.' I only wanted this hint; so I will risk it at any rate. God bless it—beginning, progression, conclusion.

"27th.—Worked hard these three days: but for what purpose? To die and leave my children starving, for that will be the end.

"28th.—Went into my painting-room, and felt my heart swell at the look of Xenophon. An overwhelming whisper of the muse urged me again and again to go on. I set my palette, put on my jacket and after reading prayers to my children completed the rubbing in. Oh! I was happy, deliciously happy. I am just come down from poring over the picture (nine o'clock), with all my old feelings of glory. I have been impelled to do this. God knows how. In Him I trust, as Job trusted, for ever.

"29th.—I am this moment (half-past eight) come into my painting-room, and the effect of Xenophon is absolutely irresistible. Go on I will.

"O God, on my knees I humbly, humbly, humbly pray Thee to enable me to go through it. Let no difficulties obstruct me, no ill-health impede me, and let no sin displease Thee from its commencement to its conclusion. Oh save me from prison, on the confines of which I am hovering. I have no employment, no resources, a large family and no hope. In Thee alone I always trust. Oh, let me not now trust in vain. Grant O God,
that

that the education of my children, my duties to my love and to society, may not be sacrificed in proceeding with this great work (it will be my greatest). Bless its commencement, its progression, its conclusion and its effect, for the sake of the intellectual elevation of my great and glorious country.

"31st.—I looked over my picture with longing eyes. Had a half-hour, which I devoted before going to a lawyer for £10, and £6 expenses. I had £3 and wanted time. I left my dear picture and saw him. He gave me time, and away I ran with all the freshness of youth to my painting-room. I am now returned, and after two letters to defer, still I hope to complete the rubbing in before dinner.

"Rubbed in the whole picture.

"April 4th.—Made drawings for Xenophon, but I actually tremble at the thought of concluding it, with my family, and no encouragement. God guide me; for I hesitate; let me recollect Xenophon after the death of Cyrus, and Cortez in South America.

"6th.—Eucles was raffled for this day. The three highest numbers were 28; Duke of Bedford, Mr Strutt of Derby and Mr Smith of Dulwich. They all three threw again, when Smith threw 28, the Duke 25 and Mr Strutt 17.

"Before the meeting Lord F. L. Gower promised to take the chair, but as the time approached he apologised.

"All the people of fashion seemed ashamed to sanction this raffle, as if the necessity reflected on their patronage. A great deal of pretty coquetting passed between us."

Xenophon was now progressing, under the usual difficulties, which I sometimes fear will prove as fatiguing to read of as saddening to record.¹

The advertisement in the note,² published about this time,

¹ At the date of April 13, opens the seventeenth volume of the Journals, with the motto, μέγα φρονέων.

² "Mr Haydon's Eucles. As the pledge given at the public meeting, 1827, with respect to Eucles, has been kept satisfactorily to all parties, Mr Haydon takes the liberty of laying before his creditors the correct amount of his receipts and expenses from July 1, 1827, to April 1, 1830, as a great many notions, erroneous and unjust, exist, to his injury, of what he has received and what he must now possess.

"Received from July 1, 1827, to
July 1, 1828.

	£	s.	d.
Subscription for Eucles	338	17	0
Exhibition of Mock Election	321	11	6
A commission	100	0	0
Three portraits	78	0	0
Sale of Mock Election	525	0	0
Sketch	8	14	0
	1372	2	6

Expenditure in the same time.

	£	s.	d.
Restoring Mr Haydon to his family	137	7	0
Expenses of Mock Election exhibition	270	1	6
Divds. and debts paid	400	0	0
Living, profession, &c.	510	19	10
Advertising Eucles' subscription	21	4	0

1339 12 4
refers

refers to these difficulties, and shows how anxious Haydon was that the public should know his exact position. This fashion of trumpeting his distresses did him infinite mischief, but he could not be persuaded to relinquish it.

"13th.—Out in the morning on the old story; called on a lawyer, who had orders to proceed; he promised not to do so till he wrote: this was for £19—my coal merchant. Came home very tired; lunched; set to work. Dearest Mary sat, and before dinner I finished the female head in the Xenophon, and was fairly afloat. I first thought of making her languid and exhausted, looking up with feeble joy; afterwards it came into my head to

" Received from July 1, 1828, to July 1, 1829.			Expenditure in the same time.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance from last year	32	10 2	Expenses of exhibition		
Subscription of Eucles	191	3 0	of Chairing	168	6 0
Exhib. of Chairing			Ditto. of Pharaoh	83	13 6
Mem.	167	8 0	Paid Creditors	133	10 0
Exhibition of Pharaoh	61	7 0	Living, etc.	500	0 0
Studies of Mock Election	60	0 0			
Sale of Chairing	300	0 0			
Sale of Sketches	62	0 0			
	874	8 2		885	9 6

"Receipts from July 1, 1829, to April 1, 1830.—Sale of Sketch, £25; Napoleon and Uriel, £50; receipts of Eucles' exhibition, £77, 7s.: total, £152, 7s.

"Expenditure—Eucles' exhibition, £79, 2s.; law expenses alone, on paltry debts, £67, 1s., independently of maintenance.

"Mr Haydon now hopes that those who, placing their own debts against 500 guineas for Eucles, 500 guineas for Mock Election, £300 for Chairing, believe money still to be in his hands will see how the expenditure is accounted for, and instead of suspecting him of having saved money will perceive that, from mere want of employment, he is verging fast again to unavoidable embarrassment. In short, if his friends, and those who think he is entitled to protection, do not instantly support the scheme for the disposal of Punch before the first day of Term (the 28th), he will be overwhelmed by law, without the possibility of helping it. He appeals to the nobility and to the public whether, if he deserved to be taken from a prison, he has or has not proved since he deserves to be kept from one. He has had his picture of Xenophon nearly a month in his painting-room, and has not been able to apply more than four days from sheer harass, day after day racing the town, assuaging irritability, begging mercy and praying for time.

"Subscription to the Punch.

"At Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s.	Lord F. L. Gower	£21	0	0
J. Godings, Esq.	Earl Darnley	10	10	0
Hon. G. A. Ellis	J. P. Bell, Esq.	21	0	0

"His creditors may depend on it that law proceedings will only ruin him, and will obstruct all hope of his paying them."

make

make her a spirited, fine creature, with eyes sparkling at the sound of the trumpet; in short, such a creature as would follow her lover through peril of land and water. I think I have succeeded. Now I have got both my lay-figures to take out of pawn before I can go on."

To relieve urgent necessity, for what in studio slang is called "pot-boiling," portraits must occasionally be painted, with whatever loathing.

"22nd.—Finished a rascally portrait, the last I have got, a poor, pale-faced, skinny creature, who was biting his lips to make them look red, rubbing up his hair and asking me if I did not think he had a good eye. My picture of Xenophon was put out of the way for the time. I could not help looking at the nape of the heroic neck. I finished on Sunday with the background and trumpets and scenery. My breast swelled, my heart beat, and I nauseated this bit of miserable, feeble humanity!"

But Haydon was compelled to acknowledge, in an entry of this year, that this disgust proceeded as much from dissatisfaction with his own want of success in portraiture as from the nature of the work itself: "In spite of my affecting to despise portraits, I am uneasy at my want of success. I went this morning to look at Pickersgill's, who has more tenderness of execution than any. I was much gratified. He is an old fellow-student, and has a great deal of independence and noble feeling. I respect him excessively. My own portraits looked hard and stiff. There is something in the art I know little of, but I am resolved to know it, and I think the knowledge will give double interest to my historical pictures. The fault I find with his heads is the fault I find with all the English school. They have not the exquisite purity of taste of Vandyke, Reynolds or Titian, but still there is a great deal of knowledge to be gained by studying good English portrait.

"May 10th.—Harassed out of my life. I want to go through this picture, if possible, without calling my creditors together, but it will be a desperate struggle. The background on Sunday was a vast addition.

"15th.—An execution put in for £10, 18s. 6d. I had paid £6, 15s. on this £10 before, and now at least £5 will be added. Since September I have paid (with my family expenses too) £93 law costs."

At length comes the catastrophe; he is again arrested!

"17th, 18th, 19th.—Harassed, and at last torn from my family for £15, 16s. in execution. Ah! what a sight. Mary tried for a long time to encourage me, but at last tears burst forth. 'Will you be taken from me?' 'Yes, my love.' 'Can't I influence
the

the man?' she went on, tears trickling down her cheeks; the man was touched, but could not yield.

"I went to a house which looked into a churchyard. What a power for one human being to have over another!"

On the next page (on the fly-leaf torn from a volume of Blair's *Sermons*) is a sketch of a fellow-prisoner, a young Russian merchant, ruined, and sleeping, worn out with wretchedness.

Amongst other demands on the unhappy painter were considerable ones for arrears of taxes, for recovery of which proceedings had already been begun. In his extremity he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, praying his good offices to stay these proceedings. The reply was prompt as kind:

"Sir,

"Whitehall, 29th May.

"Immediately on the receipt of your letter of yesterday I wrote to Mr Dawson, transmitting that letter to him to be laid before the Lords of the Treasury, and expressing a hope that every indulgence consistent with the public interest might be shown to you under the unfortunate circumstances in which you are placed.

"I send you the letter I have just received, and I shall be glad if you are enabled to pursue your professional labours, and if your wife and children can be allowed to remain unmolested. I write in great haste, and

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"I beg you will send the enclosed note for ten pounds to your wife, as she may be in immediate difficulty."

On the letter itself are Haydon's comments. "Considering that he went to Windsor and had a long conference with the King, considering, too, the enormous quantity of public business, this hasty snatch of time to alleviate my family's sorrows is good and feeling. Is this letter a proof of Peel's frozen heart, as the Radicals call it?"

This relief brought a ray of hope.

"29th.—Sir Robert Peel's kindness has relieved my mind greatly. My miseries have been great indeed, but I feel a lightness of heart I cannot get rid of, a sort of breaking in of light on my brain, like the influence of a superior spirit. I trust in God, who has supported me so wonderfully, with all my heart.

"O Lord, keep us all in health, and let me be restored to my dear children before their dear mother is confined. Oh, grant me power to accumulate the means of educating my dear children as I have educated my sons-in-law, and grant all these afflictions may tend to the purifying of our natures, and make us worthy Thy protection and reward. Grant that I may live to see the great object of my life—public support to Art—accomplished. I care
not

not for living to taste its fruits. I want no reward, no worldly honours. I want to live to establish a principle; grant all my sufferings may tend to its success."

Haydon by this time had acquired a sort of home-feeling in the King's Bench. He had old friends, as it were, among the inmates, and took such interest in studying their ways that after changing his quarters from a ground-floor room to one higher up he came down again, that he might be better situated for observation. Here are some of his prison scenes and characters:

"*June 3rd.*—Col. L—— and Major B—— (afterwards distinguished in Portugal), both Waterloo heroes, and men of fortune and family, are here. While I was sitting with Col. L. a thoroughbred old soldier came in, every inch of whose head seemed drilled. His nose could belong to no other than an adjutant. We talked of his major, with whom he had served in the 10th. 'He is in great distress, and to be sure how he used to throw money away! The whole regiment lived on him, and he has spent £150 in a day. When I called the other day, Colonel, he was washing his own handkerchiefs because he could not afford to pay for them.' Here the old weather-beaten veteran stopped, and seemed choking: tears filled his eyes. Col. L—— was affected, and so was I. I thought instantly of going and giving a sovereign, though, God knows, I was poor enough. I told Col. L—— I dreaded B.'s getting into Bench habits. He seemed fast sinking into despair. On the racket-ground at night he, Col. L—— and I walked and talked. I excited them about Waterloo, and I never passed pleasanter evenings. 'D—— me,' said Major B——, the other night, 'I should like to have another shy at them.' Waterloo heroes absolutely abound here, but L—— and his friend B—— are high-bred and accomplished men; the latter became security for his brother, who went to India, and, as a curious bit of retributive justice, Davis, the officer, to whose house I was carried, came to Hounslow to arrest a private. The soldiers enticed him into a room, tossed him in a blanket and afterwards threw him into a pool of filth from the mess kitchen. Who should arrest Major B—— but this very man, who hurried him at once to the county gaol, and told the keeper he had attempted to run away, and must be handcuffed!

"Here is still G——, the man with a kettle on his head in the Charring. In all his attitudes of ease and jollity he is a perfect study for Falstaff. I have watched him through the blinds for days.

"Alas, how are the jovial of the once-famous Mock Election fallen! The Lord Mayor is dead, the High Sheriff turned attorney's clerk, the smuggler, who carried the union jack, has got the gout and C—— is dying.

"I called

"I called on C——, and knocked at his door. Nobody answering, I walked in. There he lay on his bed, sound asleep, his grand Satanic head grander than ever; his black matted hair tumbled about his white pillow; his cheeks hollow; his mouth firm, as if half dreaming, while his teeth grated a little. How altered! I stood for a moment too much affected to speak. I folded my arms, and gazed at this grand heroic fellow fast sinking to the grave, this victim of passion and pride.

"Would anyone believe that in consequence of the Mock Election the King sent to him by Sir Edward Barnes, and begged him to state his services, and his wishes, and they should be gratified? Too conscious of his fallen state, he never replied. This is just like him. His wounds have opened afresh, and he is bent, crippled and reduced.

"To-day he dressed himself neatly, put on white gloves, and came over to my side, but did not come in. As I was walking he joined me, with an evident fear in his eye that it was a liberty. I did not like it, I acknowledge, but, poor fellow, who knows his own strength?

"This man was first imprisoned for contempt of court, then ran into debt, then got exasperated; and having no principle of a regulated mind gave way to every passion, as a species of revenge. Alas! like Satan he has brought on his own head double damnation.

"I have not half done justice to this tremendous scene; the pencil alone can do it.

"My friends wish me to go into the Rules, but *here* is a perpetual fund of character that will break into my mind at after periods of life.

"This man G—— is quite enough to prepare me for Falstaff. All the positions, all the actions, of this fat man are one perpetual balancing of one part of his ponderous body against the other, that the whole may stand upright.

"A fine subject would be the inside of the Bench, entitled '*Profitable Labourers. Adam Smith.*'"

As usual, Haydon found no want of friends in his incarceration. He complains that they were only ready to relieve him when in prison, but that they would not give him employment when out. To one who asked him (*June 18th*) why he did not leave the country, he answers, "Why, because I love it. I glory in its beef, its bottom and its boxing. It is the duty of every Englishman of talent to stay and reform, to combat or destroy the prejudices of his obstinate countrymen. Their very virtues become their vices. The same invincible bottom which beat the French at Waterloo induces them to prepare to receive cavalry at every approaching innovation. They look at reform as at a cuirassier.

There

There they stand and bayonet a genius who ventures to tell them they may stand with more grace; and when they have killed him and he shouts to the last, they begin to admire his bottom, bet upon his life and then adopt his plans and reformation.

"Thus it is, and thus it ever will be. Mr Fox said it was a long time before truth could sink into the thick skull of John Bull. It may be; but this is no reason we should not keep it there soaking, till it does find its way at last.

"The English have the finest arms and the broadest chests of any nation in the world, and though by far the least-looking men in Paris of all the Allies, took up more ground than even the gigantic Russian guards. This was entirely owing to the breadth of their shoulders."

Meanwhile he prepared another petition to the House of Commons. It was presented by Mr Agar Ellis, who immediately afterwards presented one from St Martin's-in-the-Fields against the Bill for removing Vagrants, which struck Haydon as "a beautiful combination." This petition runs:

"That it is now fourteen years since your Honourable House, in the Report on the Elgin Marbles, recommended to the attention of the Government the great distinction to which so small a state as Attica had risen, principally by the public encouragement bestowed by the authorities on painting, sculpture and architecture. That in every country where the arts have risen to eminence, the private patronage of the opulent, and the public patronage of the Government have gone hand in hand. That in England the arts have risen to their present excellence by private patronage alone. That in every branch of Art which depends solely on private support, the greatest excellence has been the result; and the British artist at present, in those branches, stands unrivalled in the world: but that, in that important department, historical painting (to advance which effectually a monarch or a government alone are able), there is still the same want of support or established system of reward, though the Royal Academy has been founded sixty-two years, and the British Gallery twenty-five. That though your Honourable House has most generously afforded the student the most distinguished examples for the improvement of his taste, in the purchase of the Elgin Marbles and Angerstein pictures, yet the attempt of any British artist to approach, however humbly, the great works amongst those splendid productions, is as much an effort of uncertain speculation and probable ruin as before they were purchased—for no other reason, but from a want of a system of public encouragement, by an annual vote of money, as in France, Germany, Netherlands, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Spain. That, in the late foundation of two Universities in this metropolis, no provision was made for cultivating the taste in Art of the student; while in France, on the

the very first plan for establishing a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in imitation of one founded in London, the Fine Arts were at once placed with literature and philosophy ; thus affording a most remarkable evidence of the relative estimation of Art in the two greatest nations of the world. That your petitioner presumes to think this proceeded not from superiority of taste, but from the superior importance given to the arts in consequence of an annual sum bestowed by the Government for their cultivation, thereby raising their dignity in the opinion of all classes. That, from his own personal experience, your petitioner is entitled to say, that no moderate vote of money would be more popular, with the educated middle classes, than such a vote for such purposes. That your petitioner is even ready with a plan or plans for such a system of reward ; and respectfully and humbly begs to assure your Honourable House, that, till the English historical painter is placed on a level with the portrait painter—till he is saved from the struggles of poverty, and degradation and imprisonment are not permitted to be the conclusion of a life of arduous labour and indefatigable anxiety—till, in fact, the Honourable the House of Commons, or the Government, cease to think his wants not worthy of national consideration—the arts of Britain, however high and however perfect may be the productions of a domestic nature, will never rank with those of Italy or Greece, and this glorious country never by foreign nations be estimated as capable of producing painters who will take their station by the side of the poets, the philosophers, the statesmen or the heroes whom she has so prolifically produced. And your petitioner humbly trusts your Honourable House will, at no very distant period, take this beautiful department of Art under your protection ; and, in your wisdom, devise such means for its reward as to your Honourable House may seem fit. And your petitioner will ever pray.

“ B. R. HAYDON.

“ King’s Bench Prison, June 2, 1830.”

In presenting the petition Mr Ellis remarked that he believed the petitioner to be a person of great merit in his profession ; but anxious as he felt to encourage the Fine Arts, he could not recommend a grant of money for the purpose.

“ Anxious as he felt ! ” says Haydon. “ Divine ! This is something like Pitt’s anxiety when Lord Elgin applied to him for public aid to make busts and drawings in Athens. Pitt said, *anxious as he felt to advance the arts*, he could not authorise such a use of the public money ; and directly after that spent £300,000 in catamarans to blow up the flotilla at Boulogne. Oh, our public men ! our public men ! A couple of tutors of painting and sculpture at Oxford and Cambridge would send them into Parliament with juster notions of what was due to the arts and the country.”

June

June 19th.—Now came the result of his application to Peel:

"Sir,

"From a communication I have had from the Treasury I am induced to hope that your wife and family will not be troubled on account of the arrears of taxes due, and that time would be given you to liquidate those arrears by your own exertions.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"Kind and good—God bless him. Nothing could be kinder but a good commission, which would put it in my power to pay my arrears."

Here is a Sunday in prison. "*20th.*—Passed the day in all the buzz, blasphemy, hum, noise and confusion of a prison. Thoughtless creatures! My room was close to theirs. Such language! Such jokes! Good heavens! I had read prayers to myself in the morning, and prayed with the utmost sincerity for my dearest Mary and children, and to hear those poor fellows, utterly indifferent as it were, was really distressing to one's feelings. One of them had mixed up an enormous tumbler of mulled wine, crusted with nutmeg, and as it passed round someone hallooed out, 'Sacrament Sunday, gentlemen!' Some roared with laughter, some affected to laugh, and he who was drinking pretended to sneer; but he was awfully annoyed. And then there was a dead silence, as if the blasphemy had recalled them to their senses. After an occasional joke or so, one, with real feeling, began to hum the 100th Psalm, not in joke, but to expiate his previous conduct, for neither he nor anyone laughed then, but seemed to think it too serious a subject.

"*26th.*—The King died this morning at fifteen minutes past three.

"Thus died as thoroughbred an Englishman as ever existed in the country. He admired her sports, gloried in her prejudices, had confidence in her bottom and spirit, and to him, and him alone, is the destruction of Napoleon owing. I have lost in him my sincere admirer; and had not his wishes been perpetually thwarted he would have given me ample and adequate employment.

"The people the King liked had all a spice of vice in their nature. This is true. There was a relishing sort of abandonment about them which marked them as a peculiar class; and one could judge of the King's nature by the companions he seemed to like. Hammond is an exception.

"Certainly there is an interest about vice, when joined to beauty and grace. The devil makes his instruments interesting.

"The account of his death is peculiarly touching. There must

must be something terrifically awful in the moment, physically considered. His lips grew livid, and he dropped his head on the page's shoulder, and saying, '*This is death!*' died.

"*July 2nd.*—M—— the gunmaker is in prison too. I met him. He has all the slang of fashion, without the excuse. He said to me, 'My schedule was the most beautiful schedule you ever saw, d—— me.' Good God, what a state of mind! A gentleman said to me, 'When you are in this place, you must get rid of all the finer feelings.' 'Pardon me,' said I; 'you must struggle hard to keep them. This is your only salvation.'

"*5th.*—Dear Frank came. His little face seemed toned by misfortune, as if he had been prematurely thinking about something he could not make out. Sweet fellow! God protect him, and grant him virtue and genius.

"Orlando, for whose schooling I have been imprisoned twice and arrested once, has won a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, at sixteen. There is some pleasure in suffering for a boy like this. He was born April 14th, 1814.

"*7th.*—There was a report last night that Prince Leopold had shot Wellington. It was extraordinary how all were affected. It was as if our shield was taken from us. I awoke in the morning, and felt inclined to curse Leopold. I never saw anything like the general feeling. Notwithstanding all the abuse of Wellington, we could soon see how people would take his sudden death.

"*10th.*—B—— dined with me. A fine fellow—a Waterloo hero in the 10th—the picture of a fine, open, generous soldier.

"*12th.*—In a state of torpor, but hoping and trusting in my protector; Lord de Dunstanville sent me assistance.

"These young soldiers are fine animals—nothing more. They talk, act and think like colts suddenly gifted with the power of expressing their thoughts.

"*16th.*—B—— married a daughter of Lord O——'s, the Ianthe of Byron. Last night I spent an hour with her. Here's justice! There sat a Waterloo hero covered with wounds, who had been arrested by a rascally tradesman, and had every debt he owed nearly doubled by law expenses, after having paid £1000 to that tradesman. There sat his accomplished and interesting wife. Poor B—— has the noblest and most amiable heart. Many prisoners he has paid out. They all come to him when they are in want; some to pay their gate-fees—some for this, and some for that; and here he is, neglected by friends to whom he has lent, and by whom he is now owed thousands, harassed by lawyers, and each creditor and his solicitor (because B—— has friends) pushing their expenses to the utmost, for the sake of profiting by his troubles.

"*19th.*

"19th.—Again put on my trial, and again honourably acquitted. At the conclusion the Chief Commissioner said, 'There has nothing passed this day which can reflect in the slightest degree on your character.'

"Throughout the whole of this affliction God has indeed been merciful.

"20th.—Returned to my family, and found all the children with their dear mother quite well, and happy to see me. I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart and all my soul. Now to work like a lion after a fast as soon as I am settled.

"21st.—Passed the day in a dull stupor, as if recovering from a blow. Studied the Xenophon, but quite abroad. The same number of the *Times* contains a powerful attack on the Academy—Kean's farewell—my insolvency, and the King's funeral.

"A true picture of life. If the *Times* takes up the art the thing will be done.

"22nd.—Saw the King review the Lancers in the Green Park. He looked well. Called on Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stafford. After coming from prison the splendour of their residences amazingly impressed my imagination. The regiment of Lancers was the same of which — was major. He saw Napoleon at St Helena, and had previously known Gourgaud. Gourgaud wrote his name in —'s pocket-book. When at St Helena he showed it to Bertrand, who understood the hint. Letters were directly got ready. Lowe suspected it—invited him to dine, and searched his trunks. — said his shirts had all been tumbled about. — gave the letters to a lady, who sewed them in her stays. They succeeded in bringing them over, and — went to Paris and delivered them. They were of the greatest consequence. When Lord B—, from parliamentary influence, was promoted to the colonelcy of the Lancers, — called on the Duke, told him he was covered with wounds, and had served in the Peninsular War. The Duke said, 'Well, sir, you did no more than your duty, I suppose.' 'Perhaps not,' said —; 'and I'll take d——d good care not to do that again,' and the next morning sent in his resignation, which was refused.

"It affected me to see this gallant regiment to-day, which he had disciplined, while he himself was in prison, disgraced—at the mercy of tailors and lawyers, villains without heart, who make use of the law of arrest as a means of profit.

"27th.—My worthy landlord, Newton, gave me a commission to finish Mercury and Argus for twenty guineas. So I am set off. Darling gave me a commission to paint a head for ten guineas. Oh, if I can keep out of debt and carry my great object!

"31st.—Occupied in various ways, but recovered my spirits
and

and health. My grocer gave me a commission to paint his portrait. I could be very moralising at the end of this month, but I am overstrained."

This was the time of the glorious Three Days in Paris. Haydon was certainly not open to the reproach often urged against artists of indifference to public events. Many pages of his Journal are filled with reflections on what was passing across the Channel, of which the following may serve as an example :

"*August 3rd.*—The great thing will be to take care that fellow Metternich does not render nugatory this glorious popular burst, by tampering, by negotiation or by artifice; and let the French depend on it, he will attempt it.

"With respect to any apprehensions the people of Europe may entertain that the monarchs will assemble to put the French people down, it is futile. They can't do it if they would. The very same reason which enabled the monarchs to put down Napoleon, because the people were roused to back the monarchs, will enable the French now to resist the monarchs of Europe; and if the monarchs of Europe are led astray by the supposition that the French people were conquered in 1815, and that they can be conquered again, they will find their mistake.

"The French people were not conquered. It was Napoleon and the army who were conquered. The people never moved. Had they done so, the Allies would have had a very different result of their efforts. The people were utterly indifferent to the fate of the army or of Napoleon. They had suffered so much from both; and they submitted with a wary patience to the dictation of the Allies.

"The only thing to apprehend is, that their inherent national vanity will lead them astray, and induce them to attempt to disturb Europe again for the mere purpose of recovering their tarnished military glory.

"If they are too much puffed with the result of this attempt they should recollect that both the guards and the line did not exert themselves to the full extent of their power. There was something indecisive—something of feeling for the people they were killing—something of that doubt which always attends a bad cause.

"Politics are not my profession; but still, in such days, when there is evidently a struggle bursting forth for human rights, no man can be indifferent; and I conclude as I began, by affirming, without fear of refutation, that no nation will ever secure their liberty who do not begin, as we began, by first shaking off the overwhelming pressure of superstition. Till they do, the enlightened may lay down schemes of right and law and justice,
but

but they will never be permanent—never—and the battle will ever be to fight, when it will appear to have been long won.

“8th.—Walked to Hampstead with dear Frank, and enjoyed the air and sweet-scented meadows. Thought of the poor prisoners in the Bench, B—— and others, who would have relished this sweet smell. The thought of what I have seen, and what I have suffered, always gives a touch of melancholy to my enjoyments.

“The recollection of these three days haunts me like Waterloo. The same enthusiasts who would have made us succumb to Napoleon are beginning again with their admonitions.

“10th.—Thank God, the French have settled their government and the Duke of Orleans is king. What a great point for liberty over the whole earth!

“How discreet, how active, how judicious are the French become! How useful is adversity. At their first revolution they acted like a set of monsters just escaped from a long slavery, who had got hold of razors, and were exasperated at seeing the marks of chains on their limbs. Now they have acted like just men, enraged at the prospect of losing their rights, and magnanimously merciful as soon as they have obtained them.

“Still I fear their character. *Nous verrons.*

“11th.—I hope the fools here won't overdo their joy. They should remember we can obtain our wished-for reforms by law; and though we may be longer, it is better to be so. The firmness of the English character is such that if soldiers and people get to loggerheads, no matter for what cause, they will fight till both are exterminated.

“I hope Mr Hobhouse will allow that if his darling Napoleon had been victorious at Waterloo the present happy prospects of France would never have been realised. Wellington, therefore, contributed, by the destruction of Napoleon, to this desired event. I pity the Duchess d'Angoulême. Wilkie and I saw her in 1814 at chapel—the picture of crying sorrow, humbleness, absence of mind and meekness of appearance. The Duke was the meanest of the mean. I wondered then how such a people as the French could bear such wretches as the Bourbons looked, with the exception of Louis, who had a keen black eye, and appeared intellectual.

“All the old officers with crosses of St Louis were a diminutive, mean race, in comparison with the produce of the Revolution. While Louis was praying I stood observing them, when an old bigot of an officer, on his knees, struck mine twice, and said, ‘*A bas, à bas, Monsieur.*’

“12th.—Everything goes on in France as it ought to do, and

I hope will end so. But as to attributing it to the pure love of the French for liberty—nonsense!

“The principal feeling was mortification, increasing for fifteen years, at having the family forced on them.

“I only hope the French will not exasperate the English by attributing the English subscriptions to the widows to our apprehension of their power. God knows: such is their vanity. However, they have been well bled and blistered, and are certainly improved.”

This month, too, brought another mouth to feed.

“19th.—At half-past five in the morning was born a fine boy, whom I think I shall call Benjamin Robert Haydon. God protect him and his dear mother.

“As a proof of Shakespeare’s intense truth, while dearest Mary was lying in agony, Darling sitting quietly waiting, and I with my head in my hands listening to her moans, little Frank, who was soundly sleeping just by, laughed in a dream.

“‘There was one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried murder’; says Shakespeare in *Macbeth*.

“This has been ridiculed as too violent a contrast; as if it was unnatural to bring in a dreamer laughing at the instant a murder was being committed, while here was a dreamer laughing at the very instant agonies of the bitterest description were going forward.”

He had now on hand an engraving from his small picture, painted the year before, of Napoleon musing at St Helena.

“28th.—Out the whole day on business connected with the print of Napoleon. I saw Beauvinet, the publisher, who had a tricoloured ribbon in his button-hole. There is a look about the French which is insufferable. While I was talking I felt my blood boil up, I could not tell why. Wait a little—till they get settled—till they are acknowledged by Europe—and if the great nations be not forced to divide them before 100 years are over, I am no politician. *They* be at peace! Absurd. They can’t be quiet. They never will; and soon we shall hear of the Rhine and Belgium being the natural boundaries of France.

“30th.—Out all day about my print. What a bore business is. I wonder, too, men of business ever come to a conclusion. The chicanery, the selfishness, the petty, paltry meanness of their mutual attempts to overreach each other, is enough to drive a man out of his senses.

“Think of coming from the sublime conception of my head of Lazarus to bargain about a print with a French dealer—100 ounces of civet!

“*September 3rd.*—I sent the Duke the first proof of Napoleon, and

and though occupied, as he must be, with the affairs of Europe at this moment, he returned an answer directly:

"London, September 2, 1830.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon.

"The Duke begs leave to return his thanks to Mr Haydon for his letter, and for sending to the Duke a print."

His friend Dr Darling was now sitting to him for his portrait.

"4th.—Hard at work, and made a complete study of Darling's head, which is a very fine one. I am interested, and will struggle hard to succeed.

"6th.—At work—painting one coat, one waistcoat, one cravat, etc.

"7th.—A portrait painter should make out his bill—

"To two eyes at 10 guineas each	£21	0	0
a nose	5	5	0
two lips (red, etc.)	6	6	0
two cheeks (fine complexion, etc.)	5	5	0
lobe of the ear	1	1	0
	38	17	0
To one cravat	1	1	0
half a coat	1	1	0
one finger	1	1	0
To a white cloud, table and back of chair and curtain	5	5	0
	48	5	0
To altering mouth to a smile, and browning grey hair	1	15	0
	£50	0	0

"10th.—Began again Xenophon on the saleable size of Eucles. I could not bear to look at the two. If they had not put me in prison I should nearly have done it the size of life. April, May, June, July, August, all fine months for working and light. I have now September, October, November, December, January, February, March.

"16th.—At work on my portrait, but alas, I really lose all inspiration—I can't tell why. A leaden demon seems to weigh on my pencil; and it is a pang to think my Xenophon was behind, and would any man believe, I often scrawled about my brush, and did nothing, while I was studying Xenophon through the openings of my easel.

"I shall

"I shall certainly be very eminent as a portrait painter, not a doubt of it!

"I yesterday, after a long absence, came in contact with the Last Judgment of Michel Angelo; perhaps I was better qualified to judge than if I had had it constantly under my eye.

"The swinging fierceness of action was astonishing, but I prefer the Theseus, and Ilissus, and fighting Metope. The style is Florentine—grand, flowing, ponderous, imposing, sledge-hammering, blackguard.

"*October 2nd.*—Out the whole day on business. Heard from Lady Stafford, who kindly interested herself in getting Lord Stafford to assist me with £50 to get my eldest stepson matriculated at Oxford, for which I am to paint a picture. It is very good and kind of Lord Stafford.

"*12th.*—I wrote the Duke, calling his attention to the report of Guizot, who had recommended the King to employ the historical painters to commemorate the late events. I contrasted the condition of the art here. I said that my Jerusalem, which his Grace had admired, was in a cellar; that Etty's picture was in a shop; and that Hilton had had no employment two years. I asked his Grace if he would suffer England to be inferior to France. I sent my letter at nine in the morning to-day; at two came the following answer:

"London, October 12th, 1830.

"Sir,

"I have received your letter.

"It is certainly true that the British public give but little encouragement to the art of historical painting. The reason is obvious. There are no funds at the disposal of the Crown or its ministers that are not voted by parliament upon estimates, and applied strictly to the purposes for which such funds are voted.

"No minister could go to parliament with a proposition for a vote for a picture to be painted, and there can be therefore no such encouragement here as there is in other countries for this art.

"I am much concerned that I cannot point out the mode in which this want of encouragement can be remedied.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"I cannot say his Grace's reasoning is conclusive. I shall answer it. Canning shirked the question. Wellington has grappled with it, but I think it will give him a squeeze."

Here is a sad letter:

"*14th.*—This perpetual pauperism will in the end destroy my mind. I look round for help with a feeling of despair that is quite dreadful.

dreadful. At this moment I have a sick house without a shilling for the common necessities of life. This is no exaggeration. Indulged by my landlord, indulged by the Lords of the Treasury for my taxes, my want of employment and want of means exhaust the patience of my dearest friends, and give me a feeling as if I were branded with a curse. For God's sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of the art I have struggled to save, permit me, my Lord Duke, to say, employ me. I will honour your patronage with all my heart and all my soul ! ”

(No answer.)

And a sad sequel. “15th.—The harassings of a family are really dreadful. Two of my children are ill. Mary is nursing. All night she was attending the sick, and hushing the suckling, with a consciousness that our last shilling was then going. I got up in the morning bewildered—Xenophon hardly touched—no money—butcher impudent—tradesmen all insulting. I took up my book of private sketches, and two prints of Napoleon, and walked into the city. Moon and Boys had sold all. This was good news to begin with. Hughes, Kearsy's partner, advanced me five guineas on the sketch-book. I sold my other prints, and returned home happy with £8, 4s. in my pocket.

“How different a man feels with money in his pocket. I bought for sixpence a cast for the children.

“I met a man of £40,000 at Kearsy's. He talked of Virgil and Art. I was in no spirits to answer him. I thought of my dear Mary at home, harassed, surrounded by little children, some ill, all worretting.”

In the meantime he had again written to the Duke in the old strain, on the old subject, urging the proposal of a grant of public money for the encouragement of Art. The answer came, prompt and decisive as ever :

“The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has received his letter of the 14th.

“The Duke is convinced that Mr Haydon's own good sense will point out to him the impossibility of doing what he suggests.”

“Conclusion for the season !

“Impossibility, from Wellington's mouth, must be impossibility indeed. He can't answer my letter. It is evident, he is worried about finance. At any rate it is a high honour to hear from him in this way. And his letters this time show more thinking on the subject than the last. At it again at a future time.

“25th.—Out, selling my prints. Sold enough for maintenance for the week. Several people looked hard at me with my roll of prints,

prints, but I feel more ashamed in borrowing money than in honestly thus selling my labours. It is a pity the nobility drive me to this by their neglect.

"26th.—Hard at work; rubbed in Lord Stafford's picture—Venus and Anchises quarrelling.

"27th.—Hard at work. Gave instructions to a young writing-master in painting at 10s. 6d. a lesson. I painted in a head in black and white for him. Showed him how to mass his lights and shadows, and then put in his extreme dark and lights, at which he was enraptured; said 'scales had fallen from his eyes.' He lamented his incapacity to pay more than 10s. 6d.

"29th.—Provided shoes for my dear Mary, and a dinner for my family. What an extraordinary, invisible sort of stirring is the impulse of genius. You first feel uneasy, you cannot tell why. You look at your picture, and think it will not do. You walk for air—your picture haunts you. You cannot sleep; up you get in a fever, when all of a sudden a great flash comes inside your head, as if a powder-magazine had exploded without any noise. Then come ideas by millions; the difficulty is to choose. Xenophon cheering on the point of a rock came flashing into my head. It is a hit. Everybody says it will do. I am sure of it. The world will echo it. It is the finest conception I ever saw. I speak as my own critic. I know it is wrong to say so. I care not. O God! grant me life and health to complete this grand work!

"How mysteriously I was impelled to begin it—by an urging when on the brink of ruin. Am I then reserved for something? I know it—I feel it. O God! my Creator, Thou knowest it. Thou knowest I shall not die till I have accomplished that for which I was born!

"November 1st.—Out selling prints. Brought home £4, 13s. 0d.

"2nd.—Out selling prints. Brought home £3. The whole of the first impression is gone.

"We still have justice here. Everything for which I used to despise mankind I have been obliged to *do*. I used to despise Wilkie for taking about his prints, as if it was not honester and infinitely more respectable than borrowing money without a certainty of paying it again.

"Alas! I was imperfectly brought up."

All readers will remember the anxiety that prevailed this year about the Sovereign's visit to the city, and the speculations that were rife as to the wisdom or unwisdom of its being put off. The following extract may throw some light upon the sort of fears that influence ministers. The information referred to was given on the 8th:

"10th.

" 10th.—The following is a curious letter. My servant said her father knew the ringleader of a gang who were determined to attack the Duke. I wrote the Duke immediately and received an instant answer. I was not going to turn informer until I had more positive evidence, or involve a poor man in trouble on mere *ipse dixit*. I examined the girl, and she denied it, but this would not do. I sent for her father, and he promised to come, but he never came, and it turned out her mother had scolded her for saying anything about it. I have no doubt of it myself. My object was to set his Grace on his guard, and if anything more palpable had come out I would have remitted the name and address. I am perfectly convinced that had the King gone to the city most dreadful scenes would have happened, and then what an outcry against ministers for not preventing His Majesty.

" A Whig said to me, ' Grey is coming in.' ' Is he? ' said I. ' When I see Wellington out, I'll believe it.' Ah, little do they think what is hid beneath that simple face!

" " The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon and has received his note of this morning, for which he is very much obliged to him.

" " The Duke requests that Mr Haydon will be so kind as to call upon Mr Phillips, the Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office, and state to him in detail the circumstances to which he adverts in his note to the Duke, the names of the persons who are determined to attack him, etc. etc.

" " London, November 8th, 1830. "

On the 3rd Haydon had written to the Directors of the British Gallery. It must have been pressing necessity indeed which wrung this letter from a high-spirited man:

" Mr Haydon presents his respects to the noblemen and gentlemen who compose the Committee at the British Gallery, and begs to appeal to them in his present struggling condition, with eight children, and nothing on earth left him in property but what he is clothed with, after twenty-six years of intense and ardent devotion to painting, after leaving a capital property and handsome income from pure devotion to historical Art.

" Mr Haydon is well aware that more discretion in his early life would probably have placed him in a very different condition, and had he borne what he conceived injustice on the part of the Royal Academy with more temper such bitter ruin as he has been afflicted with would certainly never have happened, but still he was never actuated by any mean motive: his love of Art more than a just regard for his own personal interest he can conscientiously affirm was his great inducement.

" Perhaps the Directors of the British Gallery will not think
too

too severely of his endeavouring by an appeal to their feelings to avert further calamities from his family.

"The kindness of Lord Stafford in lately giving him a small commission has saved them from wanting the commonest necessaries; and if the Committee would aid him by a moderate, though not unimportant, sum to finish his *Xenophon*, it would perhaps enable him to keep out of debt for the rest of his life. Should the Committee feel sufficient interest to receive any pleasure from seeing the picture, Mr Haydon need not say how honoured he should be to show it them before they decide whether, for the purpose of considering it, they should think him entitled to assistance. Out of the £14,000 given by the Gallery Mr Haydon has never had but £200, and out of the £75,000 spent in sales only £60. Mr Haydon is quite aware this is no one's fault but his own; yet he cannot help asking in conclusion, whether the Committee think, should they even honour him by a commission, he is likely now to fail, when through life he has ever exerted himself to the utmost when such a distinction has been conferred.

"Mr Haydon anxiously apologises for this intrusion, and hopes he may be so happy as to receive an answer which may reanimate his labours."

On the 11th came the answer—such an answer as such a letter was likeliest to produce:

"British Institution, November 11, 1830.

"Sir,

"I am desired by the Directors of the British Institution to inform you that your letter of the 3rd instant has been this day laid before them, and further to add that the only way in which they can entertain the subject of it is by requesting your acceptance of £50, a draft for which I have now the honour to enclose.

"I beg you to believe me, Sir,

"Most faithfully your obedient servant,

"CHARLES BELOE,

"Secretary."

The days were gone by in which he would have spurned this alms, and the £50 was accepted with thanks for the kindness of the Directors.

"13th.—I called on Lord Farnborough. He was grown old. The interview was interesting. He seemed ashamed of the £50. He talked of *Lawrence*. He said his family would have nothing but the £3000, the result of his exhibition. He wondered how it was. I told him the moment I got into trouble I met *Lawrence* in all quarters, at which he drew his hand across his face, as if shocked at my frankness in talking so of a President. But I was determined to let him know I was aware of Sir Thomas's condition, and would not be considered the only embarrassed gentleman in the art."

Now

Now came what but ten days before seemed so improbable—the downfall of the Wellington administration, and the advent of Lord Grey to power. Haydon remarks on these great changes: “18th.—Wellington is out! Thus ends that immortal Tory ministry, whose energy and true English feeling carried them through the most tremendous contest that ever nation was engaged in. The military vigour, the despotic feeling, engendered by twenty-five years of furious war, rendered them unfit, perhaps, to guide the domestic policy of the country; and though the Whigs would have sacrificed the honour and grandeur of Old England, for the sake of advancing the abstract principles of the French Revolution, and consequently were very unfit for the war with Napoleon, now that the danger is over, they are perhaps more adapted to carry the country through its present crisis. God grant they may.

“22nd.—The Whigs have come in at a tremendous crisis. God grant they may be equal to the opportunity. If they rise in proportion to the tide they will prove a blessing to the world. I dread their inexperience in office.

“24th.—But after all inexperience is soon got rid of. The mighty principle is the thing. The Holy Alliance is dashed to atoms for ever—that incubus on independent impulse.

“25th.—Called to congratulate *Lord Brougham*.

“I sent in my card and begged one minute. The servant came out and said, ‘My Lord’s compliments; he can’t.’ As the door opened I heard the buzz of a secretary. The servant, who knew me, looked arch as he said ‘My Lord.’

“And now Brougham has the power we shall see if the Whigs do anything for Art!”

In December of this year happened an event which caused Haydon both pride and satisfaction. Sir Robert Peel gave him a commission for a picture of Napoleon at St Helena (the subject he had already painted in cabinet size the year before), nay more, called on Haydon and received a lecture on Art.

“8th.—Sir Robert Peel called, and gave me a commission to paint Napoleon musing, the size of life.

“He liked the Xenophon much. He seemed greatly interested. I asked him to walk into my plaster-room. He mistook the Ilissus for the Theseus, and asked if the fragment of the Neptune’s breast was the Torso.

“Now had I been lecturer on Art at Oxford when he was a student, he, Sir Robert, as a minister of England, should not have mistaken a fragment of the Elgin Marbles for the Torso of Apollonius.

“He seemed very desirous of information, and asked it candidly,

candidly, but the state of his information was evidence how Lawrence must have laughed in his sleeve, and flattered his ignorance, to get at his money. I will not do this.

"It is a great point his giving me such a commission, and his calling. He said, 'There is a great opening for a portrait painter.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'but I fear Lawrence's power of seizing and transferring the most beautiful expressions of people's faces is likely to be unrivalled.' He replied, 'What do you mean?' I explained, and added, that Lady Peel and Miss Croker were the finest instances of female expression in different ways in Art.

"I hope this visit will lead to good. So great a friend as he is of the Academy would hardly take such a step without some ultimate desire to do me good, or to ascertain whether I merit the obloquy I have met with. My keeping my word to him to pay up my taxes has had no bad effect.

"This commission will be an interruption. Sir Robert Peel asked me what I had for whole lengths: I said what was true, 100 guineas. I ought to have said 200, but 100 was the truth. (It was wrong¹ of him to take advantage of this, and pay me 100 guineas only, as if Napoleon was a common whole length. Thirty he sent afterwards.)

"9th.—The interview yesterday only convinces me of the necessity of lectures at Oxford, and that such a system is the only chance for the art and manufactures of the country. At the same time Peel showed fine natural taste. He said, 'Do the Elgin Marbles deserve all that has been said of them?' 'More if possible.' 'Why?' 'I will tell you. These two legs and thighs illustrate all. The foot of No. 1 is turned out, that of No. 2 is turned in. These two actions of the foot make all the difference of marking in the respective legs and thighs.'

"I showed him another foot. 'You can see at once,' said he, 'the decided superiority. What beauty!'

"This was genuine, because on showing him the Venus he thought the instep fat. I showed him the roll of skin under Neptune's armpit, and proved to him that the union of the accidents of nature with ideal beauty was the great principle of Phidias, which all subsequent ages lost sight of in search of a higher ideal beauty, and made life no longer visible.

"He saw this at once, and I will venture to say I did him more good in ten minutes than ever Lawrence did in ten years.

¹ Haydon was ill-judging enough to make subsequent allusions to this in letters to Sir Robert Peel, and even to make a demand of a higher price. Sir Robert Peel was naturally annoyed at this after the inquiry and answer given here. And Haydon himself, when the sting of necessity was not goading him, admitted the folly of his conduct in this particular.
—ED.

" 11th.—Out the whole day making studies for Napoleon's hat, with as much care as I would for the anatomical construction of a limb. I know it now as well. The hat fitted me exactly, and my skull is, like Napoleon's, twenty-two inches in circumference. There was something terrific about its look, and it excited associations as powerful as the helmet of Alexander!

" 16th.—Began Napoleon for Sir Robert Peel. God bless its commencement, progression and conclusion.

" 17th.—Called on Sir Robert Peel, who introduced me to Lady Peel, and treated me with the greatest kindness. I do not wonder at Sir George saying to me once, 'What a day we passed yesterday at Peel's! Such a wife, such children, such a dinner and such pictures!' Egad, I agree with him. His collection is quite exquisite—the rarest specimens of Dutch and Flemish power. He is a fine creature. His conduct on the Catholic question was a Roman sacrifice of feeling.

" 18th.—Moderately at work. Wrote Sir Robert Peel, stating my wish to devote myself to Napoleon, and saying it was impossible unless he aided me by some portion in advance. God knows if this may offend him or not. I hope not; but the sure way to get on with people of fashion is never to ask them for money. However, as Sir Robert sent to me in prison, he will not be angry at my request.

" ' Whitehall, Dec. 18th.

" ' Sir,

" ' I enclose, in pursuance with your request, a draft for thirty guineas on account of the picture which you are painting for me. I meant to have offered it to you, and, therefore, need not assure you that I cannot be in the least degree displeased by the application.

" ' I am, sir, your faithful servant,

" ' ROBERT PEEL.'

" I wrote the Duke for leave to sketch some part of Napoleon's dress from one of his pictures. Here is his answer:

" ' The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has received his note.

" ' The Duke has four pictures of Napoleon in different costumes. On his return to town he will desire that they may be brought together, and prepared for Mr Haydon's inspection.

" ' Winchester, Dec. 23rd, 1830.'

" Read Moore's second volume¹ with such intensity I forgot the last day of the year, a thing I never did before in my life.

" The year is ended, but it is too late now to philosophise.

¹ Of Byron's Life and Journals.

" I am

"I am convinced Byron's Italian excesses were not from love of vice, but experiments for a new sensation, on which to speculate. After debauchery he hurried away in his gondola, and spent the night on the waters.

"On board a Greek ship, when touching a yataghan, he was overheard to say, 'I should like to know the feelings of a murderer.'

"This contains the essence of his moral character; and his assertion that he relished nothing in poetry not founded on fact, that of his poetical.

"For the great mercies of the year past, O Lord, accept my deep gratitude; for the corrections, deep submission to Thy sacred will. Amen."

And so ends the Journal for 1830.

1831

Haydon opened this year in diligent application to the large picture of Napoleon for Sir Robert Peel, though with some despondency at first.

"*January 29th.*—All passed since the 11th in a fit of ennui and self-reproach, which my misfortunes and the remembrance of them sometimes generate. I struggle and vanquish my despondency, but in spite of all, these fits hold dominion now and then for the time. By God's help I will get out, the cloud will pass and a successful day's hit will soon restore my faculties.

"*February 5th.*—I am like Wellington's soldiers, who, after a hard campaign, got ill the moment they moved into winter-quarters. The moment that from any cause I leave off hard work my fibres seem to relax, and I get ill *malgré moi*.

"Thomas Hope is dead, my early patron, and the purchaser of my first picture; a good but capricious man. He objected to my painting Solomon the size of life, though he had given a French painter 800 guineas just before for Damocles, full size. He got offended, yet when I was ill he sent me £200 in the noblest manner, and insisted I should not consider it as a debt.

"*6th.*—I dreamt Napoleon appeared to me and presented me with a golden key. This was about a month since. It is curious. I have lately had singular dreams: as Achilles says, the shades of our friends must be permitted to visit us.

"Miss Edgeworth called with Mrs Lockhart. There was great simplicity and sense in Miss Edgeworth. Mrs Lockhart is a Miranda in nature.

"*8th.*—Succeeded at last in getting Napoleon firm on his legs. Strange I did it at once in the small sketch, and missed it when
meaning

meaning to be very grand in the large picture. Dreamt Michel Angelo came to me last night in my painting-room. I talked to him, and he shook hands with me. I took him to the small medallion over my chimney-piece, and said, 'It's very like, but I do not think your nose so much broken as I had imagined.' I thought it strange in my dream. I could not make it out how *he* came there. He had a brown coat and complexion. I certainly think something grand in my destiny is coming on, for all the spirits of the illustrious dead are hovering about me.

"I dreamt the other night I crept through a window into the Capella Sistina, and thought the power in the Prophets terrific. I saw a hand of Jeremiah modelled with touches which I shall never forget. No man, I thought, has been worse engraved.

"My eyes and health are recovered. I burn in my feelings with some undefined anxiousness of expectation, 'some unborn greatness in the womb of time,' which I can't describe, but I seem as if I was seized with supernatural communication, and start up in solitude. I expect a '*dura facies*' or a smiling angel beckoning and pointing.

"9th.—In my painting-room from a quarter-past eight till four incessantly glazing; it is the most nervous operation in the art. The sky is not what I imagine it ought to be. Titian would have gone solidly through it as I did first; no modern scrambling and tricks, but a manly, fair, masterly, solid painting, and then skilful, flat, concealed glazing.

"10th.—Strained exceedingly in my feelings. Wound up the sky and sea. The sea I am proud of, not the sky yet.

"Sir Robert was to have called, but did not. One hundred guineas is all I asked, but it is too little. I meant that was my price for a whole length.

"West told me he never knew what it was to have a head or stomach. I should think so from his colour and expression. They were all by a man who had neither head, stomach nor heart.

"14th.—Out all day about money and rooms. I called on Sir Robert Peel. I found him sitting in his magnificent library reading, and very pale. He seemed harassed. He promised to call to see his picture. In the afternoon he called, and was much pleased. I showed him all my studies from the Elgin Marbles. I explained their principles, and what gave them their superiority. He listened with great attention. I hope I have done his mind good. But he had a cowed air. Why I know not. Politically he is, I dare say, harassed about this Reform Bill, and his party perhaps wanting him to take the lead, and he is really
unwilling

unwilling to leave the sweets of private life for the turbulence and harass of a public situation.

“What would I not give for such a library! Sir Robert Peel is a most amiable man, very sincere, diffident and nervous.”

Haydon, as usual, furnished a description of the picture when exhibited, from which I extract the passage which follows:

“Napoleon was peculiarly alive to poetical association as produced by scenery or sound; village bells with their echoing ding, dong, dang, now bursting full on the ear, now dying in the wind, affected him as they affect everybody alive to natural impressions, and on the eve of all his great battles you find him stealing away in the dead of the night, between the two hosts, and indulging in every species of poetical reverie.

“It was impossible to think of such a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, the sea, the rock and the solitude with which he was enveloped: I never imagined him but as if musing at dawn, or melancholy at sunset, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, or meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him: in short, Napoleon never appeared to me but at those seasons of silence and twilight when nature seems to sympathise with the fallen, and when if there be moments in this turbulent earth fit for celestial intercourse, one must imagine these would be the times immortal spirits might select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted.

“Under such impressions the present picture was produced. I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff and musing on his past fortunes—sea-birds screaming at his feet—the sun just down—the sails of his guardship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic calm, silent, awfully deep and endlessly extensive.

“I tried it in a small sketch, and it was instantly purchased: I published a print, and the demand is now and has been incessant; a commission for a picture the full size of life, from one well known as the friend of artists and patron of Art followed, and thus I have ventured to think a conception so unexpectedly popular might, on this enlarged scale, not be uninteresting to the public.

“No trouble has been spared to render the picture a resemblance: its height is Napoleon’s exact stature, according to Constant, his valet, viz. five feet two inches and three-quarters French, or five feet five inches and a half English; the uniform is that of one of the regiments of Chasseurs; every detail has been dictated by an old officer of the regiment; and his celebrated hat has been faithfully copied from one of Napoleon’s own hats now in England.

“The best description I ever saw of Napoleon’s appearance was in the letter of an Irish gentleman, named North, published in the *Dublin Evening Post*, and as it is so very characteristic it may amuse the visitor. He saw him at Elba in 1814, and thus paints him:

“He

“ ‘ He but little resembles the notion I had of him, or any other man I ever saw. He is the squarest figure I think I ever remember to have seen, and exceedingly corpulent. His face is a perfect square, from the effects of fat, and, as he has no whiskers, his jaw is thrown more into relief ; this description, joined to his odd little three-cornered cocked hat and very plain clothes, would certainly give him the appearance of a vulgar person, if the impression was not counteracted by his soldierly carriage, and the peculiar manner of his walking, which is confident, theatrical and a little ruffian-like, for he stamps the ground at every step, and at the same time twists his body a little. He was dressed that day in a green coat, turned up with a dirty white, etc., etc., etc. His neck is short, his shoulders very broad and his chest open. . . . His features are remarkably masculine, regular and well formed. His skin is coarse, unwrinkled and weather-beaten ; his eyes possess a natural and unaffected fierceness, the most extraordinary I ever beheld : they are full, bright and of a brassy colour. He looked directly at me, and his stare is by far the most intense I ever beheld. This time, however, curiosity made me a match, for I vanquished him. It is when he regards you, that you mark the singular expression of his eyes—no frown—no ill-humour—no affectation of appearing terrible ; but the genuine expression of an iron, inexorable temper.’ ”

The exhibition of the picture was opened in April, but the dissolution of Parliament and the agitation of the Reform question were fatal to its success. The failure left the painter once more in embarrassment, which had now, indeed, become normal with him. His own powers of application to his art were diminished by the political excitement of the times, in which he shared to the full, writing letters on Reform to the *Times* of which he declares himself very proud, and filling his Journals with political reflections and speculations instead of sketches and criticism of books or pictures.

Haydon's mind was certainly not limited to the range of his art. I have already pointed out that each successive picture served him as an introduction to some distinct branch of knowledge or information which was keenly and searchingly followed up. This picture of Napoleon suggests to him long and elaborate reflections on the conduct and character of the Emperor, with which it does not appear necessary to trouble the reader.

In April Wordsworth was in town.

“ *April 12th.*—Wordsworth called after an absence of several years. I was glad to see him. He spoke of my Napoleon with his usual straightforward intensity of diction. We shook hands heartily. He spoke of Napoleon so highly that I wrote and asked him to give me a sonnet. If he would or could, he'd make the fortune of the picture.

“ 20th

"*20th to 26th.*—All lost in politics, heat, fury, discussion and battling. Never was such a scene seen as in the House of Lords last Friday. The Marquis of Londonderry bent his fist at the Duke of Richmond, and if it had not been for the table would certainly have struck him.

"*27th, 28th.*—There was an illumination last night. The mob broke all windows which had no lights. They began breaking the Duke's; but when the butler came out and told them the Duchess was lying dead in the house, they stopped. There is something affecting in the conqueror of Napoleon appealing for pity to a people he had saved.

"*May 1st.*—Since the 10th of March I have done little. The exhibition in consequence of the dissolution fell to nothing. I closed it last night, though there never was a picture so admired, or that made so complete a hit with the connoisseurs.

"Worked to-day at the Xenophon. I have two commissions for Napoleon, and only wait for a remittance. God bless my efforts again.

"*21st.*—To-day, after an absence of some years, I visited Lord Stafford's gallery, now belonging to Lord Francis.¹ There I met Wilkie and Collins, with whom I associated for twenty years in this very place. Since we last met here, since we last studied here the beautiful pictures from which I originally gained all I know in colour, we had lost Sir George, who gave a double relish to everything.

"Wilkie seemed duller. The pictures did not appear to be so fine as I used to think them. I strolled about, devoid of all enthusiasm, and when Wilkie began to think about the composition of a bit of Raffaele's drapery, I thought how unworthy a subject to occupy any man while the Poles were fighting for existence. The times are too full of impulse for Art.

"*22nd.*—Took dear Frank to school. The pang of separation from a dear child born in trouble, and nurtured in convulsion, who had shared our sorrows, and reflected our joys in his beautiful face, was painful. Mary cried bitterly. The children were grave, and all night I kept dreaming he was ill-used by the servants. I pray God most sincerely he may be able to stand it. This dear boy's birth is recorded in my Journal for 1823. He was our first child, and I overwhelmed him with an eager interest which broke him down.

"*June 1st.*—Oh dear—this is sad work! Nothing but one day's painting, and the rest sketching—sucking in fresh air—basking in sunsets—rolling with my children on the grass, and observing nature. But the last summer was spent in prison;

¹ The Earl of Ellesmere.

and there is something to be said when I find myself with a guinea in my pocket and no duns before me. However, to work I must go; and to-morrow, as an earnest, I am to select my horse at the Guards for Xenophon. It must be a mottled sienna horse, which will set off the light on the fair one.

"Since I last wrote, poor Jackson is gone. A more amiable, inoffensive man never lived. He had a fine eye for colour, but not vast power, and could not paint women. He is the first of the three to go. God protect him. It is curious what a set came in together under Fuseli—Wilkie, Mulready, Collins, Pickersgill, Jackson, Etty, Hilton and myself. I have produced Landseer, Eastlake, Lance and Harvey; Wilkie, the whole domestic school.

"*June 9th.*—Mrs Siddons died this morning—the greatest, grandest genius that ever was born! Peace to her immortal shade! She was good, and pious, and an affectionate mother. Posterity can never properly estimate her power, any more than we can estimate Garrick's. Hail and farewell! What a splendid Pythoness she seemed when reading Macbeth! And when acting Lady Macbeth—what a sight!"

The 12th of June brought Wordsworth's promised sonnet:

"My dear Haydon,

"I send you the sonnet, and let me have your 'Kingdom' for it. What I send you is not warm, but piping-hot from the brain, whence it came in the wood adjoining my garden not ten minutes ago, and was scarcely more than twice as long in coming. You know how much I admired your picture both for the execution and the conception. The latter is first-rate, and I could dwell upon it for a long time in prose, without disparagement to the former, which I admired also, having to it no objection but the regimentals. They are too spruce, and remind one of the parade, which the wearer seems to have just left.

"One of the best caricatures I have lately seen is that of Brougham, a single figure upon one knee, stretching out his arms by the seashore towards the rising sun (William the Fourth), which, as in duty bound, he is worshipping. Do not think your excellent picture degraded if I remark that the force of the same principle, simplicity, is seen in the burlesque composition, as in your work, with infinitely less effect, no doubt, from the inferiority of style and subject, yet still it is pleasing to note the under-currents of affinity in opposite styles of Art. I think of Napoleon pretty much as you do, but with more dislike, probably because my thoughts have turned less upon the flesh and blood man than yours, and therefore have been more at liberty to dwell with unqualified scorn upon his various liberticide projects, and the miserable selfishness of his spirit. Few men of any time have been at the head of greater events, yet they seem to have had no power to create in him the least tendency towards magnanimity.

How, then, with this impression, can I help despising him? So much for the idol of thousands. As to the Reformers, the folly of the ministerial leaders is only to be surpassed by the wickedness of those who will speedily supplant them. God of Mercy have mercy upon poor England! To think of this glorious country lacqueying the heels of France in religion (that is *no* religion), in morals, government and social order! It cannot come to good, at least for the present generation. They have begun it in shame, and it will lead them to misery. God bless you.

"Yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"You are at liberty to print the sonnet with my name, when and where you think proper. If it does you the least service the end for which it is written will be answered. Call at Moxon's, Bond Street, and let him give you from me, for your children, a copy of the selections he has just published from my poems.

"Would it not be taken as a compliment to Sir Robert Peel, who you told me has purchased your picture, if you were to send him a copy of the sonnet before you publish it?"

Sonnet to B. R. Haydon, Esq., composed on seeing his Picture of Buonaparte on the Island of St Helena.

"Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines,
And charm of colours; I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill,—
That unincumber'd whole of blank and still—
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave—
And the one Man, that labour'd to enslave
The world, sole standing high on the bare hill,
Back turn'd—arms folded, the unapparent face
Ting'd (we may fancy) in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun,
Set—like his fortunes! but not set for aye
Like them—the unguilty Power pursues his way
And before *Him* doth dawn perpetual run."

"*June 12th.*—I received to-day the news of my son's being rated, and another great pleasure, Wordsworth's sonnet, and I fancied myself the greatest of men when I was returning from my walk after indulging in anticipation of a certain posthumous fame. As I entered my hall I found a man sitting and waiting. He told me what he wanted, and because I refused to consent he abused me excessively, and called me 'a shabby fellow, a d—d shabby fellow.'

"This is life: a sonnet in the morning, and damned as a shabby fellow in the evening.

"One

"One does not like to be called shabby, and it made me uneasy all the evening.

" 'A mingled yarn—a mingled yarn!'

"*June 18th.*—Went to Oxford about my son, who had suffered great privations, and lived on bread and water for breakfast, when not invited out. This astonished the opulent warden and proctors. Perhaps there never before was a scholar who did this. All my boys are brought up to think knowledge, virtue and fame can only be got by privations. I called on the warden, who gave him the highest character. The very porter at the gate looked mild when he spoke of him, and while I was talking, in he walked, looking good, pure and intellectual.

"Hyman will be distinguished, I am convinced. College life, properly taken advantage of, is a delightful life. Wadham is the most scholastic-looking place of all the colleges.

"The warden looked horror-struck when he said, 'I fear he does not always eat meat,' as if not eating meat was the *ne plus ultra* of college privations. I never saw a place that has so much the air of opulence and ease as Oxford.

"Orlando has behaved like a hero. I told him he must go as the son of a poor man—to make knowledge and virtue his great objects, and to consider all privations as the price. He has done so. He will be an example to all the rest of the children. No boy of mine can go to college but such as earn the means, as Orlando has done, by getting a scholarship at sixteen.

"His brother is rated on board the *Prince Regent* for his good behaviour, and Frank, my own dear son, has begun his career at school. I have now his sister, seven years old, to think about starting. Frederic is a fine boy, and swears he will be a soldier. Alfred, in bad health, handsome, peevish and fretful, says he will be a painter. (He is qualified now for an R.A.) Harry is a baby; and Fanny ill. God spare my life to see all educated, refined and honourable. For happiness in life they must not follow my example. I am of the Napoleon species. Wilkie is the man I shall ever hold up in point of caution and integrity, though not of heart: but heart is not incompatible with prudence. God spare my life and health! I have plenty to occupy it—a large family and a large picture.

"I told the warden I was for a fortnight without eating meat in concluding Solomon.

"But for these scholarships, no poor man would have a chance for Oxford.

"*21st.*—Thus ends half the year. Finished one Napoleon—half finished another—four sketches—and advanced Xenophon.

I have

I have kept no regular account of how I have passed my time. I must begin again, or my mind will be injured. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and to-day, worked hard and advanced. Horse nearly done. Instead of that detestable cart-horse breed of Raffaele and others I have tried the blood Arab. It seems to give great satisfaction.

"27th.—I have, God be thanked! advanced Xenophon this week by a mighty stride. Worked hard and late, and had what I used to call the glorious *faint* feel. I remember once in 1812 making a jorum of tea, putting it all into a washhand basin, and dipping it out in tea-cups full—drinking in ecstasy. Nothing like your tea to studious men. Nectar is nothing to it. This was after painting the wicked mother in Solomon.

"July 20th.—A quarter to nine. This moment I have conceived my background stronger than ever. I strode about the room imitating the blast of a trumpet—my cheeks full of blood, and my heart beating with a glorious heat. Oh, who would exchange these moments for a throne?

" ' Here is my throne—let kings bow down to it ! ' "

" Now, for my palette—and then canvas look sharp.

"August 28th.—Out of town to Margate and Ramsgate the whole week. Never did human creatures suck in sea air with such rapture as I and my dear Mary and children. The beach at Ramsgate is superb. The steady blue sea, the glittering sail, the expansive and canopied sky, were treats that literally overpowered one's eyes and faculties, after being pent up in brick walls.

" It is five years since we were at the sea; some of the children never saw it. Twice I have been imprisoned; and I thought it was a little at the expense of principle to go without settling all my bills; yet as my income is current, and all depends on my talents, and the developing of them in health, it may be excused.

" What a scene a steamboat is! My next comic picture shall be A Margate Steamer after a Gale—Land—Land! I engaged all the musicians to sit, and go next week to sketch the locale of the vessel.

"31st.—Thus ends August, and thus end the eight months—as unsatisfactorily passed as any eight since I began the art. Peel's picture, from anxiety to do better than well, was a dead loss; and though he gave me 130 guineas, 200 would hardly have paid me. I am melancholy: can I be otherwise? After twenty-eight years' work, and sincere devotion, not to have saved one guinea, or to know where to go for one in case of sudden illness, broken limbs or fever. Not only not to have any property left,
but

but to have lost all that I had ever saved—all the school books of my youth, all the accumulations of boyhood, youth and manhood—to lose impressions of language, for want of means of reference, to forget poets, to have Tasso slide from my mind, and almost dear Shakespeare fade on my memory. When I contrast my present unhappy condition, and remember myself in my father's shop devouring all the new books, surrounded with all great works—my father's shop was a distinguished library—when I recollect it was at my service, and the happy, happy hours I have spent poring over astronomy, geography, and acquiring knowledge in every way, and then bring to my mind the penury of my present condition, it forces tears to my eyes. I have nothing left on earth I can call my own, but my brains.

"Yet my landlord is benevolent and good; my wife loving; my children beautiful. My two eldest boys are doing well; my own health, though not unshaken, yet good; my fame increasing; but alas! debt and ruin have touched the honour of my name. Yet I am not unhappy. I never lose the mysterious whisper, 'Go on,' and I feel that in spite of calamity and present appearances, if I am virtuous and good, I shall, before I die, carry my great object.

"Washington Irving says, 'Columbus imagined the voice of the Deity spoke to him, to comfort him in his troubles at Hispaniola.' No—he did not imagine it—he *did* hear it, and it *did* speak. Irving calls him a visionary. Oh, no! Irving has no such object, he has no such communications.

"Well, adieu August. I never concluded any month more calmly melancholy, or more prepared when it pleases God.

"*Sept. 15th.*—Owing to the plague of exhibition, to the worrit of a subscription, the harass of a large family, my interruptions have been terrific. It is impossible to go on.

"Two hundred and fifty-eight days have passed, and I have only worked legitimately sixty-one, leaving 197 days, valuable days, unprofitable and useless. This is so dreadful my brain almost maddens. A picture might have been done, but necessity is half the cause, and the treatment of Peel, which, to tell the truth, has sunk deep into me; but it was my own fault, though he might have behaved more nobly. Only 130 guineas for such a picture as Napoleon! I expected from his fortune an ample reward. It is no use to despair. Oh that I should ever speak the word!—but my feelings are very acute. He did not behave as became him; and I conducted myself with folly. These 197 days will rise up to my mind at my last hour. It is a serious crime. Never since I began the art have I been so guilty. It would be better policy to say nothing; but this is a Journal of
my

my mind and habits, and in conscience I can't conceal it. The state I have lately been in is shocking. My mind fatuous, impotently drawling over Petrarch, dawdling over Pausanias, dipping into Plutarch. Voyages and travels no longer exciting; all dull, dreary, flat and disgusting. I seem as if I never should paint again. I look at my own Xenophon, and wonder how I did it, read the Bible, gloat over Job, doubt religion to rouse my faculties, and wonder if the wind be east or S.S.W., look out of window and gape at the streets, shut up the shutters, and lean my cheek on my hand—get irritable for dinner, two hours before it can be ready, eat too much, drink too much, and go to bed at nine to forget existence. I dream horrors, start up, lie down again, and toss and tumble and listen to the caterwauling of cats, and just doze away as light is dawning in.

"Delightful life—fit attendants on idleness! With my ambition! my talents! my energy! Shameful.

"18th.—Worked hard. Called on Leslie in the morning. Talked of Byron. Rogers said Moore had scarcely read his (Byron's) manuscripts, that he was occupied, and lent it about; that the women read the worst parts, and told them with exaggeration; that Moore got frightened at hearing it abused, and burnt it without ever having read it through. Irving told Leslie he had read a part, and there was exquisite humour, though it could not all have been published.

"Belgrave Hopner told me that he had read it, and it ought to have been burnt.

"But it would have been but justice to have heard what Byron could say about his marriage, and now my Lady has it all her own way.

"Leslie said, Coleridge and Madame de Staël met—both furious talkers; Coleridge would talk. The next day she was asked how she liked Coleridge. 'For a monologue,' said she, 'excellent, but as to a dialogue—good heavens!'

"She would have been better pleased if Coleridge could have said this of her. For that evening never were two people so likely to hate each other."

The feelings of depression which at this time beset Haydon translate themselves in the pages of uneasy questioning about "fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," which fill the Journals of these months. Besides pecuniary difficulties, the political agitation of the time had probably much to do with this mood, as it distracted the painter from his work, and as with him interruption in his painting was always a source of discomfort and dissatisfaction with himself and things about him. In this month the picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem was sold by
its

its possessor, for Messrs Childs and Inman, of Philadelphia. Its departure from England was a heavy blow to the painter.

"*September 23rd.*—My Jerusalem is purchased, and is going to America. Went to see it before it was embarked. In the room was a very fine head of a Pope, by Velasquez. As this opportunity for a lesson was not to be lost, I placed it immediately in the centre of my picture, and compared them closely. The head by Velasquez was fresher, and there was evidently no yellow in it. In many of my heads the yellow predominates a little; but the penitent girl, and the centurion and the Samaritan woman, kept their ground triumphantly. After this I will fear no competition with any other work.

"It was melancholy thus to look, for the last time, at a work which had excited so great a sensation in England and Scotland; the progress of which had been watched by all the nobility, foreign ministers and people of fashion, and on the success of which all prospect for the historical Art of the country at that time appeared to hang. It was now leaving my native country for ever, where I had hoped to have seen it placed triumphantly in some public building.

"However, I trust in God it will be preserved from fire and ruin, and as it was a work painted with the most fervent prayers to Him, the author of all things, for health and strength to go through it, that He will be pleased to grant that it may cross the seas in safety, and do that good in America it has failed to do here.

"Out the whole day about this picture. Its condition is admirable. It was painted in pure linseed oil, and not a single atom of gum in it, or on it since. God bless it, and the result of its mission. What a disgrace to the aristocracy!

"*24th.*—Out the whole day on money matters. I should have returned without a guinea, but for the kindness of my dear friend, Talfourd, who lent me five sovereigns. I wrote the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire to take another share—to no purpose yet. I am nearly through Xenophon, but with not a shilling for the winter, and my children literally in want of stockings for the cold. Triumph I shall. It is the dowry of Englishmen to contest and vanquish impossibilities. If this Reform Bill passes, whose breast will not broaden, and heart swell, who will not go down on his knees and thank God he was born in England?

"*28th.*—Out trying to arrange and defer the payment of my taxes and rates till Xenophon was done, and to endeavour to get the next month entirely clear for work. Succeeded; but what time is lost!

"*October 3rd.*—Hard at work on the First Child for my friend, Kearsey, one of the most infernal self-willed devils (except myself)

myself) that ever lived. This engagement is of long standing. It was my duty, but I could not get over a certain disgust. This morning, Xenophon being comparatively off my mind, the whole of this last subject darted into my mind. I flew at it like a Turk, and to-night (the 4th) have got through it, except a trifle or two.

"4th.—Worked from eight till four, with only ten minutes' interval, and got through the First Child. I never painted a picture so quick in all my life.

"5th.—Out to get money to pay the governess of my children. Succeeded by the kindness of my friend, Clarke, one of my trustees. I did not get home till past twelve. One called and the other called, and I then worked till half-past four, three hours and a half, and wound up my small picture of the First Child, though I painted it all yesterday. I shall paint some more small pictures.

"6th.—After working with intense anxiety to keep my engagement with Kearsy, and having succeeded, to my conviction, in producing a rapid and finished sketch with character, colour, handling, and chiaroscuro, I took it down, expecting praise. When he saw it, with that air of insolence money gives city people, he said, 'I suppose this was done in three-quarters of an hour?' What was that to the purpose? Were there not all the requisites of Art, and all the experience of my life? There were.

"I took my leave, and went to see Jerusalem packed up, which was carefully and excellently done. I sighed at the thoughts of its leaving old England, but it is better in America than in a cellar in London. God grant it may have a safe passage.

"As I was near the Bench I walked over, and called on poor D——, the victim of the commissioners for ten years. He was altered, and spoke in a voice sinking from exhaustion. He said he was starving. He said he had nothing all day yesterday. All his clothes were gone. I gave him a trifle, all I could afford, for really I had not 10s. I felt it a duty, and small as the sum was it gave me a glow of confidence in God. (The widow's mite.) Well, I thought, my prospects of getting on are uncertain, but I'll trust where I have never trusted in vain. In coming home I took shelter from rain, where I found a poor Irish match-woman, and a sick boy under her cloak, crouching. I gave her a penny. It was contemptible, but it caused me pleasure. I came home in very low spirits. Kearsy had behaved like an ignorant brute about the sketch of the First Child. D—— had made me low, and I did not know where to get a guinea myself, when on the chimney-piece I found a letter from the Duke of Bedford enclosing ten guineas, and begging another share. It may be said, Whether you had been charitable or not the ten guineas would have been there.

here. Perhaps not. I like to consider it more than a happy coincidence!"

Here is an example of the painter's political utterances in the shape of a letter to the *Times*, on the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords in this month.

"To the Editor of the 'Times.'

"Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live."—MILTON.

"Sir,

"The Bill is rejected; but let the nation remember it has been legally rejected. The Lords are a component part of the legislature, and have as great a right to decide as they please as any other body of Britons.

"Patience, sound sense, and, above all, perseverance, have ever been considered by the world as the great leading points in the character of Englishmen. Earnestly do I hope it may now be proved. The Bill is lost, but only for the time. From the habits of the Lords, from their separated society, their ignorance of the power of the press, and their affectation of despising it, no man who knew them expected at first another conclusion. But yet, Sir, let us hope that all classes will remember, that riot, confusion, fire, murder, robbery and exasperation will not advance reform, but impede it—embarrass the Government, and confirm the assertion of the Lords that people are not fit for greater influence. Let them not give their enemies such a handle.

"As an Englishman who glories in his country, who would rather die on a dunghill in it than be possessed of affluence in any other, I earnestly appeal to the people to do nothing illegal; not to hamper the King or the ministers by distracting their attention, but to be quite certain that Lords Grey and Brougham and His Majesty will do all that can be done to obtain the nation's great determination by another regular, legal attempt.

"Let every man, therefore, attend to his duties, family or professional. Let every man in his sphere exert himself to influence it, by advising peace, patience and firmness, for nothing would afford such pleasure to the enemies of reform at home, or the enemies of England abroad, as to see the country sinking in political and domestic influence, a prey to civil broils and fierce and senseless bloody struggles.

"In a country so regulated by the habit of a long establishment of law and government, there is no sense in proving our love of liberty by cutting the throats of our neighbours; or because a noble Lord may have differed with the advanced notions of the people on moral right, there is no evidence of superior knowledge in destroying his house, burning his library and pictures; in short, giving way to all the feelings more fit for a savage than a rational being.

"Reform

"Reform must pass, but what a triumph it will be for England if it pass, as it will, by law and reason and constitutional means.

"Thus will England prove the assertion of Milton; thus will she give a lesson to the world, and not forget, Sir, the precedence of teaching nations how to live.

"If reform be passed by any other means we may rejoice; but our joy would have been purer, and England would have stood higher, if it had passed, as I trust in God it will yet pass, and as it must, if the people conduct themselves with temperance and firmness.

"A REFORMER."

"*October 8th.*—Very moderately at work. Never so excited since Waterloo as now about politics. I hope the people will be sensible.

"*9th.*—At work and improved the Xenophon still, but much excited about reform."

It was while under the influence of this political fever that Haydon painted his picture of Waiting for the Times, which, with its bearing on the feeling of the times, had a great success, as might have been expected. The original picture was painted for Lord Stafford, to whose timely aid Haydon owed the means of matriculating his stepson Orlando at Oxford, but he produced more than one repetition of the subject, which is well known from the engraving.

"*11th.*—Rubbed in Reading the Times, a capital subject.

"*12th.*—Completed the rubbing in of Reading the Times. About the middle of the day became very uneasy from the state of the town, and went to Pall Mall. In a bookseller's shop I met Watson Taylor. He undervalued the exasperation of the people, and said it would be over in a week. I beg his pardon. It is a much deeper feeling than he or any other of the borough-mongers imagine. How the borough-mongering has corrupted the country. There is a chuckling sneer, a supercilious air, a knowing blinking of eye in a real borough-monger quite extraordinary; at the same time a manner of fashion, and as if he knew more than meets the eye, as if he was a criminal by right, and did wrong by superior education.

"If we had not got the means of renovating ourselves, we should sink into slavery and corruption; but what I fear is, that the people have been so trifled with that mere reform will not satisfy them, that they look beyond. The success of American independence has been the torch which has lighted the world for the last fifty years. It will now never cease blazing till cheap governments are established. The Coronation of George IV. may be considered the setting-sun of that splendid imposition—monarchy.

"I wrote

"I wrote Lord Londonderry, and begged him to take care of his Correggios. God knows what the mob might do.

"Now Xenophon is done, I feel the want of a great work to keep my mind excited. A number of small things does not do so; it is not enough.

"14th.—I think I shall begin the Crucifixion. I called on Lord Londonderry, who was cut in the face by three pickpockets. He was more shaken than hurt, the porter said.

"Sir Hussey Vivian last night reproached Lord John Russell with corresponding with the Birmingham Association, and said it ought to be put down, as in 1793. It requires a very different capacity to discover resemblances and to detect differences. The minister who guides himself by the example of Mr Pitt in 1793 has passed forty years in his own country to very little purpose.

"The state of public knowledge now and then is quite different. The knowledge of the result of violent revolutionary proceedings was not then acquired. And it was right and proper to take stern measures that a constitution of 100 years should not be overturned by the adoption of thoughtless maxims of theoretic perfection. But now the people cry out, not for revolution, but for restoration. They wish for their rights, and their rights they will have."

Sir Walter Scott was in London this month, previous to his sailing for Italy. Haydon paid him a last visit.

"16th.—Called on dear Sir Walter yesterday, and was affected at the alteration in him. Though he was much heartier than I expected to find him, his mind seemed shaken. He said he feared he had occasionally done too much at a time, as we all do. We talked of politics, of course. Though grateful to the King, he was 'too old a dog,' he said, 'to forget George IV.' His son was on duty at Sheffield. I lamented that a poor fellow perfectly innocent had been shot on duty. 'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'soldiers should be careful how they fire, because bullets are gentlemen not much given to reflection.' Here was a touch of the old humour. We chatted about Shee having the presidency. 'An accomplished gentleman,' said Sir Walter, 'whom naeboddy ever haird on,' affecting more Scotch accent than he has. This was d——d fine.

"We then talked of the late King. Sir Walter said he never saw anybody so pleased with a picture as he was with the Mock Election. After a quarter of an hour I took my leave, and as I arose he got up, took his stick, with that sideling look of his, and then burst forth that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality of soul, manly courage and tenderness of mien, which neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched. It was the smile
of

of a superior creature who would have gathered humanity under the shelter of its wings, and while he was amused at its follies would have saved it from sorrow and sheltered it from pain. Perhaps it may be the last time I am ever to see him, as he sails in a day or two; and if it be, I shall rejoice that this was the last impression.

"22nd.—I must this day conclude this Journal, and a curious record it is of my mind and sufferings. Strange and extraordinary events are recorded of the fate of nations, and many singular sufferings of myself as an individual. But I have got through the Xenophon as I prayed at the commencement; and for this great mercy I offer my deepest gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of events. Something extraordinary will happen with relation to Xenophon. I began it in the midst of anxieties and afflictions, under the most extraordinary impulses of such a nature that I felt as if some influence was in the room.

"God bless my family, and grant that I may live to see the reform of Art I have ever prayed for."

"Oct. 22nd.¹—This day I begin a new Journal. My Xenophon is done, except a trifle. The prospects of Art at this time are precarious; but if the Bill passes I think corporate bodies (the great nuisance) will be shaken, and native Art will then have a better chance. I saw Wilkie to-day. He was almost as much horrified at reform as when Ottley, poor Scott and I made him drink success to it in my large painting-room in Lisson Grove.

"He was looking old and complained of his head. He will never again be what he was.

"26th.—I called at the palace to-day; but what a difference in the attendants! All George IV.'s servants were gentlemen, to the very porters—well fed, gorgeous, gold-laced rascals. Monarchy is setting. In 100 years more I don't think there will be a king in Europe. It is a pity. I like the splendid delusion; but why make it so expensive? Voting now £100,000 a year for the Queen; as if £5000 was not enough for any woman's splendour! These things won't be borne much longer.

"28th.—A glorious day. King William IV. has consented to place his name at the head of my list for Xenophon. Huzza! God bless him.

"Upon reflection I shall certainly vote for Her Majesty having £100,000 a year after this. What can a queen do with less? It is impossible. How shortsighted we are. I thought I felt peculiarly dull all day yesterday. This comes of grinding colours.

"Drank His Majesty's health in a bumper, and success to

¹ The eighteenth volume of the Journals commences at this date, with the motto, "Continuo culpam ferro compesce."

reform: I think kings ought not to set. They will keep in the meridian yet.

"29th.—Kearsey bought my *Waiting for the Times*, a blessing. Exchanged several of H. B.'s admirable caricatures for my Napoleons. Whoever H. B. is, he is a man of great genius. He has an instinct for expression, and power of drawing, without academical cant, I never saw before; but evidently an amateur from the delicacy of his touch, or timidity rather.

"31st.—I wrote Lord Grey I thought it would be honourable to genius if those who had their freedoms voted to them either for their talent or bravery should be still allowed to retain their rights, notwithstanding they were non-resident. He is of opinion it cannot be done. I still retain my opinion. It would be a tribute to genius a Greek or Roman would not have hesitated to pay.

"November 1st.—Worked hard, and half did *Waiting for the Times*. Horrid news from Bristol. In the midst of a mass of people roaring vengeance Sir Charles Wetherell threatened to commit. Think of a man threatening to commit the sea at the deluge! These people, accustomed to authority, are like poor George III., who continued to make peers and baronets long after his senses had gone from him.

"12th.—As time approaches for the meeting of Parliament people apprehend the decision of the Whigs. The Bill will be thrown out I have no doubt. God knows what will be the consequence. I will bet five to one the Duke comes in after all and carries the measure. If he do I shall laugh. I have never taken his bust away, but keep it on my chimney-piece, in spite of the devil, and will do so. Though a reformer, I am yet a John Bull to the marrow. I am not going to forget him who raised the nation from disgrace.

"What I complain of is the inflammation of mind this Reform Bill has generated. I can fix on no reading but reform meetings. I am sick of it, and wish for any conclusion that will be a conclusion; but the fact is it will never conclude.

"14th.—I dreamt last night of dear Keats. I thought he appeared to me, and said, 'Haydon, you promised to make a drawing of my head before I died, and you did not do it. Paint me now.' I awoke and saw him as distinctly as if it was his spirit. I am convinced such an impression on common minds would have been mistaken for a ghost. I lay awake for hours dwelling on the remembrance of him. Dear Keats, I will paint thee, worthily, poetically!

"18th.—This day my dear little child Fanny died, at half-past one in the forenoon, aged two years, nine months, and twelve days.

days. The life of this child has been one continued torture: she was weaned at three months from her mother's weakness and attempted to be brought up by hand. This failed, and she was reduced to a perfect skeleton; one day when I was kissing her she sucked my cheek violently. I said, 'This child wants the bosom even now.' Our medical friend said it was an experiment, but we might try it. I got a wet nurse instantly, and she seized the bosom like a tigress; in a few months she recovered, but the woman who came to suckle her weaned her own child.

"I called on the nurse before she came, and found a fine baby, her husband and herself in great poverty. I said, 'What do you do with this child?' She replied, 'Wean it, sir. We must do so: we are poor.' I went away. 'Is this just,' thought I, 'to risk the life of another child to save my own?' I went home tortured about what I should do, but a desire to save my own predominated.

"The nurse came, Fanny was saved, but the fine baby of the poor nurse paid the penalty. I was never easy. 'Fanny never can, and never will prosper,' thought I. What right had I to take advantage of the poverty of this poor woman to save my own child, when I found out she had an infant of her own? When the nurse's time was up, Fanny withered, the bosom was again offered, and refused. From that moment she daily sank in spite of all medical advice, and to-day, after two convulsive fits, expired without a gasp.

"*23rd.*—Dearest Fanny was buried to-day, close to Mrs Siddons, in a most retired and sweet spot, where I hope to have a vault for all of us. Two trees weep over the grave. No place could have been more romantic and secluded.¹

"Peace to her little soul—born weakly, but her weakness aggravated by improper treatment; always ill, in a large family, wanting repose and rest and never getting it. What a weakly child suffers from the healthy children! Good God! the teasing, the quizzing, the tyranny, the injustice!

"*24th.*—Began my family picture with dear Alfred's head, who is dying too. I went on painting and crying. There he sat, drooping like a surcharged flower; as I looked at him, I thought what an exquisite subject a dying child would make. There he dozed, beautiful and sickly, his feet, his dear hands, his head, all drooping and dying.

"*25th.*—Rubbed in the dying boy to-day. It will make a most piercing subject.

"*26th.*—Hard at work on my family picture. They shall see if I can paint portraits, now my heart is in it.

¹ In Paddington new churchyard.

" 30th.—A month of occupation, but not such occupation as equals my intentions. When shall I ever do that?

" My sweet Fanny died this month. There is now such an intimate connection with me and the grave that I shall never break the chain. I pierce through the earth, the coffin and the lid, and see her lying still and awful. At breakfast, at dinner, at tea, I see her. I look forward to my own death with placid resignation, and only hope God, in His mercy, will not let me suffer much.

" I should like to finish my life, clear up my own character and leave my name free from the spots misfortune has implanted there. Bless my intentions, O Lord!

" *December 2nd.*—To-day I have done nothing on earth but muse, ponder, wonder, blunder and mope. I want £50: how to get it, where to get it and when to get it, God knows. In Him I trust, and shall not trust in vain.

" *3rd.*—After a harassing day, calling on the commissioners of taxes, and trying to defer the payment of a cognovit, I came home fagged to death. I found a letter from Francis of Exeter, a proof of his good heart, offering me £50. If I get this blessing next week it will save me. *Dies sine lined.* Not a touch yet.

" *29th.*—There is in the English people a fierce resolution to make every man live according to the means he possesses. The principle is fine, but they do not sufficiently draw the line between the actual possession and the justifiable hope of possessing.

" *31st.*—The following letter of Goethe's is an immortal honour. Think of this great man saying his soul is elevated by the contemplation of the drawings of my pupils from the Elgin Marbles—drawings which were the ridicule and quiz of the whole body of Academicians:

" ' My dear Sir,

" ' The letter which you have had the kindness to address to me has afforded me the greatest pleasure ; for as my soul has been elevated for many years by the contemplation of the important pictures formerly sent to me, which occupy an honourable station in my house, it cannot but be highly gratifying to me to learn that you still remember me, and embrace this opportunity of convincing me that you do so.

" ' Most gladly will I add my name to the list of subscribers to your very valuable painting,¹ and I shall give directions to my banker here to forward to you the amount of my ticket, through the hands of his correspondents in London, Messrs Coutts & Co.

" ' Reserving to myself the liberty at a future period for further information as well about the matter in question, and the picture

¹ Xenophon.

that

that is to be raffled for, as concerning other objects of Art, I beg to conclude the present letter by recommending myself to your friendly remembrance.

“ W. VON GOETHE.

“ ‘ Weimar, December 1, 1831.’ ”

“ 12th.—Hard at work; indeed, racing the town; succeeded in selling the copyright of Napoleon to pay off my temporary embarrassments, and send my son money. I hope to go to work to-morrow.

“ I wrote Peel, offering to send him my picture, Waiting for the Times, to look at, as if he liked and purchased it it would have saved me from all the embarrassment Napoleon brought me into. His answer is cold.

“ More than a third of this month has gone in dark days and anxiety. I see my way now better, and trust in God for my guide. I am come to that point now at which I feel the inspiration of the Bible, and its superiority over all the authors in the world. Go from Homer, Shakespeare, Tasso, Ariosto, Plutarch, Cæsar, Tacitus or any genius, however great, to the Bible, and you see at once the scope of the Bible’s object, viz. the eternal salvation of the soul of man.

“ 22nd.—Laid up in my eyes from studying Suetonius’ Life of Cæsar the greater part of the night—very interesting, but his Latin is not so delightful to me as Sallust’s. My classical knowledge is so shallow I really ought not to give an opinion; but it appears far-fetched and harsh in comparison.

“ The lives of ambitious men are the lives that really delight me. The biographies of Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, give me more real pleasure than those of all the philosophers and moralists in Christendom.

“ 23rd.—Rubbed in two subjects, David and Goliath, and Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet.

“ Now for it. The vein is opened again. It is curious that nobody has remarked (at least, not that I know of) that Petrarch’s *Trionfo della Fama*, III., certainly assisted or suggested Raffaele’s School of Athens.¹

“ 31st.—Another last day of another last year.

“ What have I to say? Nothing, but that after forty-five years I have been more irresolute, more idle, more doting, more unworthy of my name, than any preceding year of my life.

“ Lord Stafford enabled me to matriculate my eldest stepson. I was to paint him a picture for the amount, £50. I have done

¹ I own I cannot see better reasons for the opinion than Fluellen’s for the comparison between Macedon and Monmouth.—ED.

PLATE IX

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM. By B. R. HAYDON.

From the original painting in the Art Museum, Cincinnati, U.S.A.



PLATE IX.

[*From the original in the Museum, Cincinnati, U.S.A.*]

it, and sent him *Waiting for the Times*. He is pleased, and I am highly gratified. I have thus kept my word, and I am gratified for the power.

"January-February.—Worked hard.

"March-April.—Occupied with exhibition.

"May.—Worked hard.

"June.—Mad about Paganini.

"July, August, September.—Worked hard.

"October, November, December.—Faddled.

"Thus endeth 1831."

1832

This year was memorable in Haydon's life. It brought him into relation with the leaders of the Trade Unions at Birmingham and with the Minister who carried the Reform Bill. In it he made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subscription for a picture of the Trade Union Meeting at Newhall Hill, and was actually commissioned by Earl Grey to paint a picture of the Reform Banquet in Guildhall. For this commission the leading men of the Liberal party sat to him, and the occasion awakened in his mind (still sanguine in spite of the many proofs of self-deception which the struggles of the last years must have carried with them) hopes which were not destined to be realised. This work was further grateful to the painter, as it gave him opportunities of impressing on his distinguished sitters those views upon the public encouragement of Art which, to do him justice, he maintained energetically and consistently from the beginning to the end of his career. His vanity, too, was flattered by access to ministers and noblemen, and in the Journals of this period there is abundant and undisguised expression of satisfaction at these relations, which will be offensive to many, but which in any honest exhibition of the man can in no way be suppressed or softened. Besides what concerns the Reform picture the Journals contain the usual record of difficulties, borrowings, battlings, indignant protests against the "horrid necessities" of his position, alternated with passionate demands for help, which, as they weary the reader of them, may well have irritated the persons to whom they were addressed. But the mischief was done now, and the habit of resorting to this easy source of relief had deadened, though it never destroyed, the sense of humiliation which must accompany begging. Interspersed with these unlovely portions of the life are passages of good feeling and noble aspiration which plead for a more lenient judgment of the man than I dare hope for him.

"*January 1st.*—How much have I to thank God for! I passed the first day in peace and happiness. We had a good dinner, a good fire: we crowded round it, and chatted innocently and happily. The children all well. The last the image of me—large, restless, flying from one thing to the other and delighted with pictures.

"The only pain I felt was at the thought of the many poor souls in cold and hunger. In the morning I read prayers, and impressed on my children all that we owed to God. I find it a good method of correction to pray pointedly in the prayers against any particular vice of the week. Thus, if a child swears, the next Sunday I pray against it, looking sternly at the child; so of lying, quarrelling. It has cured them. They dread a falsehood, and correct each other.

"*13th.*—Hard at work: attacked the sketch of Xenophon; heightened the ornaments of the horse. It enriched the horse, but took off its naked majesty. Now here is a fair struggle between the ornamental and essential. The ornaments hide the form, but add to the splendour; Michel Angelo and the Greeks would have kept the form, and rejected the ornament; Titian would have kept the ornament to hide the form. What shall I do? (Reject the ornaments, of course. B. R. H., 1835.)

"*19th.*—Completed the brother. To give an idea of my situation, on the morning of the 17th I was setting my palette, wondering how I should meet a bill of £12, my butcher's; in came two friends, one, my dear Edward Smith. He looked over my small pictures, and seemed affected at the dying boy. 'I should like that,' said he. 'Take it at twenty-five guineas, half down.' He agreed, and paid the money into Coutts' to meet the bill. I went to work and finished the boy's head before three, happy and grateful.

"*25th.*—My birthday, aged forty-six. Twenty-eight years ago exactly I reviewed my life, and resolved on various corrections, and am now as much in need of them as ever. Got another small commission to-day from Smith.

"*February 26th.*—The worse a man is used in this world, the more likely he is to lean on, and love and hope in his Creator.

"Prosperity, except in the most virtuous characters, would be apt to render man forgetful of God.

"I do not think prosperity would have so affected me. But God knows best. I bow, I adore, I hope. I only know adversity has thrown me more on God's mercy than in my days of comparative fortune and ease. I see Him more distinctly in trouble. I am almost afraid to say how distinctly.

"Oh, I look forward to death as a blessed, blessed, blessed opening

opening to scenes of splendid peace and majestic intellectuality. When will it come, Thou All-good, Thou All-wise, Thou All-merciful God? (February 26th, 1832. In my painting-room, happy, and solitary and glorying.)

"*March 27th.*—Well. Here I begin again. My private day was the 24th. I opened yesterday, but the novelty is over. I felt less interest. So it seemed with others, though all was praises.

"It was affecting to see my oldest patron, Sir George Phillips, come tottering in, decrepid, and many of those who were babies when I began exhibiting grown fine dashing girls of fashion. My private days are really epochs in fashionable life, and I have had the honour of receiving at my 'at homes' two generations of the beauties of England.

"I was painting when a note came from Sir H. Wheatley saying the King would lend me the Mock Election for my exhibition. Down went brushes and away I marched. I got the order, went straight to 104 Pall Mall, saw Mr Jutsum and had the picture taken down.

"I spent an hour last week with my old friend Sir Thomas Hammond, who amused me as usual. He said he knew the late King sent a messenger to Charles X., and told him if he insisted on forcing religion down the throats of the people his government would be overturned. Charles replied that no government could subsist without religion.

"He told me an anecdote of the late King which illustrates the 'asides' of a coronation. When the bishops were kissing the King, and doing homage, and the music was roaring, the Bishop of Oxford (whom they used to call mother somebody) approached and kissed the King. The King said, 'Thankee, my dear.' This is exactly like him.

"There sat Hammond breakfasting, the complete picture of an old man of fashion—with a muslin night-cap, wrapped in a dressing-gown, tea-things on a silver waiter, toilet full of unguents, etc. etc. etc., making himself up.

"Said I, 'Sir Thomas, I was affected at my private day to see all my old friends become decrepid.' 'And so was I at the levee,' said he. 'I never saw such a set of old rips in my life—their breeches all about their bellies. The Court is not the same; no politeness in the servants: all the people looked old. I am an old horse officer, and know how to make myself up: so I cut them all out; but such a set God defend me from.'

"*April 5th.*—Dined with C——¹ at Childron's Hotel, from desire to get into his history. He told me the whole story of his committal. He ran away with a ward in Chancery. Lord

¹ The original of the broken man of fashion in the Mock Election.

Eldon said: 'It was a shame men of low family should thus entrap ladies of birth.'

" 'My Lord,' said C——, 'my family are ancient and opulent, and were neither coalheavers nor coalheavers' nephews,' in allusion to Lord Eldon's origin, for which Eldon committed him. Every apology was offered, but Eldon never forgave it. On Lord Brougham's accession he petitioned, and by a special order was discharged.

" As he got warm (I declined taking much wine in order to observe him), I got him on religion in this world and the next, women, etc. He then began to confess, and it affected me deeply. He said he never loved any woman but his first wife. He married her at fifteen. He had one child by her. When Eldon committed him she went to his mother's in Scotland. They allowed him on his mere word to see her to Gravesend. She cried incessantly, and died in Scotland from sheer broken heart.

" He was at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, Burgos, Badajoz and St Sebastian: there he was crippled.

" At the coffee-house were two or three young apes of fortune who hovered about him like moths about a candle, and came occasionally over to listen. I fear long habits of a prison have rendered him what he ought not to be.

" I thought I saw something like a tear fill his tremendous, globular, demoniacal eye, when he said his wife was a splendid creature, but he clenched his mouth, and it passed.

" How can Lord Eldon die in peace with the consciousness of having imprisoned a human creature thirteen years, merely because he had the spirit to reply to an insult?

" His form was like Belzoni's, small hand, small head, large limbs, short body. As he leaned he rolled like the Theseus, bending from the navel, the sure characteristic of a fine form in the highest style.

" What a destiny! He sat by Meredith, and saw him die. He told me this, as if he felt pleasure and triumph at seeing a human creature prostrated. 'By G——, Haydon,' he said, 'I have seen all the real pleasures, all the humiliations, all the miseries. Death will come. I know it. I never curl myself up in bed, but I pray never to awake again.'

" As early remembrances of his campaigns, his loves, his vices, his disgraces and his triumphs crowded his imagination, his face heated by wine shone out, his eye seemed black with fire, his mouth got long with revengeful feelings. He looked like a spirit who had escaped from hell, and was wandering till his destiny was over. Mephistopheles and Faust in Auerbach's cellar came into my mind.

" The

"The wicked mother in Solomon, and C—— in the Mock Election, are both from nature. Two of the most tremendous characters in life, such people as appear once in a century.

"Some years ago an attorney was enticed into the Bench, and nearly murdered by pumping. C—— to-night told me he was in bed at the time, but hearing the noise he slipped on his dressing-gown and went down. In the crowd and confusion he lost a red slipper; and this slipper being found the next morning, he was taken to the Marshal as one of the rioters, and imprisoned in the condemned cell at Horsemonger Lane. Two men in it when he came were hung the next morning. As he told me this he said with a terrific sneer: 'There was I, sir, in bed when it began, innocent of the crime alleged, hurried off like a culprit to the condemned cell of felons and murderers, on suspicion. I was imprisoned at first for telling an old tyrant who insulted my origin the truth, and now herded with reptiles for a crime I never committed. By G——, I never show my teeth till I can bite; but I'll bite yet.' I shrank at this recital. He seemed changing his skin as he told it. He sits to me on Tuesday, and dines with me at a coffee-house afterwards. I fear to let my family see him.

"I'll make three studies of his head for Satan. Such a head. It haunts me.

"How much the most vicious human creature can set forth in extenuation: and will not a Great God listen? Yes, yes, yes!"

In April of this year £30,000 was voted for a building to receive the national collection of pictures, augmented now by the munificent bequests of Sir George Beaumont and Mr Holwell Carr. In the debate (April 13th) reference was made by Sir R. Peel to the necessity of giving encouragement to design, which was admitted by Mr Hume. Haydon, applying this to artistic design generally, and not, as it was meant, to design for manufactures only, thought this "an immense point." He seized the opportunity to renew his efforts on the subject of public encouragement for Art—writing to Sir Robert Peel, and obtaining an interview with Mr Hume—on which he enters with the remark: "Well, Joseph,—Vansittart, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, have all taken up this subject at my suggestion, feebly. Let us see on Thursday what thou wilt do with thy sagacity and shrewdness."

He found, however, at this interview that, as usual, he had inferred too much.

"Just returned, and had a long and interesting conversation. It seems I overrated the meaning of Peel and Hume. There is a committee on the silk trade, and their talk of *design* had no reference

reference to *High Art*. I said, 'That was the mistake. There could be no design if there was no connection with the foundation of all design.' "

Here is a confession which throws light on many things in Haydon's life:

"23rd.—I am perfectly convinced that if I could bring my mind for one whole year to a proper study of portrait it would be of essential use to my work in history as long as I live. Then why do I not do it? It is a weakness and a disgrace to me. Shall I put up with this imputation on my own character, or shall I make a resolute struggle to vanquish the difficulties which have hitherto vanquished me?

"I'll make no vows; but set quietly to work, and daily report progress. My attacks on the Academy do not do the good to me they do to the art, because they give an idea of my being sore, as I certainly am—most dreadfully so, for that is the truth,—sore at their perversion of Art,—sore at my humiliations, my loss of property, my ruin,—sore at being supposed to be unable to paint portraits.

"I have now an opportunity. A very pretty Spanish girl is going to sit. Lady Gower says she ought to be painted as a nun. I will make a regular trial, and this head shall be my test.

"If I fail here, I'll at it again. I am new in portrait after all, and I will have a regular touch at it with all my energy. God in heaven grant me success, because it will benefit my high art—it will benefit my family, and secure me from those harassings which disturb all the claims of nature.

"28th.—Since my last misfortunes I have lost more time than ever I did in all my life before. Occasional disgust gets such hold of my feelings as to bewilder my faculties. I fear it will permanently affect my habits. I have been again writing in newspapers, which is wrong; it distracts and disturbs the invention. Yet I hardly see how I could avoid it; God knows what will become of me. Xenophon is not failing, but it is not succeeding. The times are so exciting they call off attention. A due reward for my labour would save me from want; but I am not diligent enough to remedy the deficiency of encouragement. If I were more diligent, attended more to painting, and did not suffer my mind to take such discursive flights, I could surely keep from this continual necessity and pecuniary obligation.

"29th.—Called on my dear old friend Wilkie, and spent two hours with him. He had had a monk's dress made, and made me put it on. I took off my cravat, and Wilkie exclaimed at my grand bald head and bare neck.

"As usual we had a brilliant interchange of thought, and talked
of

of old times. He looked remarkably well. We talked of Lady Mulgrave, who is younger than ever. He said he met Constable the other day, who alluded to our dining together at the back of Slaughter's coffee-house twenty-six years ago, where we used to meet regularly.

"*May 4th.*—When I was just beginning the Spanish nun I was arrested for £14 balance of a debt due to my insolvent attorney. I gave him £6 more to wait till Xenophon was out. He did so, and drew on me. As I relied on the half-price of a commission which I have lost, the bill went back. I called on the holder, who promised to wait till the next day. At the very time a writ had been issued, and though last night he begged me to keep my mind easy I was arrested this morning.

"It serves me entirely right. Would any man living have trusted attorneys after my experience?—and to make it £20 myself—an arrestable sum! The fact is, when I have done a great picture, I care for nothing. I agree to anything—do anything—promise anything—only to clear the way for its opening, noise, uproar, attack and fame.

"Then come the bitter results. Wiser I shall never get. All I hope is, that, my whole life being like a wheel in constant succession of up and down, I may die in a moment of glory and success. O God! on my knee, grant it.

"*8th.*—Moderately at work on the nun. Went to the Royal Academy. The portraits are worse than ever.

"Wilkie's portrait of the King is fine. The flesh wants breadth and clearness. John Knox is fine. The group with Murray, etc., exceedingly fine.

"All the portraits are on their toes except Wilkie's. The style of some of them is absolutely disgusting."

Earl Grey resigned on the 9th of this month, to return again to office on the 18th, after a fruitless negotiation of the King with Sir Robert Peel.

The agony of public excitement about the Reform Bill was fiercer than ever, and Haydon, as I have said before, shared in it to the full.

"*12th.*—I lay awake from one till four in the morning, my heart beating violently about this Reform Bill.

"While these rotten boroughs exist no Englishman can call himself theoretically, as well as practically, free. We have nothing personally pressing on our liberty but the consciousness of this excrescence.

"Saw Wilkie yesterday, who, of course, was in ecstasies. Wait a little; they will pass the Bill yet.

"The great misfortune will be, that if the people do not succeed

succeed they will for ever have proved their impotence—a tremendous exposure.

"25th.—I passed Lawrence's house. Nothing could be more melancholy or desolate. I knocked and was shown in. The passages were dusty, the paper torn, the parlours dark; the painting-room, where so much beauty had once glittered, forlorn, and the whole appearance desolate and wretched, the very plate on the door green with mildew.

"I went into the parlour which used to be instinct with life! 'Poor Sir Thomas, always in trouble,' said the woman who had the care of the house. 'Always something to worrit him.' I saw his bedroom, small; only a little bed; the mark of it was against the wall. Close to his bedroom was an immense room (where was carried on all his manufactory of draperies, etc.), divided, yet open over the partitions. It must have been five or six small rooms turned into one large workshop. Here his assistants worked. His painting-room was a large back drawing-room: his showroom a large front one. He occupied a parlour and a bedroom; all the rest of the house was turned to business. Anyone would think that people of fashion would visit from remembrance the house where they had spent so many happy hours. Not they; they shun a disagreeable sensation. They have no feeling, no poetry. It is shocking. It is dirty."

As an example of the rebuffs Haydon's pertinacity often drew upon him, I insert this letter from one who always showed a disposition to aid him. He had been pressing Sir Robert Peel for a commission:

"Sir,

"I beg leave to decline acceding to the proposition which you have made to me.

"I think it rather hard that because I manifested a desire to assist you in your former difficulties, I should be exposed to the incessant applications I have since received from you. As I see no difference in your case from that of other artists, as, in truth, I am obliged constantly to decline the applications of others, who are suffering from the present state of political excitement, I cannot give you commissions for pictures I do not require.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"24th May, 1832."

When the great Reform meeting of the Trade Unions took place at Newhall Hill, near Birmingham, it occurred to Haydon that the moment the vast concourse joined in the sudden prayer offered up by Hugh Hutton would make a fine subject for a picture.

"28th.

"28th.—Occupied all day in harassing about the copyright of *Waiting for the Times*. Sold it.

"I wrote Mr Attwood, saying the meeting at Newhall Hill was imposing beyond expression. I wished to make sketches. I wrote Hugh Hutton and proposed a picture. If I can get Birmingham to vote a grand historical picture commemorating the scene at Newhall Hill, it will give an immense impulse to the art. I shall be off."

The Birmingham leaders were pleased with the idea. Haydon with characteristic audacity wrote to Lord Grey to ask his patronage for the picture. This was of course at once refused; but the refusal (which approved itself, on reflection, to the painter's better judgment) was softened by a profession of Earl Grey's readiness to give any assistance in his power to a painting of any subject connected with the Reform Bill to which the same objections would not apply. On receiving promises of support from the leaders at Birmingham, Haydon at once set about finding trustees to take charge of subscriptions. His visit to Birmingham brought him in contact with the leaders of the movement there, and the account of it contains some rather curious disclosures, showing how near, in the opinion of those leaders, matters then were to revolution.

The Reform Bill was read a third time in the Lords on the 4th, and carried by 106 to 22.

"June 2nd.—Out all day on business. Saw Mr Parkes in the morning, who consented to be trustee. He was not up, and sent for me, and begged me to come in. I went in, and there was this Birmingham man, half dozing, and telling me all about the energy of the Union, and what they meant to do.

"He said warrants were made out against the whole of them, and that if Wellington had succeeded they would all have been taken up, and then the people would have fought it out. I went on talking to him of the sublimity of the scene at Newhall Hill. He said, 'You are the same man in prison as out. I'll be your trustee.' So having a pivot to go on, I advertised directly:

"My dear Sir,

"Accept my gratitude. I will exert every nerve, and do my best. I shall come down this week, and begin sketches directly. You must all tell me, as nearly as possible, how you stood, what you wore, even to gloves and hats.

"For God's sake at the next meeting of the Union let this proposal issue from that heroic body, that on the day of jubilee all reformers in all parts of the United Kingdom should assemble on one day, and at one hour, and return thanks to God. It will
be

be done if you propose it and do not hesitate. It will be the grandest thing ever done on earth.

“ ‘ T. Attwood, Esq.’

“ 10th.—Birmingham. Here I am after a day’s journey, in which I was alternately baked, drenched, squeezed, cramped and broiled. Attwood sat to-day for his head, which is fine. As I sketched him we had a very interesting conversation. He told me the whole history of the Union. In one of his first speeches he said to the people, ‘ Suppose, my friends, we had two millions of threads; suppose we wound these two millions of threads into a good strong cord; suppose we twisted that cord into a good strong rope; suppose we twisted that rope into a mighty cable, with a hook at the end of it, and put it into the nose of the borough-mongers, d’ye think we should not drag the Leviathan to shore? ’ (Immense shouts.)

“ Attwood said some very strong things. ‘ After poverty, sir, there is nothing so much hated as independence. We are become a nation of petty, paltry corporations and love of wealth. The five-pounder adores the ten, and the ten the twenty.’ He told Lord Melbourne, ‘ If the people do not get their belly full after this, I shall be torn to pieces.’ ‘ And so much the better. You deserve it,’ said Lord Melbourne. ‘ Yes, my Lord,’ said Attwood, ‘ but they will begin with you. I do not despond of seeing you all tried for your conduct, Commons and all.’

“ Attwood is a wonderful man, with a strong natural understanding. His features are well cut, and vigorous. His forehead high, white and shining. His hair grows out up, and elastically like Alexander’s. His features play as he talks. His mouth expresses great decision, and when he spoke on his favourite subject the blood rushed into his face, as if he were possessed by a spirit.

“ ‘ At one time,’ said he, ‘ I used to question whether it was best for us or the United States to sink. I thought it would be better for us. But now I do not think so. We have redeemed ourselves.’

“ He said Lord Grey asked him what he thought would be the end of these unions. He replied, as people got prosperous and satisfied, they would die away. ‘ I am much inclined to be of your opinion,’ said Lord Grey.

“ He said one of the ministers¹ told him they owed their places to the Birmingham Union.

“ Attwood is an extraordinary man, and really a leader. The other members seem to have an awe of him. In conversation

¹ Lord Durham.—B. R. H.

I found the influence of the leaders of this Union was not from temporary causes, but connected with their predictions on finance; that they had predicted all the ruin which had taken place to Ministers, and thus gained the confidence of the people, and led the way to the establishment of a body which should take the lead.

"*Sunday*.—Went to Mr Hutton's meeting. He made a very powerful sermon, and afterwards I dined with him at his beautiful cottage, and found him a highly powerful and intellectual young man. The more I see of these Birmingham gentlemen the less am I astonished at their late energy. Hutton had in his study portraits of the great reformers. Hutton is a high-principled person, ripe to do all that he has done. He told me he paced his garden, and made up his mind to fight. His dinner was simple, and showed narrow circumstances.

"They had been so excited lately they are absolutely languid in conversation. But they are high in feeling—Roman quite—and will be immortal in their great struggle. I shall be proud to commemorate it.

"Spent the evening with Jones, a leader. When the tax-gatherer called during the three days he said to him, 'If you dare, sir, to call again, I will have you nailed by the ear at my door, with a placard on your breast saying who you are.'

"*12th*.—Dined with Mr Scholefield, the other leader of the Union, and a very pleasant day I had after hard work.

"The cause of the strong republican feeling at Birmingham is their connection with America.

"Hadley, the secretary of the Union, sat to-day. He told many interesting anecdotes of the interview with Lord Grey."

Here is his account of his first visit to Lord Grey, and his commission for the Reform Banquet picture:

"*26th, 27th, 28th*.—Hard at work, and finally did the sketch. I called at Lord Grey's to-day to see Mr Wood. After waiting in the waiting-room some time in came two Lords, one after the other—one with all the obsequious humbleness of a place-hunter. As I had nothing to do, I sketched the whole scene,¹ changing the position of Hutton to the end, which increased the value and effect wonderfully. After waiting some time Mr Wood came in, and said, 'Mr Haydon, if you can wait a quarter of an hour, Lord Grey will see you himself.' I arose and said, 'Of course.'

"One Lord was called out first. Then, after an interval, the other Lord went, and a message followed for me. In I walked. Lord Grey was sitting with the window to the left. He received me in his usual amicable manner. I congratulated him on his

¹ Of the Newhall Hill Meeting.—Ed.

good looks, which, after all the fag and labour, were extraordinary. He then said, 'I wish to explain to you that it would not be delicate for me, as a Cabinet Minister, to head any subscription connected with the unions,' to which I replied, 'Perhaps it was indelicate in me to expect it.' 'But I should be happy to subscribe to any other subject connected with reform.' 'My Lord,' said I, 'I should be proud to paint the great leaders—the Ministry.' 'Suppose,' said Lord Grey, 'you paint the grand dinner in the city, where we shall all be on the 11th.' I replied, 'I should be delighted.' He seemed much pleased. I said, 'Of course you'll sit to me.' 'Certainly,' he said.

"I then went upstairs with him to see a portrait by a young man I taught to draw.

"Lord Grey did not speak of the unions as he ought. He seemed to think of them as subjects beneath my pencil; and when I put into his hands the sketch I had made while I waited, he merely replaced it in my own without a word.

"Is this not a subject of the finest moral nature? Does it not show the value of the religious feeling operating in men accustomed to give vent to their feelings? Does it not show the vast utility of the industrious classes obeying the men of property in the neighbourhood as leaders, instead of wildly wreaking their vengeance on property from ignorance and passion? Surely this is a subject kings and lords ought to protect."

The Birmingham picture was begun on the 30th, and several subscriptions to it were obtained, both in London and Birmingham. But the hardy hammermen had no real heart in the matter, and, without minutely recording the ups and downs of the work, I may dismiss the subject by saying that it came to nothing.

The banquet was fixed for the 11th, and the painter, on Lord Grey's recommendation, had every facility given to him by the committee. Here is his entry on the evening of the 11th:

"I spent the day at Guildhall, and the evening was, as Paddy would say, the most splendid day of my life.

"I breakfasted and dined with the committee, who treated me with the greatest distinction, and assigned me the place I had chosen to paint from (under Lord Chatham's monument). The confusion of the day is not to be described; but what was that to the roar of the night?

"I painted all the morning, and got in the room and window, amidst gasmen and waiters, and by night, the instant the room filled, I dashed away. It was a lesson in colour I shall never forget. The nobility treated me with great distinction. The Duke of Argyll sent to take wine, and so did others. I was obliged to sip, or I should have been more inspired than was requisite

requisite. It was a splendid sight—a glorious triumph, and a curious fact in my curious life that I should have been employed to paint it in the hall.

“I saw Lord Grey the next morning, who was shaken; and on Tuesday I took him down my sketches, which I trust in God will end in two grand commissions.

“What a day! As I passed to go there, I saw a man just hanging at Newgate.

“In the evening the servants downstairs were drunk, while Lord Grey was considering it a high honour upstairs!

“I was an object of great attention without 5s. in my pocket—and this is life.

“The Ministers all seem afraid of the people. Ah! had concessions been made before, no danger would have come.

“*July 17th.*—Called on Lord Grey to-day with all my sketches. He was highly gratified. Lord Althorp was with him. Lord Grey gave me a commission for the Banquet at 500 guineas. He was taking up the sketch to show Lady Grey, when she met him. He introduced me. He said: ‘I mean this for Howick.’ I said: ‘I am delighted to paint it for your Lordship, where it will be kept for ever in your family. I glory in it,’ said I. Lord Grey was pleased, and added: ‘You like your subject, I am sure.’ ‘Indeed, I do.’

“*21st.*—I went by appointment this morning. Lord Grey received me kindly. He wanted to set off, but I stuck to him. ‘How long will you be?’ ‘Half an hour, my Lord.’ ‘May I read?’ ‘If your Lordship will hold your head high.’ ‘Where must I sit?’ ‘Opposite the window.’ ‘Ah!’ said he, as if he thought it a great bore, took up his ministerial box and came over. I sketched away like fire. Someone called, and he went out, leaving me alone with the ministerial boxes. I thought to myself, Now if I chose to be a villain, I might learn something; but I kept my post and went on chalking in the background. He darted in, but finding all right sat down quietly. It was a very interesting hour.

“It was a high honour. He treated me with perfect confidence, and I was highly pleased. I made an energetic sketch.”

Here is a contrast:

“*24th.*—Faddled—specimens of the ‘mingled yarn’ Nos. 1 and 2. I owed — £25. I left him out in my schedule on a principle of honour and affection. Six months ago I wrote him to say my prospects were better, and offered to arrange to pay him. I got no answer: but to-day, without notice, got a lawyer’s letter.

“He is beginning to feel wealthy, and to love accumulation. There is nothing wrong, but it is little.

“*26th.*

"26th.—Painted only an hour, obliged to go out, and try to arrange about ——'s debt and my water-rate. When I consider what I have lent artists and never got again, and never thought of proceeding, I am shocked at ——'s conduct. Never mind. For him who has known necessity to embarrass me at this critical moment is shocking. However, peace to him. The fact is, I never would proceed against any human creature.

"27th.—Painted hard six hours, and advanced rapidly. Dear Lord Grey sent half. God be thanked. It has saved me—quite.

"28th.—Painted a head in the morning, and out after business, received my money, and paid right and left. Arranged ——'s debt of £25 by paying his lawyer £3, 3s. Amicable robbery!

"31st.—June and July, I have worked satisfactorily. My Birmingham picture is advanced, Lord Grey's also prepared, and to-morrow I begin his. God grant me success also. Amen.

"To-morrow the anniversary of the Victory of the Nile. I'll begin seriously my Reform picture—success!

"September 3rd.—Out all day in the city about business of various descriptions. Delightful difference, that instead of being tortured by the want of money it was to be delightfully deceived by the receipt of it."

More contrasts: "8th.—In the evening I was sitting and luxuriating by anticipation in all the delights of colour in my picture, when a note came from an officer's widow, starving. I went out, and called immediately. It was a room on the ground: two little children were sleeping in dirt and blankets, without any cleanly comfort on earth; beside them was a press-bed, and a respectable mother, pale, hollow-cheeked and Irish. 'What regiment,' said I, 'did your husband belong to?' 'The 8th or King's Own,' said she, with a brogue one could have known at the Straits of Magellan. 'Poor creature! why did he leave the regiment?' 'He quarrelled with his superior officer.' 'Why did you send to me?' 'I heard you were humane.' Of course I gave her all I had in my pocket, 5s. I went away bitterly affected. The night was clear, poetical and heavenly. What a contrast to the wretchedness I had left. 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'it's a fortune, it's a fortune.' In the morning I see a Prime Minister who thinks the levee a bore; in the evening the widow of an officer in the King's Own (who perhaps would not put up with an insult from a superior officer and lost his commission) sends to me for 5s. Such is life! She had the appearance of having seen better days.

"9th.—Lord Grey called to-day, and it did one's heart good to see him look so well. He was full dressed at half-past twelve. He was much pleased with the picture, and agreed with me that
the

the most able supporters of the Bill ought to be introduced, without regard to their real places.

" In coming in he tripped on the step, and as he was going out Frank came in with all his books, and ran against him. But he was quite amiable, and said to Frederick, 'How d'ye do, sir?' at which he turned from his play, and stared at him like a Newfoundland puppy. He seemed used to children.

" 10th.—Oh, oh, I've found out the reason Lord Grey looked so young and gay. Lord Howick was to be married. He went from me to the ceremony. Old as he was, he really looked more like a bridegroom than a minister of state. Lord Grey was enough yesterday to make any man begin with champagne the moment he was gone. He looked like the first glass, after the bursting pop. Seeing him thus will influence my treatment of his head.

" 11th.—Sick of pictures, town, nobility, King, Lords and Commons, I set off by a steamer to Broadstairs. Came in stewed by steam and broiled by sun. I fagged about till sick, and got lodgings for my dears for a short breath of sea air.

" Slept at an inn in a small room, fried till morning, got up at half-past five, took a delicious dip and swam exulting like a bull in June, ate a breakfast worthy of an elephant; put off and joined the Ramsgate steamer, and was in town again by half-past four. To-day I am fatigued, and to-morrow I take all my dears down. It is six years since they have changed air but for a day or two. I hope it will do them all good.

" 13th.—Ought I to spend £20, owing it as I do. If I do not my children suffer. They want sea air. I struggle between the feelings of the father and the citizen.

" 23rd.—We have all been down to Broadstairs. The children vastly benefited. Dear little Alfred, after the warm bath, said he had not had pains in his knees for two days. What ought to be my feelings to dear Lord Grey for advancing me half and enabling me to do this good to my dear children?

" 29th.—Closed my exhibition, and moved all my pictures:

Receipts	£167	6	3	
Expenses	170	10	3	Loss only £3 3 3.

" Such are the times. A blessing not to lose more.

" 30th.—Out all day. Rolled up Xenophon, which, as I removed it into a stronger light, really shone with colour. If it comes out again it will astonish.

" Would any man believe that the whole body of the Academicians have declared Xenophon a failure?

" Wilkie came in to-day while Dr Elmore was there, and after looking

looking at it some time he said, 'It's a great work, let 'em say what they will.'

"He knows it as well as I.

" 'B. R. Haydon,

" 'I have been put off so often by thee, that if thy acceptance is not taken up on the 17th inst. when I call (say about nine o'clock in the morning), I intend putting the law in force without delay.

' Bill	.	.	.	.	.	.	£28	3	5
Noting	.	.	.	.	.	.		2	6
Postage	.	.	.	.	.	.			10
							£28	6	9
							' J. H——.'		

"He called, and I persuaded this worthy man to take £10, and the balance in a fortnight. The following conversation ensued:

"H. 'Why, thee ought with thy splendid talents to make £1000 a year, Haydon.' 'So I do, sir; but irregularly.' H. 'Then thee should live on £500.' Hay. 'So I do not. I can't.' H. 'Then thou art imprudent.' Hay. 'No, sir, I am not. I have eight children.' H. 'Eight children! That is a proof of thy imprudence.' Hay. 'Come, come, that's hard; I consider £20 of this bill I need not have paid but on a principle of honour!' H. 'I have nothing to do with that, though I commend thee. Well, well, thou hast great talents, and I'll try thee once more.' There was something about this so sincere I was affected. He walked about the room with his hat on, his coat buttoned up to his chin, healthy-looking, keen, firm, honourable and good, though severe in his expression. When I saw him out, his horse and gig had the appearance of wealth without being fashionable. It was peculiar, and all in character.

"This debt was for my baker's bill, whom I had always promised to pay in my troubles out of the first sum of any amount I received. Does he thank me? Not he. He is just as likely, now he is safe, to behave ill as a stranger.

"26th.—Breakfasted with Lord Nugent.¹ Sketched him. Passed a very delightful morning. He took down, with the grace of high birth, a print of Hampden which hung in an old English frame, and presented it to me, writing his name on the back. He said some capital things.

"Talking of the Greeks, he said: 'I acknowledge they are liars. But why? It is the arm of slavery against tyranny.' He

¹ Who was on the point of starting as Governor for the Ionian Islands. said,

said, 'I have as delightful associations about the enclosed country of the civil wars as about Greece or the Troad. I have as much pleasure in standing and thinking I see the whole hedge lined with cuirassiers, as if they were ancient Greeks in the Acropolis.' 'Yes,' said I, 'my Lord; and I never think of the civil wars but I associate the terrific face of Cromwell gleaming—*dira facies*—above the field. He was a grand fellow, my Lord. He died in power.' 'Yes, he did; but recollect Napoleon,' said Lord Nugent, immediately grasping my meaning, 'what he suffered, with a thief-catcher ferreting his dirty linen, harassed by a hideous complaint and tortured by insults.' He went on. 'Do you know who H. B. is?' 'No.' 'I think I do.' 'Who, my Lord?' 'I think it is Harry Barnard, of the Guards. We went to school together, and he drew capitally.' We then went into a long discussion about arms, tried rapiers, looked at black jacks. He ordered up a bloodhound and a Scotch greyhound that would honour Abbotsford, and after forty visits, twenty letters, after Joe, and Bill, and Dick, and Harry had had their orders, in came the groom. 'Where's the little mare?' 'At Stowe, my Lord.' 'How came she there?' 'My Lord, your own orders.' 'Get her directly, in time to embark. Who covered her?' 'I don't know, my Lord.' In came Joe. 'My Lord, the captain of the steamer.' 'Show him in. Mr Haydon, we had better begin.' I began, wanting his head to the left; but the captain sat on the right, and every instant Lord Nugent jerked his head to the right, to discuss the various probabilities of embarkation, and there I sat catching his features as I could, and getting them in rapidly.

"After seeing the drawing he said, 'I shall be happy to see you at Corfu. You can be out in three weeks in a steamer. We'll take a trip to the Troad and Constantinople. Don't forget it. Joe?' 'My Lord.' 'Tell Mr What's-his-name, Hookham will settle it.' 'Yes, my Lord. My Lord, here's the silversmith.' 'Who?' 'The silversmith.' 'Send him to Hookham's, too. Then, captain, we must be on board by three? Can the horses,—eh, what do you call it—can the horses—the horses get on board easily?' 'As easy as a glove, my Lord.' 'Well, captain, you had better see Lady Nugent, and talk to her about the baggage.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Joe.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Ask Lady Nugent for that old painting.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Michel?' 'Oui, milord.'

"In the midst of all this I finished my sketch, and was off. I like Lord Nugent very much. He is of race, and looks like a noble. His manners are graceful and commanding. He is cultivated and entertaining, and I dare say will honour his station.

"27th.—Finished the head of the chairman. Lord Nugent
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and Sir Matthew Wood called, and liked the picture. Lord Nugent made some capital remarks, which I adopted. He embarked at three.

"October 12th.—Lord Melbourne came, and a very pleasant morning we had. He relished my stories, and was extremely affable and amiable. He has a fine head, and looked refined and handsome. As he was leaving he saw the Birmingham sketch. I question if he exactly relished it; it might be my fancy. I hit his expression, and he will come in well and elegantly.

"13th.—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day, with great amiability. I asked him point-blank several things. I was very much delighted with his exceeding good-humour, and I hope I have hit his expression. He asked about Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Keats and Shelley, and seemed much amused at my anecdotes. I never had a pleasanter sitter; a delightful, frank, easy, unaffected, man of fashion.

"There is nothing like 'em when they add intelligence to breeding.

"I spoke of Lord Durham's return. Dead silence. I talked of Birmingham. A sort of hint as to Scholefield and Attwood—a passing opinion, yet confidential.

"The whole sitting was entertaining; and now, if he is only pleased with his own head, it will do.

"14th.—Saw Sir Hudson Lowe to-day in the streets. Micheli and an Italian had stopped me. Micheli's friend had sailed with and knew him. We all walked by, and then turned, and had a d——d good stare. He turned and looked fiercely at us, and gave us a good opportunity by crossing. A meaner face no assassin ever had. He answered Napoleon's description to a T.

"16th.—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day; a delightful two hours. He liked the head in the picture the best of the three. This will be a complete course of study in portrait-painting. I made a chalk-drawing, an oil-sketch, and then put it into the picture by myself, imagining his expression. It is extraordinary that the head I painted by myself is the best; I can do an expression I imagine better than one I see.

"Lord Melbourne, in the course of talk, said he knew that Lord North often endeavoured to persuade the King not to continue the American war, but that the virulence of the old King's feelings obliged him. Lord Melbourne added, that he (the King) patronised West against Reynolds because the latter was too intimate with Fox and Burke.

"We had a long confab about Art. He seemed to be afraid history would never have that patronage portrait had. I replied the Government could alone do it. He asked how. I said, first by a committee of the House, and then by a vote. He said he

was

was afraid selections might be invidious. Of course, I replied, he that was selected was more likely to be envied than otherwise, but the same might be said of all commissions. He said, 'had not the sculptors had every opportunity, and had they done as they ought?' 'Certainly not. But it was no argument,' I replied, 'because one class of artists had acted as manufacturers, we should.' Lord Melbourne said, 'We shall see what a popular parliament will do. Hume is not against it. It seems feasible.'

"18th.—Lord Althorp sat to me in Downing Street. He is not so conversational as Lord Melbourne, but the essence of good nature. I said, 'My Lord, for the first time in my life I scarcely slept, when Lord Grey was out during the Bill; were you not deeply anxious?' 'I don't know,' said Lord Althorp. 'I am never very anxious.' Lord Althorp seems heavy. I tried to excite him into conversation. He said Sir Joshua painted him when a boy. He said nothing remarkable. He has an air of rank, like all of them. I hit his expression—so said his secretary; but I saw he evidently thought it not young enough. He brought me down Hayter's miniature, painted nineteen years ago. As a work of Art detestable; but he thought highly of it.

"I afterwards called on Lord Palmerston, and was amazingly impressed by his good-humoured elegance. Col. Walpole had made a mistake. He did not mean to *sit*; he only thought I wanted to *see* him. He said he could no more sit than he could fly; but the first leisure hour he would not forget me.

"19th.—Visited Lord Althorp again. He told me the day before that I might come again any morning I liked. So anxious was I to get on that I went down again the next day, was admitted, made the servant fit up the windows, and block up the light. Rubbed in the head by way of preparation, and was expecting his Lordship. Lord Althorp had made an appointment with an engraver at the same hour, and had not had time to tell me; so in walked his Lordship, half laughing, saying he had done so, and begging to know if it would interrupt me. I said 'No.' By his side stood his secretary with papers. The door opened, and in toddled —, with his clump foot, and a large portfolio. Lord Althorp roared with laughter, and so did I. The whole thing was dramatic. All this so disturbed me, so perplexed my thoughts, was so unlike the solitude of my own study, where I can indulge in visions, that I only thought how to get out of it in peace.

"Lord Althorp, who is a heavy man, stood up for the head that the engraver might touch it. The graceless way in which he stood was irresistible. I could paint a picture of such humour as would ruin me.

"The fact is, one should never forget what is due to one's self.
The

The moment I found Lord Althorp made no gentlemanly appeal to me, as the whole rencontre was his fault, I should very quietly have daubed out the whole head, and merely made generalities. The truth was, he seemed to think it a devilish good joke—not knowing that I have no intercourse with artists, and that, though I could not help laughing, it was little better than an insult. What had I in common with an engraver, let him be ever so eminent? I was there by Lord Grey's desire, and as his representative; and I ought to have been treated with marked distinction. However, I have a scale.

Those noblemen who come to me,
Those who oblige me to come to them,
And those who do not sit at all,

shall all be represented according to their respective amiabilities.

"22nd.—Lord Lansdowne sat, and I was much interested. His face is amiable in the extreme. We had a long confabulation about the Academy, etc., etc., in which he asked several meaning questions of me.

"24th.—Lord John Russell sat to-day. He did not say much. There is a marked inflexibility of purpose about his head. He was pleased with the picture, and thought I ought to place the more prominent characters conspicuously. Lord Lansdowne differed. He thought, however improperly placed the company were, I ought to be strictly correct as to the first line, since the picture was to be a historical record. I was much gratified by the honour of his visit.

"25th.—Went to the Duke of Richmond's, and made a successful sketch of him. He has a fine head. We had a talk of Art. I put in 'public vote of money.' His Grace admitted it; that was all.

"26th.—Went again to the Duke of Richmond's. The Duchess came in to have a peep. I think she did not consider it handsome enough. They expect in a historical picture I am to perfume them like Lawrence. My object is nature and truth for reference hereafter, and not domestic portrait to gratify papa and mamma, by smothering nature and giving them something else, which no one can reduce to principle.

"I know well my sketches will not please them.

"They want a peculiar expression in the eye, an arched brow, a red lip, a smirk, and so on. I can't do this. I won't do this. The eye is a component part of a face, and is liable to the same variations of light and shadow as the nose or mouth. Sometimes it is lost in half tint or shadow, sometimes glitters in light; but under all circumstances to make it light is absurd. Lawrence
always

always did; and I am convinced from what I see again of people of fashion, Sir Joshua never could have been a favourite at heart. Heard from Lord Goderich. Called on Wilkie, and found he had been painting the Duke of Sussex. Here's a pretty radical! He is ratting. It was something like Lawrence and Raeburn, and not like himself; and yet fine, but not original.

"27th.—In thus coming to portrait in a spirit of investigation, I have arrived at the following conclusion—that Vandyke even is affected, Reynolds and Titian unaffected in the most delightful degree.

"In Reynolds and Titian there is nothing forced: in Vandyke the character is often forced. Vandyke placed the eyes often for the purpose of showing them to the best advantage; the eye seems conscious of how to look, so as to get the bit of light to come exactly in the same pretty place. But in Titian eyes look like eyes without these ridiculous absurd trickeries. So in all the great masters. Reynolds often made a striking likeness with the eye hardly seen.

"This picture will be of great use. It will compel me to study portrait, which I detested, as this picture has a national object as well.

"Had Lawrence never existed it would have been better for the Art. In spite of all, I must think so. Yes, he had a mischievous fascination. There is nothing in him sound, nothing to which you can devote your whole soul, without fear of contamination, as in Reynolds, Titian, Raffaele, Correggio.

"28th.—Called on L——. He gave me a poor account of Galt, and censured him for his *follies*. He said Galt had thrown away three opportunities of fortune, by quarrelling with his superiors. L——'s account rather interested me. —, when Secretary for the Treasury, told him they wanted an editor for the *Courier*, who would come every morning to the Treasury, and take his tone from them. L—— mentioned Galt. He was sent, and accepted. When the King was ill, — said, 'Mr Galt, the King reads the *Courier*, and nothing whatever must be said of His Majesty's danger. Sir H. Halford will inform you daily what to say.'

"All the papers went on swearing the King must die. Galt maintained the contrary; but it was so ridiculous that his honesty of mind could not brook it, and he boldly spoke out. — sent for him and remonstrated on his folly. Galt stood up for his independence. — said he must retire. Galt threw up his employment; and is now prostrated by paralysis, without a guinea and with ten children.

"29th.—Got in Lord John's head; but my conscience would
not

not allow me to keep him by the side: I therefore put him on the line of honour.

"31st.—In the city, and arranged my necessities.

"The last day of the month, and a very triumphant month it has been to me. God be thanked with all my heart."

"*November 3rd.*¹—Lord Goderich sat, and afterwards I went to Sir James Graham's. Lord Goderich began the instant he sat down, 'Well, we are to have a new Academy.' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'How do you like the plan?' 'It is an honour to the Art certainly, but I fear its ultimate influence.' 'Fear! why?' 'Because by bringing the annual efforts of British artists in comparison with the choicest works of the choicest ages, the inference will be too obvious, and the opinion of British Art must sink. There is no hope for British Art but by a moderate and regular vote to support history.' 'But how?' said he; 'we have no houses.' 'My Lord, there is the mistake. We do not want houses. We want public support for public objects in public buildings; and your Lordship may depend on it the Art of the country will sink. No young men will devote themselves to acquire the power, if ruin and a prison are to be the result of studying the Art as a science, instead of making it what it is—a trade, and a means of getting money and sitters.'

"We went over the old ground. I found him a staunch friend of the powers that be in Art. He said the annual exhibition gratified a number of people. They saw views of places they knew, likenesses of people they heard of, etc.; and he did not think that ancient Art, however eminent, would be likely to interfere in such a case. He said the dinner gratified him always. I said: 'I dare say. It must be a gratifying thing; but, my Lord, an English exhibition puts me in mind of a giant with great genius and great powers of mind struggling to speak a language he does not understand.' He laughed and said: 'What would you have?' 'A better and more systematic education. The French are more regularly prepared.' 'I would not give sixpence for French Art,' said he. 'You value it too highly,' said I. 'But a little French regularity would correct, without destroying, the exuberance of English excess. The French are what Sir George Beaumont used to call them—the upholsterers of the art.' 'Suppose a grant of money given, how would you begin?' said he. 'At once, at the great room at the Admiralty. Take two great pictures of two of the most important epochs of English

¹ The nineteenth volume of the Journals begins at this date with the mottoes: "Who best can suffer, best can do" (Milton), and "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction" (Isaiah xlviii. 10).

marine glory. Adorn the other parts of the room with smaller designs. Take two portraits of two of the greatest heroes, and two busts.' He shrugged his shoulders and said: 'Well, Lords Grey and Althorp hold the purse-strings: propose it to them.' Here was an acknowledgment he had nothing to say.

"What will he do? Go away—and perhaps abuse me for proving my plan feasible.

"He retired, and I drove down to an attorney to prevent an execution for £9, 14s. od.; paid £5, £4 to his client, and £1 to him for waiting a fortnight for the balance, and then to Sir James Graham at the Admiralty. I sketched him.

"7th.—Sir John Hobhouse sat, and a very interesting hour I had.

"14th.—Lord Goderich sat again to-day, and we went into the whole question of the Academy. He asked innumerable questions. I gave him the whole history of Reynolds' resignation, my ill-treatment, Shee's conduct, etc. etc. 'Upon my honour,' said he, 'if they do not take care the public will be against them.' 'They are already,' said I; 'and my apprehension is that this money voted for them will only serve to give additional weight to their unjust pretensions.' He alluded to my former applications to him about Art, and added: 'I fear I have neglected you.' 'Yes, my Lord,' said I; 'once when I was waiting to see you a deputation of silk mercers from Coventry came in, and I gave up hope.' He laughed, but half displeased.

"On the whole, public men shrink from discussion. They are so occupied with the fate of nations, and their political relations, that truth even on other points seems unworthy investigation. Metaphysical inquiry they detest. Matters of taste they skim. Religion they consider only as an engine of state; and I do not think much extension of knowledge on general principles is to be acquired by intercourse with them. They are interesting from their rank and occupation; but a habit of having such mighty interests hanging on their decisions generates a contempt for abstract deduction, and an indisposition to enter into matters of literature, Art and morals. Men like Lord Grey—old politicians—are too wary to give you a clue by any hint or look as to what is going on.

"17th.—Made another sketch of Sir James Graham to-day—a better view of his fine head. Dr Lushington came in, and I staid with Lady Graham for nearly two hours, and spent a delightful time.

"19th.—Saw Lord Grey, who was sitting quietly by the fire reading papers. When I came to the door Col. Grey was talking to Lord Essex. Lord Essex saw me, and said: 'I have nearly persuaded Lord Holland to sit.'

"It

"It would be a pity if such a strenuous advocate of reform should be out.

"I sent in my name and was admitted. Lord Grey was looking the essence of mildness. He seemed disposed for a chat. In my eagerness to tell him all he wanted to know I sprung up off my chair, and began to explain, bending my fist to enforce my argument. Lord Grey looked at me with a mild peacefulness of expression, as if regarding a bit of gunpowder he had admitted to disturb his thoughts. Now I should have sat still and chatted quietly, for that is what he wanted—to be relieved by gentle talk. But he began to talk to me about the picture, and touched a sensitive spring. I blazed away, made arrangements for his sitting next week and took my leave.

"I came in like a shot, talked like a Congreve-rocket and was off like an arrow, leaving Lord Grey for five minutes not quite sure if it was all a dream. How delightfully he looked by the fire. What a fine subject he would make in his official occupation.

"20th.—Hard at work on Sir James Graham. I never, I think, passed a more interesting month. To be admitted, as I have been, on the most friendly terms to the secret recesses of Cabinet Ministers, left alone, as I have been, with letters, dispatches, boxes, and trusted with perfect confidence, chatting with them on Art, and having the full command of them for an hour at a time, with no disturbance or interruption, is a very high distinction.

"25th.—At Lord Althorp's again, and spent a very interesting hour. By degrees I got him on Art and the National Gallery, and the necessity of encouraging history by an annual vote.

"He said an annual vote would be injurious, because it implied a necessity of always buying, when there might be nothing to buy. He said Government did nothing, because it was not the habit. I instanced sculpture, and he acknowledged. We discussed the junction of the National Gallery and Academy. He agreed it would either ruin them, or make them. If properly taken it would be the making of the art. He said: 'You are at war with the Academy.' 'I am, my Lord. I disapprove of them on principle. They are the borough-mongers of the art.' I said: 'Chantrey had agreed with me in my opinion on the Academy, yet had joined them.' I said: 'They are a set of interested men who are fearful of their supremacy being shaken by the foundation of legitimate Art. They obliged Reynolds to resign. They persecuted Opie, West, Wilkie and myself; and being portrait painters, and engrossing the power, they can do so with effect.' I begged to assure his Lordship I had no paltry view in recommending commissions to the most eminent, but asked either for that,

that, or some other plan, that the consequence of pursuing Art from feeling, and not for gain, might not be ruin to all who attempted it. I pressed on his attention the popularity of the measure. He said: 'D'ye think so?' 'My Lord, I am sure of it. And the junction of the Royal Academy with the National Gallery is not popular, because it is feared additional power will be put into the hands of those who already have wielded what they have to the oppression of the art.' I said: 'Sooner or later, Lord Althorp, it must be done, and I should be happy to see the glory secured by the present administration. It is difficult for me to speak of the Royal Academy without passion, but be assured the art is the last thing thought of there.' He said: 'Would premiums be a good plan?' 'No, my Lord. Commissions are best.' 'Sometimes,' said he, 'pictures make a great dash and are forgotten. Government might commit itself. Fifty years, I think, ought to pass before a picture is bought.' 'And the painter starves in the meantime,' said I. 'My Jerusalem is in America. Lazarus is going, and Solomon is in a dust-loft. After thousands are spent in the Gallery the art will be in the same condition. Why not give painters a chance as in other countries?'

"He seemed impressed with a notion that something was wanting. This is the first step. I see Lord Grey this week, and I will be at him. God knows if anything will come of it. They shall not be ignorant; and then all excuse is taken away. At my calling the Academy 'The borough-mongers of the art,' he laughed. He said of all professions lawyers were the most jealous. This to me was new.

"I think I shook his convictions in the infallibility of the Academy. I said, I feared if the art was injured by the National Gallery, the dealers would get ahead again. He said he did not fear that.

"He seemed quite ignorant and quite astonished that anything could be said against the plan, or in favour of anything else.

"He said: 'Who is to judge? Patrons in matters of taste and persons of technical knowledge?' I said: 'No, my Lord; all the world can judge if an expression be true, or a story told. All the world would be impressed with a national series of pictures to illustrate a principle: but all the world are not judges of technicalities. This is exclusively professional.'

"Lord Althorp said, if he had not affected to be against the National Gallery fifty people would have sprung up in the House, and have opposed; but by appearing to disapprove he secured success.

"When I took my leave I begged he would not forget the art.
" 29th.

"29th.—Lord Althorp called and was much pleased. Began Lord Grey musing by the fire.

"30th.—Rubbed in the great picture of the above subject, and very interesting it will be. I had Brown's men down instantly, and, as I had a canvas ready, it was mounted, and begun in half an hour. Success to it. If done as it ought, it will give posterity a complete idea of this illustrious man in his habitual attitude.

"December 1st.—Out all day, and exceedingly harassed for want of money. This picture causes such continual loss of time it is dreadful. In grievous difficulty I ran in to my dear old friend Cockerell, and though he has great reason to complain of my irregularity he lent me £5. I wanted him to buy my sketch of Sir Walter. He could not, but advised me to ask Lord Francis. To him I wrote, and if he does it will rescue me from M——'s fangs, and enable me to get on. I cannot appeal to Lord Grey till next month.

"2nd.—Called on the Duke of Sussex, and saw him. It was quite a picture. There he sat in a little room, richly furnished, smoking, with a red Turkish cap, like Ali Pasha,—his hands covered with rings,—his voice loud, royal and asthmatic. 'Sit down, Mr Haydon.' Down I sat. He began about the Academy instantly as if to flatter me.

"5th.—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day. His last sitting, and a very pleasant morning I had.

"Lord Melbourne is the most delightful sitter of any, and I am always brilliant with him. He seems equally pleased with me. I feel at my ease. He is a shrewd man, and is not satisfied with random reasons. I was talking about Art, and he brought me to an anchor for a minute, by asking me a question that required reflection to refute, and set me thinking when he was gone.

"11th.—Lord Auckland sat, and I congratulated him on the success of the elections. He said, 'Truly it justifies all that has been done for the middle classes.' It did most gloriously. I wrote Hobhouse I would carry him round myself, if a chair was wanting.

"21st.—Lord Headfort concluded to-day, and in the morning I passed an hour with Lord Melbourne, in which Art and all its interests, great pictures in churches, public encouragement, etc., were discussed, but with little effect. There is no hope from any minister the other side of forty. A man at forty has proved the hollowness of life, and smiles at zeal with a consciousness of its uselessness. Lord Melbourne seemed to have a notion that I was a disappointed enthusiast, whom he found it amusing to listen to, however absurd it might be to adopt my plans.

"31st.

" 31st.—The last day of a year, perhaps the most celebrated of my life.

" The immortality conferred on me by Lord Grey in giving me a picture connected with Reform—the glory of that night at Guildhall—the return of fortune, and the peace, happiness and study I have enjoyed in consequence, are all causes of my feeling deep gratitude to my merciful Creator.

" My health never was so good; but I regret to say the materials I have to work with for Art—King, nobility and people—are materials from which little good can be expected. I am at this moment in abeyance, and feel more happiness in pursuing my studies without battling or struggling for an abstract principle. I regret it, for it is not high-minded. I shall try the rest of my life to do my best, and let that take its chance.

" I have worked very hard to-day from nine to four, and seven to half-past ten—ten and a half hours—my eyes like iron.

" There are two things I once hated—portrait and perspective. This picture has forced me to study them, and I will conclude by being capable of both.

" It is now half-past eleven. The conclusion is approaching of the most wonderful year in the history of England. Oh! how I glory that I contributed to the great result, however humbly, by my three letters¹ to the *Times*. When my colours have faded, my canvas decayed, and my body mingled with the earth, these glorious letters, the best things I ever wrote, will awaken the enthusiasm of my countrymen. I thank God I lived in such a time, and that He gifted me with talent to serve the great cause. I did serve it. Gratitude to Him!

" Twelve has struck!

" Adieu for ever, 1832."

1833

This burst of exultation at the share Haydon attributed to himself in bringing about the triumph of Reform by his three letters in the *Times* is not the least curious illustration of the gigantic proportions which trifles assumed in the strangely distorting mirror of his mind, the moment they related to himself or his doings. Brought into familiar, and in one sense confidential, relations with ministers and leaders of parties at this stirring time, it is not to be wondered at that the painter imagined himself for the moment lifted up again to his early days of Admiralty dinners and Coleorton hospitalities. These relations

¹ Three anonymous letters under the signature of "A Reformer," very creditable contributions to a newspaper, but in no way, as far as I can see, justifying this jubilation.—ED.

continued

continued through the whole of 1833, and the records of the sittings given him successively by all the conspicuous guests at the Guildhall Banquet fill the rest of this volume of his Journals. Ministers and Peers, Whig notabilities, and Radical leaders, figure in it at full length, with their conversations and remarks entered in great detail. There is much in these transcripts of opinions, judgments, impressions, scandals and *on-dits* which might figure very effectively either in a *chronique galante*, or a secret history of the time. But the period is too recent to admit free use of such confidences, even if it were fair to make public what was certainly never meant to meet the public eye. I hope that in the few extracts taken from the Journal for these years I have confined myself to passages which, while they illustrate character, and occasionally contain matter of political interest, are free from anything that can wound personal susceptibilities.

"*January 1st.*—Hume sat, and a very interesting conversation we had. It seems it was he who proposed the junction of the National Gallery and Royal Academy.

"Hume seems excessively disposed to act liberally about Art, and I am convinced he is more likely, at last, to do what is wanted than any man.

"*25th.*—My birthday—forty-seven years old; passed the day in hard work and peace; with my dear children in the evening.

"*26th.*—Out all day. Had worked till I had not a guinea left. Called on Lord Grey. Found him happy, healthy-looking and in good spirits, thank God. We are pretty much on a level. Antwerp plagued him as pecuniary matters plague me, and Reform plagued the King. We all have our plagues.

"He agreed to let me dedicate the work to him, and I went away without his alluding to my affairs. I then went to Colonel Grey, and left with him a short note I had written at a book-seller's shop. I was in great agitation for fear of offending him. I drove into the city, and went to Fletcher, the chairman (a fine manly fellow), to tell him my wants, and to ask him for £5 to get through the night. As I had not paid him the £12, he said he ought not. I returned home in a state not to be described. When I came home the children had been all fighting, and no water had come to the cistern. Mary was scolding; and I went to my painting room, and d——d all large pictures, which always bring this evil on me. The evening passed on, as it always does in a family where the father has no money. The children smoke it; the servants suspect it. There is either an over-kindness, an over-irritability or an affected unconcern, which opens at once their lynx eyes. Tea passed off. I went to my picture; apostrophised my art; complained of Lord Grey, and sat down with
a pain

a pain in my lumbar vertebræ. As I had appointed a great many people for small sums, I marched off to my landlord, Newton. Knowing he would relieve me, and anticipating success, I knocked. I heard the light steps of a girl; down went the candlestick, and the door opened. 'Mr Newton at home?' said I, marching in, praying to God it might be so, but half fearing it might not, when I was suddenly stopped by, 'No, sir; he is gone to the play.' 'D——n the play!' thought I; 'this is the way. What business had he to be giggling at some stuff in the pit, while I am in danger of having no money?' Away I marched again, tired, croaking, grumbling and muddy, and came home in a state of harass. 'Sir, the man won't send the wood without the money!' was the first salutation. 'Sir, there is no water in the cistern, and has not been all day!' 'Why,' thought I, 'the very lead pipes begin to perceive their masters won't be paid for their trouble.' I sat down in a rage, and pulling off my greatcoat sallied up to my dear. 'At least,' thought I, 'this is left me, and woe to any mortal who stops me here.'

"Mary, like an angel, consoled me in my affliction, and I came down in high glee, bidding defiance to all obstructions, and swearing I would again apply to my work on Monday at light.

"Just as I had made up my mind in came the servant with a letter from Lord Grey, marked 'Private.' My heart jumped. It contained a cheque! I read it, and vowed vengeance against all rascally tradesmen on earth. This was wrong. By degrees I recovered my good feelings, and went to bed thanking God, grateful to Lord Grey and at peace with my family and the world.

"27th.—Hard at work. I made a capital drawing of Lord Stanley.

"February 3rd.—The Chancellor sat to-day. His eye is as fine as any eye I ever saw. It is like a lion's, watching for prey. It is a clear grey, the light vibrating at the bottom of the iris, and the cornea shining, silvery and tense. I never before had the opportunity of examining Brougham's face with the scrutiny of a painter, and I am astonished at that extraordinary eye.

"7th.—Lord Ebrington came, and a very delightful sitting we had. I asked him about Napoleon.¹ He said he acknowledged the massacre at Jaffa without the least compunction, though he did not think him bloodthirsty. We talked about the fag of the House of Commons. He said the old school during Mr Fox's time neglected their food during debate. He remembered when he was first in Parliament, in 1804, Mr Fox used to take him to Brookes's, and have hot suppers at whatever time the debate ended. I remarked on the danger of the House of Commons

¹ With whom Lord Ebrington had several conversations at Elba.

from the heat and draughts of air. He said, by prudence in diet, and taking a light dinner only, he felt no inconvenience, but that if he lived as he did at other times he would not be able to bear it.

"11th.—Duke of Richmond sat, and Lord Ebrington. I asked the Duke if there was ever a moment when he desponded at Waterloo. He said, 'Never. For an instant some young officers might fear, when the cavalry were on the hill, that they had got possession of the artillery; but all old ones knew that cavalry getting possession of artillery was nonsense.'

"12th.—Lord Westminister sat to-day. After Lord W. was gone came the Lord Advocate (Jeffrey). He amused me delightfully, and talked incessantly; but there is a sharp, critical discovery of what is defective in nature which is not agreeable. He described Lord Althorp's reception of him last May, when he called to ask what he should do about his resignation, which was quite graphic. Lord Althorp's secretary could not give him any information, and Lord Althorp desired he would walk upstairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord Althorp had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbow, and rather hairy. His razor was in the other hand, and he was about to shave. 'Well, Mr Advocate,' said his Lordship, 'I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer His Majesty's Ministers. We sent in our resignations, and they are accepted.' When they returned Jeffrey called again. He was looking over his fowling-pieces, and said to Jeffrey, 'Confound these political affairs; all my locks are got out of order,' in his usual grumbling, lazy way.

"Jeffrey said he thought him a fine specimen of what an English gentleman ought to be. There was not a single head in the picture Jeffrey recognised. He sees nothing in nature but what is a subject of criticism.

"16th.—This week I have finished Duke of Cleveland, Lord Ebrington, put in Lord Westminster, Duke of Richmond and Lord Advocate—fair work—and rubbed in Falstaff for my dear friend, W. Newton. If that fellow was to die I should break my heart; though, God knows, I have often broken his by worret. For him and Ed. Smith I would lay my head on the block, though I have tried their patience severely. Peace to 'em!

"24th.—This week I have finished Lord Westminster, Hume and Lord Ebrington, and Lord Morpeth I am advancing. Next week Lord Cavendish, Burdett and Lord Howick sit.

"Jeffrey told me a capital story of Talleyrand at a public dinner. His health was drunk. Before the noise was over he got up, made a mumbling, as if speaking, spoke nothing, made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never said a word.

"26th.

" 26th.—Lord Cavendish sat, and was ready to let me make any use of his face—three parts of it, or half of it—and put him anywhere. Now, when I contrast this with some of the city committee, who march up to the picture and say, 'Put me there,' close to Lord Grey, it is really exquisite.

" The beauty of high breeding is delightful. No people are better trained. The Duke of Richmond said he approved of fagging. It made a boy know himself. Lord March was at Westminster. He was educated there himself. Every Saturday he came home, which the Duke thought advantageous. From our public schools have proceeded certainly as many a race of nobility as there is in any country in the world, and greater statesmen. There is something hard in their training.

" *March 3rd.*—Sketched Sir Francis Burdett at Brooke's, in the little parlour as you enter the door, on the right. He was reading Cobbett, and it was interesting to watch the expression of his face. He seemed satisfied that the great grievance had been got rid of, and thought after a little noise all would be quiet. I hope it may.

" I asked him if O'Connell had been cut. He said he did not know; but that he certainly would never notice him again.

" Sir Francis was the picture of health. His hands were strong and coarse, like a horseman's. I asked him how he preserved such good health, and if he lived in any particular manner. He said, never. He used the bath, not regularly, but often; drank no wine, except when he dined out, and was always better without it. He did not live by rule, and conformed to society; but frequent baths, no wine and hunting agreed with him.

" 9th.—Lord Advocate came in for half an hour; amusing as usual. *Ex cathedra*. You must not take the lead, or my Lord looks at his watch. We talked of O'Connell. I said I never saw such a head—cut up by deep passions. 'Deep scars of thunder—his cheeks entrenched,' said my Lord, taking the quotation out of my mouth, and I could not get in again. He repeated the passage with fine emphasis, as finely as I ever heard it. 'There are parts,' said I, 'in the *Paradise Regained*, as fine as anything.' He would not listen, but kept mumbling to himself. I said in a loud voice, for I was determined to have a touch too:

" 'And here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.'

He stopped, and said, 'Very fine.' I tried to turn the conversation, that I might leave off with Milton, but he stuck to the first passage like a little gamecock. I thought I had better be quiet. He has a fine melodious voice.

" 20th.

"20th.—Lord Plunkett sat patiently and sensibly. He is very arch, amusing and witty. He asked me what I thought of Barry's picture in the Adelphi. I told him Dr Johnson had said: 'There was a grasp of mind there you found nowhere else.' And he was right. I said: 'Barry was ignorant of colour, could not draw and had no refined ideas of beauty'; he agreed with me. He said he had visited him in 1786; that he talked with great fluency and power, and called Sir Joshua 'That man in Leicester Fields.'

"I pointed out to him the fatal consequences of not having professors at the Universities. He agreed with me. I told him West had had Pitt's and Fox's promise. I had corresponded with Lord Liverpool, Canning, Goderich and Wellington without effect.

"I said: 'It will be done at last, my Lord. It must be done, or the manufactures will decay, and the art itself go out.'

"Lady Howick and Miss Eden called afterwards. Just as I was preparing to put in Lord Plunkett, up came an odd, burly-looking man, full of colour, with great energy. He began: 'I have been a staunch reformer twenty-eight or thirty years. I dined there that day. Ought I not to be here? I am a magistrate.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you have a head worthy of any dinner; but I fear my places are taken.' 'I hope not, Mr Haydon. I brought in Col. Grey. I did, sir. I am true to the bone,' etc. etc. Seeing there was no getting rid of him, I said: 'Come, sir, sit down. I'll make a sketch, and see if I can't squeeze you in.' He sat down, and amused me amazingly, with all sorts of anecdotes about elections, and D'Israeli's failure, etc. He had a head like a vulgar eagle—a complete specimen of a species nowhere to be seen but in an English country town. There sat a fellow before me, as Lord Brougham said, who cared for nothing—shot, shells, bayonets or prisons—bottom to the bone—blood to the vitals—as if a gamecock, a race stallion, a bulldog, a mastiff and a lion had been concerned in his propagation. There he sat, as if defying the devil. I thought to myself, 'Is there such another specimen on earth?' 'They said to me,' said he, 'Who is Col. Grey?' 'Who is he?' said I, 'When you buy a cock you ask who his father is. Well, if he is of a good breed you buy him. Never mind who Col. Grey is: we know his sire.'

"I finished him. He took his leave. 'I hope to know more of 'ee, sir.' 'I hope so, sir'; and he went off, giving his name and address—a genuine country squire.

"23rd.—Duke of Sussex sat amiably. I never saw anything like it. He exceeds all my sitters for patience and quiet. There he sat smoking and talking. I felt quite easy, and sketched with more ease than I ever did before. He talked on all subjects. I
hit

hit him, and he was pleased. No interruption whatever took place.

"I found him regarding the National Gallery now with a very different feeling to what he held before, and I plainly see I have had effect in high life.

"25th.—Finished the Duke of Sussex till he comes. There is literally as much difference between a royal person and a mere nobleman as between a nobleman and a mere plebeian. Such is the effect of breeding and habit.

"27th.—Lord Plunkett sat, very amiably and quietly. He has an arch humour. 'When do you sketch O'Connell?' said one of his daughters. 'There is one thing,' said Lord Plunkett. 'If you could take his head entirely off, you would do great good to society.'

"Lord Plunkett said: 'You have put ——— between the candles. I'll lay my life he would be thinking of the expense of so much wax.' I thought I should have died with laughing, because ——— actually said, as he looked at the candles: 'That's bad wax.' 'Why, sir?' said I. 'Because there is too much snuff; no good wax has any.'

"April 18th.—Was at the House of Commons last night, under the gallery. I was much amused. As I was waiting at the door of the entrance an old whiteheaded man, of the Pitt and Fox days, said, lifting up the whites of his eyes, 'They are at the Jews to-night: my God!' as if the world was coming to an end at such an innovation. O'Connell, in the midst of great confusion, thundered out: 'I know I shall get no attention about Ireland; go on, gentlemen, make as much noise as you like. It is only a bit of fresh despotism for *Ierrland*.' The House was dead quiet. Hobhouse, Hume and Campbell made effective replies. When the question was put about the Jews, the burst of 'Ayes' was sublime—like a heavy volley of musketry—while the scattering of the "Noes" was absolutely ridiculous.

"May 16th.—Mr Coke and Sir Ronald Ferguson sat. Mr Coke's head is the finest I ever saw—the only one I ever saw which I would choose for Aristides. This is a genuine unsophisticated opinion. He told some beautiful anecdotes of Fox. He said the first time he came into power he dined with him. Fox went on talking before the servants. After they were gone some one said: 'Fox, how can you go on so before the servants?' 'Why the devil,' said Fox, 'should they not know as much as myself?'

"Mr Coke said he remembered a fox killed in Cavendish Square, and that where Berkeley Square now stands was an excellent place for snipes."

On the 17th Haydon sustained a bereavement in the death of one of his children, Alfred, a sickly but interesting boy between seven and eight years old.

"20th.—Alfred was buried. Dear Fanny's coffin was taken out quite uninjured, and Alfred put under. I cried when I saw them both put together, who had been together in life, and were now in death inseparable.

"21st.—I expect Mr Pendarves, and ought to be preparing for him; but I am sitting still, staring at my picture, and musing on my boy's expression when he died.

"Mr Tom Duncombe sat yesterday, but I was very languid in the drawing. It is a painful struggle.

"Put in Mr Pendarves well. Yesterday visited the grave of my children, close to Mrs Siddons', whose name is almost obliterated.¹ The birds were singing—thrush, blackbird and linnet. It is the prettiest burial-ground in England, except Shakespeare's.

"Mr Coke came late, and a most delightful sitting he gave me. He is full of reminiscences. He told me a story of Charles Fox. One night at Brookes's, he made some remark on government powder, in allusion to something that happened. Adam considered it a reflection and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out, and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald said: 'You must stand sideways.' Fox said: 'Why I am as thick one way as the other.' 'Fire,' was given; Adam fired, Fox did not; and when they said he must, he said: 'I'll be damned if I do. I have no quarrel.' They then advanced to shake hands. Fox said: 'Adam, you'd have killed me if it had not been government powder.' The ball hit him in the groin, and fell into his breeches.

"I asked him a question which interested him very much. I had heard Lord Mulgrave say at table it was a fact that Charles Fox would have agreed to come in under Mr Pitt latterly, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr Coke said there was such a report, and he wrote to Fox saying if it were so they must separate. Fox assured him on his honour it was not so, and he has the letter now.

"Mr Coke said Fox was as fond of shooting as a schoolboy. He went out one morning. It came on to rain. Fox stood under some firs with a gamekeeper, who was a great talker. All the day it rained incessantly. As the ladies were all awaiting dinner in came Fox. 'Where have you been, Charles?' said Mr Coke. 'Why talking to that fellow all day. There is hardly a man I can't get something from if he talks,' said Mr Fox.

"Mr Coke said George IV. swore he would knight him once, when a very violent petition was coming up, brought by Mr Coke.

¹ In Paddington new churchyard,

Mr Coke said he had made up his mind that if the King attempted it he would have knocked off the sword.

"*June 13th.*—Out. Went to the King's Bench. Called on poor D——. I found him just the same. While he was talking to me about his prospects of getting out again a little girl behind took up a pipe, and began to blow bubbles. I never saw such a moral. It affected me. The bubble rose, glittering and trembling, hit against poor D——'s head and burst. I gave him a little, and as I went down my old messenger was standing to receive me. He called out: 'God bless ye, Mr Haydon; I was in hopes when I saw you you had come in again.' 'Thank you, my hero, you are very good.' 'How d'ye do, sir,' said the turnkey, 'God bless you. You've quite deserted us.' 'Ah, Mr Haydon,' said Joe Ward (one of the figures in Chairing the Member), 'You are looking quite fat and jolly.' I went away musing.

"*17th.*—Being exceedingly exhausted I went out to take air, and look at Sir Joshua. Sir Joshua always delights and improves me. Lawrence looks by his side like a miniature painter in large, and West like a skilful sign-painter. Sir Joshua had the true feeling. Ottley, who remembered him, said the first time he saw Sir Joshua he showed him a picture of the Continnence of Scipio. Ottley said it put him in mind of Parmigiano. Sir Joshua seemed angry, for it was stolen from that painter.

"While I was out the Duke of Sussex called. This is always the way. He sat quietly by himself looking at the picture. Lady Duncannon called. The Duke left word he would come in two or three days, and give me a sitting. Now I have hardly been out at that time of day for several weeks, and the first day I do in comes H. R. Highness.

"Lord Melbourne said the other night: 'I remember Reynolds. He was a hardworking old dog. When I sat to him he worked too hard to be happy.'

"This is exactly Lord Melbourne! He is one of those three boys who are standing up in the picture.

"*20th.*—Mr Coke sat with his two boys. He said when Burke was dying Fox went down to see him: but Burke would not see Fox. When he came back Mr Coke was lamenting Burke's obstinacy. 'Ah,' said Fox. 'Never mind, Tom; I always find every Irishman has got a piece of potato in his head.'

"*July 2nd.*—Went to Lord Spencer's, by Lord Lyttleton's desire, to see first editions, vellum copies, rare Boccacios, unaccountable Dantes, impossible to be found Virgils, and not to be understood first editions of Homer!

"Met

"Met Sir C. Bagot, whom I remember Canning's private secretary for foreign correspondence (1807).

"Sir Charles Bagot said Michel Angelo's own copy of Dante, with a large margin and his designs, fell into the hands of the Bishop of Derry, and was lost going across to Marseilles.

"6th.—Captain Spencer and Lord Althorp called. I had a remarkable evidence of Lord Althorp's goodness of heart.

"The Whigs had been d——g Attwood for a radical and a fool, and begging me not to put him in.

"Lord Althorp said, 'Oh yes, he was prominent in the cause. He ought to be in.' This was noble; all party feelings vanished in his honest heart.

"Lord Althorp was much pleased.

"In reviewing my account of my sitters, they all seem to be amiable and delightful, and they really have been so. They came on terms of equality. I received and painted them like a gentleman; they did not pay me, so there was no disagreeable feeling of employer and employed. A more delightful time never artist had.

"18th, 19th.—Attended Irish Church debate in the Lords closely, and with great advantage to the picture.

"The Duke spoke well and without hesitation. There was a manly honour about his air, and when he read a quotation, to see him deliberately take out his glasses and put them on was extremely interesting. He enforces what he says with a bend of his head, striking his hand forcibly, and as if convinced, on the papers. He finished, and, to my utter astonishment, up started Lord Melbourne like an artillery rocket. He began in a fury. His language flowed out like fire. He made such palpable hits that he floored the Duke of Wellington as if he had shot him. But the moment the stimulus was over his habitual apathy got ahead. He stammered, hemmed and hawed. But it was the most pictorial exhibition of the night. He waved his white hand with the natural grace of Talma; expanded his broad chest, looked right at his adversary like a handsome lion and grappled him with the grace of Paris.

"August 10th.—Hard at work. Duke of Cleveland sat. On the 29th ult. I was just beginning to work, when in rushed two sheriffs' officers, saying they had an execution against my person. This was an affair of three years' standing. I had been security, paid half,—the rascal had neglected to pay the other half, and they sued me. Away I was hurried, almost bewildered. All my former agonies returned. I spent a day and a night of torture, absent from my family and children; I recovered my faculties after very nearly putting an end to myself during the night. I

wrote

wrote Mr Ellice, who had expressed great sympathy. He sent Mrs Haydon £50, which released me at once. He wrote to the Duke of Cleveland: £50 more came from him, and in a few hours I was as happy and as hard at work again as ever.

"10th.—The picture is much advanced. Mr Mackenzie, Mr Ellice and Mr Geo. Lamb sat to-day. Mr Ellice told a story of old Lady Rosslyn. Mrs — was announced. When the women were bundling off, 'Sit still, sit still,' said old Lady R.; 'it is na' catching.'

"12th.—Hard at work. Put in Charles Grey, and finished Mr Poyntz. He said he lived formerly with Sheridan a great deal. Once when he was dining with him at Somerset House, and they were all in high feather, in rushed the servant and said, 'Sir, the house is on fire!' 'Bring another bottle of claret,' said Sheridan. 'It is not my house.'

"I really begin to get sick of sitters, and long to be at the general effect. The work is beginning to tire me; ninety-seven heads, all portraits: I have not had a moment's rest for nine months. Lord Grey seems half worn-out, but not so much so as last year.

"September 26th.—Lord Melbourne sat, and I began a sketch of him. We got on Art. I said, 'Why do you leave out the Academy in this Commission on Corporations?' He replied, 'You may have it in if you please.' *Nous verrons*. 'What would have been the state of Art,' he asked, 'if no Academy had been founded?' I replied, 'When Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson and Gainsborough had started up without an Academy, did you find one to raise them? When Michel Angelo, Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian and Tintoretto had flowered, they did the same in Florence and in Rome.' 'It was a great mistake,' Lord Melbourne replied.

"27th.—Lord Melbourne sat again to-day. I spoke to him about a series of national subjects. He said, 'Nothing but abuse would follow the selection of any individual.' And supposing it did? What moral cowardice! I showed him the subjects. He approved of all, but said, 'If we subscribed £100 a piece, every man has his favourite artist.' Of course, but the same complaints were made of Raffaele's selection. San Gallo and all the old boys complained that a young man had been employed. Would I had been born under a despot of taste! The will is wanting here.

"October 11th.—Lord Palmerston sat. We had a delightful conversation. I stuck it into him well about the Elgin Marbles. I showed him from his own wrist their truth in hands. I proved to him their science in the action of two feet and legs, and he acknowledged

acknowledged he now saw the cause of my enthusiasm. Lord Palmerston was sincere in this.

"12th.—Lord Palmerston sat finally. I bored him on Greek Art, which he listened to with the most amiable patience. I showed him drawings from dissections; explained to him principles of form, which he entered into. It varied the monotony of sitting, but I fear he thought me a nuisance.

"17th.—Dined at Lord Palmerston's. Met Baron Bulow, Baron Wessenburg, the American Minister, Lord Hill and a distinguished party.

"I sat next to Lord Hill. I said: 'My Lord, I feel great interest in seeing your Lordship after reading so much about you.' 'Ah,' said Lord Hill, 'those days are past.' 'But,' said I, 'not forgotten.' He seemed pleased at my allusion, and came home with me to see the picture.

"While in the carriage I said, 'My Lord, was there ever any time of the day at Waterloo when you desponded?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'There never was any panic?' 'No. There was no time of the day.' I said, 'I apologise; but Sir Walter Scott asked the Duke the same thing, and he made the same reply.' Lord Hill said, in the simplest way, 'I dare say.'

"He went into my parlour, and saw the portrait of Lord Durham, with his own writing under. On the left, Napoleon's bed; on the right, his column.

"He was pleased at Lord Grey's picture.

"21st.—Out the whole precious day in the city to beg time, and sign a cognovit, to get time for the balance of another. My sympathies involve me.

"'Why do you give bills?' Because I want time. 'Why cognovits?' Because people will not wait, first without bills, then without security; but this is the way I have been always ruined. Time never stops. A man should never rest in his labours, especially with a family. On rolls the wheel till its movement is too strong to be stopped.

"November 11th.—The scene at the Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall last night was exquisite—the mischievous air of over-politeness with which Lord B—— handed in the Lady Mayoress—the arch looks of Lord Melbourne—the supercilious sneer of Lord S—— at 'a city affair,' as he called it.

"In the ballroom I said to Lord S——, 'Lord Melbourne enjoys it.' 'There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy,' said he.

"Can there be a finer epitaph on a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who is all amiability, good-humour and simplicity of mind.

"17th.

" 17th.—Lord Althorp sat, and a very pleasant chat we had. He said, 'Do you paint portraits?' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'I thought you were above it.' In the course of sitting he said, 'Do you think you could paint a goodish portrait?' He has been tampered with.

"I sketched him successfully. We talked of Canning. I said: 'Do you think Canning would have stopped Reform?' 'No,' said Lord Althorp. 'He might have postponed it. He could not have stopped it.' I said, 'What do you think of Canning?' 'A man of splendid talents, who would have been steady when he had realised his ambition by getting to the top,' said Lord Althorp. I remarked, 'He was not to be depended on.' He assented. I then said, 'He was haughty to his inferiors.' 'He was silent in general company,' said Lord Althorp. 'How Attwood has fallen,' said I. 'I always expected it,' said Lord Althorp. 'What would have been the result, my Lord,' said I, 'had his paper system been adopted?' 'A crash,' said Lord Althorp.

1834

" *January 6th.*—Improved Lord Grey. Lady Grey did not call, as I expected. Faddled, and made a capital drawing from the naked model. My heart yearned with delight at seeing the naked figure again, its beautiful varieties, its unaffected grace.

" 11th.—Lord Grey sat very pleasantly indeed, and I made, in my own opinion, and that of Lord Lansdowne, a successful drawing. Sir W. Gordon came in, and suggested one or two things of great use. He said the basis of Lord Grey's character was excessive amiability, and it was this which attached others to him. He wished me to soften one or two things: 'for instance, the brow,' said he; 'if a man was dressed it would not be up.' Lord Grey smoothed it down. Sir Willoughby little thought what a principle of Art was here concealed; dressed! nature dressed!

" Velasquez would have gone 500 miles for such a brow and nostril as Lord Grey's, and to suit the weakness of modern effeminacy I will not emasculate the one, or dress the other.

" I have often wondered at the reason of the power and vigour I see in the heads of Vandyke. The age was less fastidious and dandy. Perhaps the manners were grosser, but they were more native. There was at least none of that meretricious mania for softening and polishing down all expression and character into one universal smoothness, void alike of truth and strength.

" 14th.—While we were talking on Saturday to Sir Willoughby Gordon, Lord Grey said with the greatest simplicity of expression, 'What

'What in God's name do you do with so many sentries? What is the use of a sentry in Downing Street? Why, at the end of the passage there's one, and two by the Duke of York's column,—what is the use of that? When the east winds come you'll have all the men laid up. That place is like a funnel.'

"Lord Grey was quite right. It was fine to see his love of civil liberty playing in. Sir W. Gordon smiled excuses.

"24th.—I now close this book full of interesting matter. I have had opportunities of impressing the highest classes with the value of high design. But I found them, from Lord Grey downwards, Ministers and all, perfectly unimpressible.

"Lord Grey said to me the other day he did not see much the value of drawing. 'Look at Reynolds and Correggio,' said he. This was not his own, but Shee's. I looked fiery, but did not speak, because I could not speak without making him ridiculous.

"Design is the basis of Art, and a basis of such breadth that manufactures, as well as Art, rest in its excellence.

"He does not see the utility of bringing the Cartoons into London. He does not see the utility of leaving room for future bequests of old works, or future purchases of fine national works. He does not see the danger of the junction of the Academy and National Gallery under one roof. In fact, he likes the Academy, its dinner, its portraits, its inefficiency.

"I have now put down my name for the Professorship of Design at the London University. Shall I get it? No—though I am certainly the most fit man in England. And here, as in Art, I shall be driven to fling myself and my principles on public sympathy, and, instead of influencing the people through the nobility, compel the nobility through the better taste and knowledge of the people. I await the result only, when I will do it.¹ Depressed I am not. It is not in my nature. I trust in God. He who inspired me for a great purpose, who has carried me through so many shocks, will not let me live in vain, but will render my life, death or knowledge available to a great reform in my country's Art."

"February 16th.²—Called on Lord Althorp and found him as good-humoured as usual. Amidst all this row went in to Lord Grey, and found him on the point of setting off for Woburn. He looked capitally well; and I could not help thinking, as I looked at him, what a very interesting head he had got; peaceable,

¹ How prophetic of my Lectures (1835).—B. R. H.

² Here begins the twentieth volume of the Journals (marked on the back "Whig Journal"), with the motto from Job, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

delicate and touching in expression. He agreed to come at the end of the week.

"He objected to my putting Lord Durham's name on the standards. Lord Durham objects to be placed on the steps because he was Minister and at Petersburg; and so, between the two, Lord Durham will be out where he ought to be most specifically in.

"Put in Lord Durham's name concealed on a standard. Lord Grey won't find it out till it is too late.

"One hundred years hence, when the picture is taken down to be cleaned, they'll say: 'Bless me, here's Lord Durham's name—and Bentham's.'

"22nd.—A very interesting day. At twelve I went to O'Connell's, and certainly his appearance was very different from what it is in the House of Commons. It was on the whole hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham, something, but not with his depth of insight.

"I was first shown into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels and dirty shoes, gave intimation of 'Dear Ireland.'

"After a few moments O'Connell rolled in in a morning-gown, a loose black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how, a wig, and a foraging cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character, he began: 'Mr Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness.' 'Not at all, sir.' This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me.

"He sat down and I sketched him. We talked of Repeal. 'What did ye think of me when I first started the question?' 'That you were mad,' said I. 'Do you not think, sir,' I said, 'that Ireland, being the smaller, must always be subject to England the larger island?' 'No,' said O'Connell. 'Is not Portugal a smaller country than Spain?' 'Yes, but she is a separate country.'

"'One great mistake of the Liberals,' said he, 'is their infidelity. Now, there are no infidels in Ireland.' 'No,' said I, 'they are too poetical.' O'Connell looked at me as if the thought was new and true. I succeeded in his head. It is a head of hilarity and good-humour, while his nose and eyes denote keen cunning. His voice is melodious and persuasive, and there is a natural poetry about his mind that renders him interesting. There were no less than five papers in the room, in which

O'Connell

O'Connell read alternately. He said: 'I got a scolding from Peel last night. I told him I spared him this once—but the next time——'

"24th.—A drawing-room. The Duke of Sussex, being excused on account of his eyes, sent word he would sit. Lord Saye and Sele sat first, and the Duke came at half-past two. I made the room comfortable for him—lighted a candle for his cigars—put a thick rug for his feet, and the Duke said he felt quite comfortable. He seemed so, and we got into a regular political talk. 'As far as the Catholic question for Ireland went, I go,' said the Duke, 'but no farther. Directly they got this they talked of Repeal. Then I hesitate. So with the dissenters. The Test and Corporation Acts were unjust: it was right to repeal them. But when the dissenters begin to make this repeal only a ground for encroachment, then I stop also.'

"We talked of royalty. He said he did not think it was quite fair, after giving up the Royal domains, that the Royal family should be obliged to sue *in formâ pauperis* for subsistence. He said: 'We begin in debt. I did not get an establishment till I was thirty.'

"26th.—Lady Grey called, but she was not satisfied. You can never please a lady in the portrait of her husband, unless you give him a spice of that expression which won her heart. Then she says it is exactly like him.

"March 1st.—O'Connell sat. Just before he sat Lord Spencer's secretary called. While he was yet with me O'Connell came in his best wig, and looking in great health and vigour. O'Connell has a head of great sentiment and power, but yet cunning. The instant he came in he looked at the picture, and said: 'Ah, there's Stanley, with a smile I never yet saw on his countenance; Melbourne, Graham, Russell; Grey, but too handsome; Althorp, the bitterest enemy of Ireland, but he shall never legislate for her.'

"O'Connell was in great good-humour, and I begged him to give me a history of his early life. He did so immediately; explained their first meeting to consider the grievances of Catholics—their being interrupted by a company of soldiers, etc. etc. The poetical way in which he described the crashing of the muskets on the stones at 'Order arms' was characteristic. I said: 'It is somewhat ungrateful, after getting Emancipation, to turn round and demand Repeal.' 'Not in me,' said O'Connell; 'I always said Repeal would be the consequence of Emancipation, and I always avowed such to be my object.' 'Do you think you will carry it?' 'Not a doubt of it,' said O'Connell. 'If you get Repeal, what will you do?' 'Have an Irish Parliament directly.'

directly.' 'But an Irish Parliament,' said I, 'was always corrupt.' 'Yes,' said he, 'in borough-mongering times; but now there is a constituency. Besides, corrupt as it was, it carried important measures.'

"I then varied the conversation, and told him some Irish stories, which he laughed at and retorted. I told him the highest compliment which was ever paid me was by an Irishman: 'It is a pity that the hand which painted that picture should be ever under the turf.' O'Connell was amazingly pleased. He told me some capital stories. Some great big Irish counsellor said to Curran: 'If you go on so I'll put you in my pocket.' 'By God, if you do,' said Curran, 'you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head.'

"'Upon my word,' I said, 'you take up more time in the House than you ought.' 'We can't help it,' said O'Connell. 'Don't you think the Irish people barbarous?' said I. O'Connell was shaken, and he tried to explain why they were not, but did not succeed. O'Connell spoke of himself with great candour. He said: 'How could the Government expect, after the character and publicity I gained by Emancipation, I could relapse into a poor barrister? Human vanity would not permit it.'

"He was pleased with my portrait, and said if I wished to paint him the size of life he would give me an hour every Saturday. I shall begin him the size of life. I said: 'My room is a curious scene. I paint everybody from Lord Grey to ——' 'The poor radical like me,' said O'Connell. I was going to say, 'Humble committeeman.'

"'How they bore you,' said I, 'in the House about Barrett.' 'Ah,' said O'Connell, with one of his wicked arch smiles, 'Barrett and I understand each other. He makes £1500 or £2000 a year by being my organ.'

"*April 14th.*—Five minutes before two dear Harry died. God bless him.

"This boy was my favourite child. His character was noble, his talents great, he was as quick as lightning.

"His passion for the memory of Napoleon was extraordinary. He had a collection of Napoleon prints—two hundred—which every day after dinner he looked over. He used to stand for hours looking at my Napoleon Musing.

"His organ of destructiveness was large, firmness great and combativeness very large.

"He talked of a charge of cavalry with rapture.

"*18th.*—The death of this beautiful boy has given my mind a blow I shall never effectually recover. I saw him buried to-day, after passing four days sketching his dear head in the coffin—his
beautiful

beautiful head! What a creature! With a brow like an ancient god! His heart was noble, his intellect extraordinary and his sensibility deep and touching, with a figure and form as fine as his beautiful head:

“ ‘ His day without a cloud was passed,
And he was lovely to the last.’ ”

“ 23rd.—Began Cassandra. God bless me through it. Amen.

“ 24th.—Advanced. Saw Lord Grey, and had a very interesting interview. I showed him my sketches to adorn the House of Lords, of a series of subjects to illustrate the best government for mankind. He replied, ‘ They are a fine series; but there is no intention I know of to take down the tapestry, and the House of Commons is in such a temper about expenditure that I could not propose such a thing. For myself I have done as much as I can afford.’ ‘ My Lord, I have no personal object with you individually. Do you think there is any prospect of such a mode of employment for me? Could you undertake to sanction it?’ Lord Grey replied, ‘ I could not.’ He then said, ‘ I have no doubt you would get through them, and do the country honour.’ ”

“ He said: ‘ How does your exhibition go on?’ ‘ Badly, my Lord; I am losing money every day.’ ‘ I am very sorry for it,’ he said. I said: ‘ My Lord, the middle classes do not come.’ Lord Grey mused with an air of anxiety, and then said: ‘ The picture is not liked,’ I said: ‘ My Lord, it is not so: I have never painted a picture more liked by the artists or the visitors.’ ”

“ Lord Melbourne told me it was generally approved.

“ The fact is, the Government is not popular, and the middle classes give this exhibition a political feeling.

“ A respectable tradesman at Charing Cross told me so, as I returned.

“ Here am I again, after nineteen months’ fashion and prosperity, in necessity, with the chance of poverty and ruin! ”

This refers to the picture of the Reform Banquet, which was exhibited towards the end of this month. The agitation of the public mind was too great to allow them to feel interest in pictures; at least this was the cause to which Haydon himself attributed a failure which left him once more in his usual straits.

“ May 2nd, 3rd, 4th.—Hard at work, very much embarrassed about my exhibition. Lord Grey is anxious because it has failed. I am on the borders of ruin.

“ 12th.—Out the whole day on harassing pecuniary matters.

“ It is really lamentable to see the effect of success and failure on people of fashion.

“ Last

"Last year all was hope, exultation and promise with me. My door was beset; my house besieged; my room inundated. It was an absolute fight to get in to see me paint. Ah, that was the curiosity. Well, out came the work; the public felt no curiosity; it failed, and my door is deserted; no horses, no carriages. I said to Edward Ellice, 'I hope they won't let me sink.' 'You may depend,' said he, 'you will not be let sink.' 'We shall see,' said I.

"The morning he and Lord Durham set out for Paris he came to my exhibition, said Lord Grey was not a little pleased and wished me a good month of it. I wrote to him to say it had failed. He says: 'I can give you no advice.' I remind him of our conversation. No reply. I tell him I am sinking. No answer.

"15th.—Hill, member for Hull, called on me, and begged I would be in the lobby of the House at five, as Ewart, member for Liverpool, was to bring on his motion for a committee of inquiry at the Academy, and he would get me under the gallery. I went down. Out came Hill with Ewart. Mr Spring Rice had been spoken to, and had assured him in all probability the Academy would never get into the National Gallery at all. At any rate, they would be tenants-at-will. So he had deferred his motion till next session."

Haydon had by this time begun a new picture, from the Agamemnon of Æschylus, of Cassandra, who at the entrance of the palace of Mycenæ, meets Agamemnon returning victorious from Troy, and prophesies his impending fate.

"June 4th.—Began again at Cassandra, after it had dried a month.

"Now for executions, misery, insult and wretchedness.

"I worked under continual depressions hardly to be borne. Mary is exasperated, what with nursing and harass, till her mind will certainly give in. My dear little infant Georgiana will be the sacrifice. In fact, with such alternations of success and misfortune—first a palace, then a prison—a family can hardly be brought through. God only knows. I have sent a long letter to the Duke of Devonshire. No answer yet. Perhaps it will be thrown among the begging letters. Improved Cassandra.

"7th.—Mary and I in agony of mind. All my Italian books, and some of my best historical designs, are gone to a pawnbroker's. She packed up her best gown and the children's, and I drove away with what cost me £40 and got £4. The state of degradation, humiliation and pain of mind in which I sat in the dingy hell of a backroom is not to be described. The Duke of Bedford had sat in the morning. I was in the House of Lords last night, the companion of princes; to-day in a pawnbroker's parlour.

"Came

" Came home in exhausted spirits, and found £50 from the Duke of Sutherland, for a small commission. Such is life! "

Haydon had, some time before this (as has been recorded), offered himself as a candidate for the Professorship of Design, which it was the design of the Council of the London University to establish. He was informed that his application would be unsuccessful, and withdrew his name from the list of candidates. The design of founding such a Professorship was afterwards abandoned. As usual, Haydon attributed his want of success to the secret influence of the Academy. Meanwhile Cassandra was advancing; and to his great joy, on the 3rd of July, he received a commission to paint it from the Duke of Sutherland, whose timely aid he had not now to acknowledge for the first time.

" *July 5th.*—Began the Cassandra for the Duke of Sutherland. God bless me through it. Amen."

In this month Lord Grey resigned. Haydon had conceived a strong feeling of regard for him during the progress of the Banquet, and he was neither slow nor cold in his expression of it on Lord Grey's retirement from office. I do not conceive, however, that I should be acting judiciously in inserting here any of Haydon's political disquisitions or letters, which at this time are both numerous and long. He was an ardent reformer, in spite of his old high Tory predilections, and the favours he had received from the leaders of the Reform Ministry had strengthened the influences originally derived from the spirit of the time. His political speculations sorely interfered with his painting, and the Journals of last year and this show it in the diminished number of their sketches.

" *July 19th.*—Advanced Cassandra beautifully. The difficulty I have had to fall back into my old habits of study is scarcely to be believed. I was in a perpetual fever for nineteen months—excited by politics, mingling with political characters, regularly attending the House of Lords. I got so mixed up with public affairs that my art was almost forgotten; though all this gave me an insight into the state of the nobility as to Art not to be obtained otherwise.

" *August 8th.*—Out in the morning in great pecuniary anxiety. Advanced in the evening the Cassandra. Wrote Lord F. L. Gower offering him the Birmingham drawings.

" *9th.*—Heard from Lord F. L. Gower, who declined. Worked hard and finished Falstaff and Hal.

" *10th.*—Called on Wilkie; found him at work on Columbus. Wilkie's thin paintings are too apparent. We had an interesting conversation as usual.

" *13th.*

"13th.—Worked hard. Wilkie called, looked interesting and kind. We had a grand consultation about Cassandra. I disapproved of the kneeling figure as too common. I showed the sketch where I had tried the horses alone. He suggested the altar, which I think may do. I'll try to-morrow. We were both pleased to see each other again consulting. It is a pity we ever separated on academical politics. Perhaps we can never be so intimate as we were; though we both seem hankering. He admired my dear eldest daughter, baby and dear Mary, and went away with great amiability.

"16th.—I awoke early. As I lay musing I thought 'Lord Grey leaves Downing Street to-day. It is my duty to go and take a last look.' Lord Grey was at breakfast with Lady Georgina and someone else. Lord Grey shook my hand heartily. I was affected, and as I shook his I thanked him for all his goodness to me. He looked at me, and was touched also, for my voice began to break. I never saw him looking better, fresher or stronger; no longer that horrid, gasping anxiety. I took my leave, and wished him health and happiness. Lord Grey was receiving my adieu as an official thing, but the moment my voice gave evidence of my sensibility I shall never forget the look of his keen eye as he examined my face. I am sure it must have convinced him of my sincere feelings. I shall never see him again there as First Lord. Hail and farewell!

"He has done little for Art. Let us see what I can do now with Lord Melbourne. Lord Grey, with the greatest simplicity, thought he was advancing the art by housing the National Gallery and Royal Academy under one roof. I first shook his belief, but it was too late for any good. They dine together, speechify, cajole and gossip over their wine, and the art is jobbed and ruined.

"29th.—Closed my unfortunate exhibition. Lost £230 by it. God knows if I shall recover this. God protect my dear children. If they should be stopped in their education it will be their ruin.

"The latter part of this month has been passed in harass and disappointment. To-morrow I am threatened with an execution for £18, 6s.; £5 of which is sheer law expenses. I have written the Duke, but if no answer comes to-morrow my ruin will be certain.

I undertook the picture of the Reform Banquet for .	£525
I have lost	£230

"Thus the price is reduced to £295. The city was to have had a copy, which it has not commissioned me to paint, and never will. But for the commission of the Duke of Sutherland I should have

have been crushed. And but for the protection of my Great Protector in all things I shall be crushed yet.

"30th.—Went into the city in great misery, having raised £1, 10s. by pledging valuable studies. Fletcher, the chairman of the city committee, gave me £10 for some sketch he is to call and select. This relieved my mind. I called on my creditor, and begged to pay this £18, 6s. at £5 a week. He referred me to his attorney. I saw the attorney, a humane and worthy young man, who seemed shocked at a man of my fame begging mercy for my family. He promised no execution till he heard, and I came home comparatively happy for this promise, but alas, it will be the same over again on Monday. Time lost, mind jaded, spirit irritated.

"September 2nd.—In the city all the morning, and after some trouble got a severe creditor to wait till the 15th. While I was waiting for a friend who went to him for me the New Post Office flashed in my mind as adapted for Agamemnon's palace. I bought a sixpenny book, and borrowed a pencil of the shopman, and made a sketch: when I came home I rubbed in a new background, which I had been conceiving, and it is a great addition.

"3rd.—The background that the Post Office suggested yesterday is an immense improvement. To-day, after a week of misery, came £100 from the Duke, and £10 from Hill, M.P. for Hull, so that here I am up in key again. I drew for four hours with delight, and got all my figures nearly ready from the naked."

Lord Melbourne being now at the head of the administration, Haydon availed himself of his easy good-humour and accessible habits to urge on him, as he had done on his predecessors for twenty years, the duty of providing public employment for artists. But the charming *insouciance* of Lord Melbourne was worse than the most frigid formality of any of his predecessors. He was always ready to listen when Haydon talked, but as to impressing him with any sense of the importance of the subject! Here is one example, out of many, of these conversations between the pleasant Minister and the passionate painter:

"24th.—Called on Lord Melbourne; was very glad to see him and he me. We had a regular set-to about Art. I went on purpose. I said for twenty-five years I have been at all the Lords of the Treasury without effect. The First Lord who has courage to establish a system for the public encouragement of High Art will be remembered with gratitude by the English people. He said, 'What d'ye want?' '£2000 a year.' 'Ah,' said Lord Melbourne, shaking his head and looking with his arch eyes, 'God help the Minister that meddles with Art.' 'Why, my Lord?' 'He will get the whole Academy on his back.' 'I have

have had them on mine, who am not a minister and a nobleman, and here I am. You say the Government is poor: you voted £10,000 for the Poles, and £20,000 for the Euphrates.' 'I was against £10,000 for the Poles. These things only bring over more refugees,' said Lord Melbourne. 'What about the Euphrates?' 'Why, my Lord, to try if it be navigable, and all the world knows it is not.' Then Lord Melbourne turned round, full of fun, and said, 'Drawing is no use, it is an obstruction to genius. Correggio could not draw, Reynolds could not draw.' 'Ah, my Lord, I see where you have been lately.' Then he rubbed his hands, and laughed again. 'Now, Lord Melbourne,' said I, 'at the bottom of that love of fun you know you have a mine of solid sense. You know the beautiful letter you wrote me. Do let us have a regular conversation. The art will go out.' 'Who is there to paint pictures?' said he. 'Myself, Hilton and Etty.' 'Etty! why he paints old ——,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Well, come on Sunday at eleven.' 'I am going out of town and will put my ideas clearly on paper.' 'Well, Sunday week. Will that do?' 'Yes, my Lord. Now, my dear Lord, do be serious about it.' 'I will,' said he, looking archly grave, with his handsome face, and fine naked neck, for he was just out of his bed, in his dressing-gown. 'Gad, it is something to get him to say he will really listen: he has more sagacity than any of them.

"I said, 'Do you occupy Downing Street?' He said, 'No,' with hesitation. I fancy he fears his lease; but he is a man fond of his leisure and by keeping his house he is out of the way of bore till business hours. Lord Grey was always in it.

"29th.—Altered and improved the composition of Cassandra. My mind has recovered its tone, though that dear boy Harry haunts me and my harassings are really dreadful; yet the lawyers are more disposed to be quiet and to use me well."

A sorry comment on this occurs four pages later, where he has amused himself bitterly by wafering on the leaves a half-dozen of lawyers' letters in various moods of peremptoriness.

"Oct. 6th.—I am convinced long suffering from pecuniary necessity affects the imagination. It magnifies difficulties.

"8th.—Worked hard; advanced Cassandra better. Paid away right and left. Directly after the Duke's letter came with its enclosed cheque, an execution was put in for the taxes. I made the man sit for Cassandra's hand and put on a Persian bracelet. When the broker came for his money he burst out a-laughing. There was the fellow, an old soldier, pointing in the attitude of Cassandra, upright and steady, as if on guard. Lazarus' head was painted just after an arrest; Eucles finished

from a man in possession; the beautiful face in Xenophon in the afternoon after a morning spent in begging mercy of lawyers; and now Cassandra's head was finished in agony not to be described and her hand completed from a broker's man.

"16th.—Good God! I am just returned from the terrific burning of the Houses of Parliament. Mary and I went in a cab, and drove over the bridge. From the bridge it was sublime. We alighted, and went into a room of a public-house, which was full. The feeling among the people was extraordinary—jokes and radicalism universal. If Ministers had heard the shrewd sense and intelligence of these drunken remarks! I hurried Mary away. Good God, and are that throne and tapestry gone with all their associations!

"The comfort is there is now a better prospect of painting a House of Lords. Lord Grey said there was no intention of taking the tapestry down; little did he think how soon it would go."

Here is another of those hopeless struggles with the elasticity of Lord Melbourne:

"19th.—Called on Lord Melbourne, and after a little while was admitted. He looked round with his arch face, and said: 'What now?' as much as to say, 'What the devil are you come about?—Art I suppose.' 'Now, my Lord,' said I, 'I am going to be discreet for the rest of my life, and take you for an example.' I got up, and was eagerly talking away, when he said: 'Sit down.' Down I sat, and continued, 'Do you admit the necessity of State support?' 'I do not,' said he; 'there is private patronage enough to do all that is requisite.' 'That I deny,' I replied, at which he rubbed his hands, and said, 'Ha, ha!' He then went to the glass, and began to comb his hair. I went on: 'My Lord, that's a false view; private patronage has raised the school in all the departments where it could do service, but High Art cannot be advanced by private patronage.' 'But it is not the policy of this country to interfere,' said he. 'Why?' 'Because it is not necessary,' said he. 'You say so, but I'll prove the contrary.' 'Well, let us hear,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Where has Art ever flourished? In Greece, Egypt, Italy. How? By individual patronage. No, my Lord; by the support of the State alone. Has it flourished in any country without it? No. How can your Lordship expect it in this.' He did not reply. 'Ergo,' said I, 'if it has flourished in every country where State patronage accompanied it, and if it has never flourished here, where there has been no State patronage, what is the inference? High Art does not end with itself. It presupposes great knowledge, which influences manufactures, as in France. Why is she superior in manufactures at Lyons? Because by State support she educates youth

youth to design. It came out in committee, and Peel and Hume both acknowledged our general ignorance in design was the reason of our inferiority.'

" 'You say you can't afford it. In Lord Bexley's time the same thing was said, and yet £30,000 was spent to build an ophthalmic hospital; it failed; £5000 was fetched by the sale of the materials, and £4000 voted to Adams for putting out the remaining eyes of the old veterans.' 'No doubt,' said Lord Melbourne, 'a great deal of money has been uselessly spent.' 'I take the excuse of poverty as a nonentity,' I said. He did not reply.

" 'Now, my Lord, Lord Grey said there was no intention of taking down the tapestry. *It's down.* A new House must be built. Painting, sculpture, and architecture must be combined. Here's an opportunity that never can occur again. Burke said it would ultimately rest on a Minister. Have you no ambition to be that man?' He mused but did not reply. 'For God's sake, Lord Melbourne, do not let this slip; for the sake of Art—for your own sake—only say you won't forget Art. I'll undertake it for support during the time I am engaged, because it has been the great object of my life. I have qualified myself for it, and be assured, if High Art sinks, as it is sinking, all Art will go with it.' No reply. 'Depend on my discretion. Not a word shall pass from me; only assure me it is not hopeless.' Lord Melbourne glanced up with his fine eye, looked into me, and said: 'It is not.'

" 'There will be only a temporary building till Parliament meets. There's time enough.

" 20th.—Out to battle with lawyers; pawned all my Birmingham studies for £5, and my lay-figures for £4. This was a great help. I was able to pay off balances. I received £120 a week ago, and it's all gone.

" 'If the Duke had not been so kind, God only knows what I should have done.

" November 7th.—All day at the background. Backgrounds are very serious affairs. The old masters put as little interest as possible into the background. Nothing but what would set off and never interfere with the foreground. Now in the Agamemnon victory and welcome from his people should be apparent, contrasted with the evil impending, and the inspired threatenings of Cassandra; and yet any mark of triumph in the streets, such as tapestry, people huzzaing, etc. etc., seems to overpower the interest in front instead of adding to it.

" 9th.—Sent down in the morning to know if Lord Melbourne could see me. He sent me back word he would receive me at one. At one I called and saw him. The following dialogue ensued:

ensued: 'Well, my Lord, have you seen my petition to you?' 'I have.' 'Have you read it?' 'Yes.' 'Well, what do you say to it?' He affected to be occupied, and to read a letter. I said: 'What answer does your Lordship give? What argument or refutation have you?' 'Why, we do not mean to have pictures. We mean to have a building with all the simplicity of the ancients.' 'Well, my Lord, what public building of the ancients will you point out without pictures? I fear, Lord Melbourne, since I first saw you, you are corrupted. You meet Academicians at Holland House. I am sure you do.' He looked archly at me and rubbed his hands. 'I do. I meet Calcott. He is a good fellow.' 'Good enough: but an Academician.' 'Ha, ha,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Now, my Lord, do be serious.' 'Well, I am: Calcott says he disapproves of the system of patrons taking up young men to the injury of the old ones; giving them two or three commissions and letting them die in a workhouse.' 'But if young men are never to be taken up how are they to become known? But to return. Look at Guizot. He ordered four great pictures to commemorate the barricades for the government. Why will not the Government do that here? What is the reason, Lord Melbourne, that no English Minister is aware of the importance of Art to the manufactures and wealth of the country? I will tell you, my Lord; you want tutors at the universities'—I was going on talking eagerly with my hand up. At that moment the door opened and in stalked Lord Brougham. He held out his two fingers and said: 'How d'ye do, Mr Haydon?' While I stood looking staggered, Lord Melbourne glanced at me and said: 'I wish you good morning.' I bowed to both and took my leave.

"I cannot make out Lord Melbourne, but I fear he is as insincere as the rest. The influence behind the curtain is always at work, and if he meets Academicians at Holland House, their art playing on his comparative ignorance chills him.

"The first great opportunity was the million voted for the new churches. I appealed to Vansittart. It came to nothing, though Lord Farnborough really exerted himself. This is the next—the new Houses of Parliament—and yet this will end in smoke too. The soil is bad, uncultivated.

"11th.—Hardish at work; but no letter from the Duke to-day. Obligated to go out, in the middle of my dear delightful work, to see, argue, and battle with lawyers. Came home in misery and put in the drapery of Electra.

"12th.—Harassed; threatened with executions; Mary rushed away to an old friend and got £6. I was obliged to take down my five best engravings, rubbed out all the names, and got £5 more.

more. Mary packed up everything she could spare, and we raised £3,10s. on £40 worth of things.

"15th.—Let this day stand blessed in the calendar; the 'dear Duke'¹ (as the ladies call Wellington) has behaved like a hero. I have tried his patience, but it was for his sake. God bless him and the Duchess, not forgetting me and Mary."

This month Lord Melbourne followed Lord Grey, and with him, for the present, went Haydon's hopes of State encouragement for High Art.

"18th.—Spent the whole day in Lord Grey's room, Downing Street, sketching every article for the picture of A Statesman's Fireside. Lord Melbourne returned no more. Lord Grey's furniture was moving. I mused about the room with deep feeling. There he sat the morning after the banquet. There I shook hands with him and Lord Althorp. I recalled conversations I shall never forget, and feelings I am proud of. The Duke takes possession to-morrow. How exactly it has turned out as I prophesied in letters during the Reform contest: 'Let the Whigs beware an eagle on the watch does not pounce in and carry off the laurel due to them.'

"I think I had now better conclude my political career, and for the remainder of my life stick to my art.

"28th.—Called on Lord Melbourne and found him as hearty as ever. We had a set-to about Art. He advised me to try Peel, which I shall do. He would not open his lips about politics. Lord Melbourne said he had talked to several artists about a vote of money, and they all said it had better be let alone. 'Who?' said I. 'Portrait painters in opulence. Why do you not give me an opportunity to meet these fellows? The fact is,' said I, 'you are corrupted, you know you are, since I first talked to you. Calcott after dinner at Lord Holland's has corrupted you, sneered you out of your right feelings over your wine.' He acknowledged there was a great deal of truth in this, and laughed heartily.

"He advised me to attack Peel, and told me how to proceed to get a sum in the estimates. This is exactly Lord Melbourne. He has no nerve himself; he seemed ashamed, and now, willing not to lose some of the credit, pushes me off on Peel. We shall see.

"31st.—Last day of 1834. Thank God I have got up to it, and Cassandra is done except two trifles, which I hope to accomplish before night. I shall review the year before twelve at night, and pray in, as I always do, the new year 1835. Now to work.

¹ The Duke of Sutherland, who had advanced the balance of the price of Cassandra.

"Worked

“Worked and completed Cassandra.

“Mary and I have endured this year great anxieties. The failure of Lord Grey’s picture, and the rapid dispersion of the 400 guineas from the Duke of Sutherland’s commission, to save ourselves from the bitter failure and loss, shook us horribly. I applied myself vigorously, finished Cassandra, trusted in God for subsistence, and up to this hour, this last hour of 1834, have had it most miraculously.”

1835

Haydon inaugurated this year with a picture of Achilles revealing his Sex at the court of Lycomedes, by his sudden forsaking of womanly ornaments for arms. But he was soon compelled to quit a large and heroic subject for smaller and more saleable works. His necessities this whole year through were severe; and embarrassments, continually accumulating, were met by every expedient that urgent wants and sanguine hopes could suggest. The year was one of keen political excitement. The Peel Ministry resigned, and the Whigs returned to power under Lord Melbourne. The burning of the Houses of Parliament the year before had given an opening for hope that some arrangement for Art-decoration might be made in the new building, and provision for this was urgently pressed on the Ministry by Haydon in and out of season.

The appointment of Mr Ewart’s select committee of inquiry into the means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design, including an inquiry into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it (the appointment of which may be attributed in a considerable degree to Haydon), afforded him an opportunity he had long sought of impressing his views on Parliament and the people. But these prospects and hopes were dimmed by the loss of one of his children, and his anxieties were not lessened by the birth of another.

“*January 6th.*¹—A pupil of David spent the evening with me. David said a good thing to him, ‘When you cease to struggle, you are done for.’ This is more like Napoleon.

“At the Polish ball the Lord Mayor (who squints) said to Lady Douglas, ‘Which do you prefer, my Lady, Gog or Magog?’ ‘Of the *three*,’ she replied, ‘your Lordship.’

“Rubbed in Milton and his daughter selling ‘Paradise Lost,’

¹ The 21st volume of the Journals begins with this year, with the motto, “A man shall not be established by wickedness, but the root of the righteous shall not be moved. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.”

and Eloïse and Abelard at their studies. Preparing for the year's work.

"The people are in a dreadful condition; the excitement beyond all belief. I have not stirred from my painting-room. I hate to have my mind disturbed. The Tories say the people must go through a crisis. It is their obstinacy which has produced it.

"7th.—Rubbed in two new subjects—Milton at his Organ, dear Mary at her Glass. Saw Lady Blessington to borrow an armlet.

"10th.—Read Mignet's *History of the Revolution*. Extraordinary that all the murders of the French Revolution were perpetrated according to law, and on an abstract principle of virtue. '*La terreur sans vertu est une crime : la vertu sans terreur est une faiblesse,*' said Robespierre.

"16th.—In the city on business; much harassed in money matters.

"17th.—Rubbed in Samson and Dalilah.

"Raced the town to raise money. Got a commission to paint the Duke on the field of Waterloo, from Boys, the printseller. Sentiment with the Duke won't do.

" ' 4, Burwood Place, January 19th, 1835.

" ' May it please your Grace,

" ' To permit me to intrude a moment, and to inform your Grace, with your leave, that I have received a commission to paint your Grace musing on the field of Waterloo, to be engraved as a pendant to the picture I had the honour to paint for Sir Robert Peel, of Napoleon musing at St Helena—conqueror and captive.

" ' 1st. May I presume to ask your Grace to give me leave to make a chalk-sketch of your sword and dress, such as you wore at Waterloo under your cloak ?

" ' 2nd. Would there be any hope of being allowed to attend your Grace for half an hour, and make a rapid sketch of your Grace's figure, at any time, early or late ?

" ' I acknowledge to your Grace I approach you with every delicacy, and prepared to withdraw with every apology, should this intrusion, considering my feelings as a conservative Reformer and Whig, be considered unwarrantable or impertinent. But as I never scrupled to express my enthusiasm for your genius to any party, I anticipate your pardon, even if your Grace refuses consent.

" ' With the same respect as dictated my letter to your Grace when you relinquished the Government in 1830,

" ' I remain,

" ' Your Grace's faithful servant,

" ' B. R. HAYDON.

" ' To his Grace the Duke of Wellington, etc.' "

" ' The

“ ‘The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has received his note.

“ ‘The Duke hopes Mr Haydon will excuse him, but he really has not leisure at present to sit for a picture.

“ ‘London, March 22nd, 1835.’ ”

“ 31st.—All of a sudden yesterday a new conception of the Duke burst into my head. I took up a canvas and in two hours dashed in the best conception by far, the one that shall be engraved. Wrote a strong letter to the *Times* on the National Gallery.

“The month ends, and I have worked well. I have had comparative peace. I consider it a good beginning to have had an order connected with Wellington. The next month begins to-morrow, and a dreadful pecuniary want I anticipate; but my old fire is revived. I have begun again on public encouragement, and again will I be in the thick of the fight. I trust for extrication and salvation to that Being to whom I have always trusted, and feel confident I shall not trust in vain.

“ *February 1st.*—Sunday. Called on Lord Melbourne. He was lounging over the *Edinburgh Review*. He began instantly, ‘Why, here are a set of fellows who want public money for scientific purposes, as well as you for painting; they are a set of ragamuffins.’ ‘That’s the way,’ said I; ‘nobody has any right to public money but those who are brought up to politics. Are not painting and science as much matter of public benefit as political jobbing? You never look upon us as equals; but any scamp who trades in politics is looked on as a companion for my Lord.’ ‘That is not true,’ said he. ‘I say it is,’ said I; and he then roared with laughter, and rubbed his hands.

“He had been to Woburn, where he had met Chantrey and Landseer; I could not get him to touch on politics. ‘Lord Melbourne, will you make me a promise?’ ‘What is that?’ ‘Pass your word to get a vote of money for Art, if you are premier again.’ Not a word.

“No old politician ever speaks on politics so as to give you a notion of what is going on.

“After chatting a good while about everything, I bid him good-bye.

“ 3rd.—At the Duke’s, and sketched the cloak he wore at Waterloo, the coat, plain hat, etc. To-morrow they are to be sent to me. The contrast of his house with Lord Grey’s was extraordinary. I was shown into a waiting parlour full of pistols and muskets. All about Lord Grey was anti-military, while everything seems to be martial about the Duke.

“Mugford

"Mugford, his steward, told me the Duke had given him the cloak, and God only knew where the hat was. Is this simplicity, absence of vanity or want of sentiment in the Duke? Napoleon dwelt on, often looked at and left to his son the coat he wore at Marengo and the sword of Austerlitz.

"9th.—Worked unsatisfactorily. The Duke lent me his hat, belt and coat."

Unluckily Haydon wrote to thank him for his kindness.

This, it appears from the next letter, was rather a mistake.

"London, February 7th, 1835.

"Sir,

"I received last night your letter of the 6th, in which you inform me that you had applied to and obtained from my servant one of my coats, and that you had painted a picture of me which you wished me to see, and which was ready for the engraver.

"You wrote to me on the 19th January to inform me that you had received a commission to paint a picture of me. I told you in answer that I had not time to sit for a picture. You then wrote to desire that I would order my servant to let you see my coat, etc., to which letter I gave no answer.

"You thought proper, however, to go to my servant, and procure from him one of my coats, etc., without any order or consent on my part, and you now come to me to desire me to inspect the picture before it goes to the engraver.

"I have no objection to any gentleman painting any picture of me that he may think proper; but if I am to have anything to say to the picture, either in the way of sitting or sending a dress, or in any other manner, I consider myself, and shall be considered by others, as responsible for it.

"I must say that I by no means approve of the subject of the picture which you have undertaken to paint. Paint it, if you please, but I will have nothing to say to it.

"To paint the Emperor Napoleon on the rock of St Helena is quite a different thing from painting me on the field of battle of Waterloo. The Emperor Napoleon did not consent to be painted. But I am to be supposed to consent; and moreover, I on the field of battle of Waterloo am not exactly in the situation in which Napoleon stood on the rock of St Helena.

"But a painter should be a historian, a philosopher, a politician, as well as a poet and a man of taste.

"Now if you will consider the subject of the picture to which you desire me to be a party in the year 1835, in any one of these characters, you will see full reason why you should not choose that subject; and why I should not consent to be a party to the picture.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

Haydon

Haydon wrote at once to explain the impression he had been under that it was with the Duke's permission that the valet had furnished the clothes, and afterwards sent this letter in addition :

“ London, February 8th, 1835.

“ My Lord Duke,

“ Having, I hope, exculpated myself from the accusation of going to your servant, contrary to your wishes, to obtain, by tampering with him, what your Grace objected to grant, though I was ignorant of such objection, may I now venture to reply to the latter part of your letter ?

“ Your Grace says ‘ a painter should be a philosopher, a historian, a politician, a poet and a man of taste.’

“ It really appears to me, your Grace, that imagining a great general visiting the field of his greatest battle after many years is both natural and poetical ; that the musings that must occur to him there would be philosophical ; and though it would not be strictly historical if it had not happened, yet there is surely no bad taste in contrasting the conqueror with the vanquished, or in showing the one in his deserved desolation, and the other in his deserved triumph.

“ ‘ I on the field of Waterloo am not exactly in the same situation as Napoleon on the rock of St Helena,’ your Grace adds. Certainly, I reply. It is because your Grace is in a different situation, that I glory in placing you there, and that the public and the army will glory in seeing you there.

“ With respect to the subject, it occurred to me at the time I painted Sir Robert Peel's picture of Napoleon. I had always resolved to do my best to honour, as far as my pencil could honour, that man who dared in face of the world to break the chain of an imagined invincibility, who returned to his own country encircled by a splendour of fame which will last as long as the earth he inhabits, who came back from the command of a victorious army a simple citizen, subjecting himself to the same laws and paying allegiance to the same sovereign as the humblest individual in the land he saved.

“ Ah, your Grace, you were wanted, and your genius had full scope, because you were necessary ; but it is not impossible to imagine a genius in another way, who loves his country with equal devotion and feels equally conscious of being able to honour it, but whose talents are not in demand and who is only aware of the extent of his power from the torture of suppression, who passes his life in vain aspirations for opportunities which will never be granted him, and who will go out of the world pitied, disappointed and ruined.

“ With respect to the immediate facts connected with the commission alluded to, they are as follows :—

“ It was accidentally proposed by a printseller who had purchased the copyright of Napoleon that I should paint your Grace at Waterloo. I naturally seized the order with avidity,
for

for I was totally without employment. Your Grace cannot blame me for this, when I tell you I have six children, one a midshipman in the *Wolf*, Captain Stanley, one a scholar at Wadham College, Oxford, and four at home, and that, as Johnson said, I have still to provide for the day that is passing over me. Your Grace cannot wonder then that I was ready to do what I conceived would honour you, as well as provide subsistence for my family, at least for a month more.

"Two-thirds of the purchase-money was paid; so that there is no method of stopping publication, but by purchasing the picture of them and the copyright, and this it is not worth your Grace's while to do.

"With respect to the large picture which I have begun and prepared for completion, the same size as Sir Robert Peel's Napoleon, which is entirely my own property, that, *now* I know your feelings, I pass your Grace my word of honour to proceed with no further without your leave, and to obliterate it without delay if you desire it.

"I trust, therefore, I shall now regain your opinion as a gentleman, and remain.

"Your Grace's admirer and servant,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"His Grace the Duke of Wellington, etc."

"London, February 9th, 1835.

"Sir,

"I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 8th inst. In the letter which I wrote to you on Saturday I stated my reason for disapproving of your having applied to my servant for my clothes without my previous consent.

"The same reason still exists. I am not and cannot be a party to or an encourager of the picture which you are painting of me. Do as you please with it. But I have nothing to say to it.

"There can be no doubt that your communication with my servants, without my previous permission, was not regular. I cannot say otherwise.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"I wrote his Grace, saying, I admitted it was not regular, but that I certainly had an impression the clothes could never have come to me but through his leave; that my thanking him for them was an evidence of my belief, and that he never could have known I had them if I had not informed him; that I had destroyed the large picture, and should destroy the small one if the purchaser was disposed to accede. To this I received the following answer:

"London

“ ‘ London, February 11th, 1835.

“ ‘ Sir,

“ ‘ I have already told you that I have not the smallest objection to your painting and engraving a picture of me in any way you please, and in any costume. It is impossible for me to have any feeling on the subject, provided that it is clearly understood that I am no party to the picture.

“ ‘ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ ‘ Your most obedient, humble servant,

“ ‘ WELLINGTON.’ ”

“ 12th.—Worked hard. At the first dawn of morning had a flash of an Imperial Guard musing at Waterloo, as a fitter companion for Napoleon. Finished it over the Duke! This is the first time an Imperial Guard extinguished the Duke.”

The result of this correspondence, so characteristic on both sides, was that the publication of the print was arrested for the time.

“ 14th.—Out whole day; very much harassed; sold the Imperial Guard to Ackerman for £31, 10s. Came home relieved. To work Monday, but still harassed. Thanks to God for this relief!

“ 21st.—These times are serious indeed. Never were political feelings deeper, more determined, or more threatening. Literature and Art will be sacrificed. I can get nobody to think of Art, and the question, which was becoming one of great interest, is going out entirely. Individually my standing in society is decidedly improved. But my want of employment is as great as ever. I feel inspired, elevated in divine God! I feel internally in communication with the Deity, as if he were near, nearer than ever, as if I were sure of support, though in trial.

“ God! What can these mysterious struggles mean? Why, if gifted with high power in my art, is it always to be developed by trouble and want? Even now, I begin the day with only one sovereign in the world, and must send some sketches to the pawnbroker for existence. I wrote to Lord Melbourne and offered him a study of himself for ten guineas. No reply.

“ 26th.—Began Lord Grey Musing. Worked sottishly, stupidly, inefficiently, leadenly.

“ 27th.—Went to the city in a state of misery not to be expressed. Called on Moon, the printseller. I told him of my dreadful situation. He is to call this day. I had written to Lord Egerton, offering to paint the fire of the Houses of Parliament for £50. He answered he had not room for pictures, and sent twenty guineas. Horrid work, this perpetual charitable assistance. This is only additional evidence of what I have always said:

said: when a house is full of old works there is no room for existing talent. Came home in better spirits. Went to Lady Blessington's in the evening.

"Everybody goes to Lady Blessington's. She has the first news of everything, and everybody seems delighted to tell her. No woman will be more missed. She is the centre of more talent and gaiety than any other woman of fashion in London.

"*March 1st.*—Called on Lord Melbourne, and found him reading the Acts, with a quarto Greek Testament that belonged to Samuel Johnson, given to him by Lady Spencer.

"'Is not the world, Lord Melbourne, an evidence of perpetual struggle to remedy a defect?' 'Certainly,' he mused out. 'If, as Milton says, we were sufficient to have stood, why did we fall?' Lord Melbourne rose bolt up, and replied, 'Ah, that's touching on all our apprehensions.'

"We then swerved to Art. He advised me not to petition before Ewart's motion. He advised me to see Ewart and judge of his character. I told him that all the Ministers began with enthusiasm and ended by doubt, because they first saw the propriety of my propositions, and then asked advice of the Academy, who, perfectly contented with their monopoly and emolument, denied the necessity of State support.

"*4th.*—Nearly finished the Duke of Sutherland's small Napoleon.

"*5th.*—Idle. Went to Hamilton to consult about this Committee for the building of the Lords. Called on Hume, who was knocked up a-bed.

"*6th.*—Called on dear Hamilton. Carried him the petition,¹

¹ The following is the petition addressed by Haydon to the Commons' and Lords' Building Committee, which was presented by Lord Morpeth:

"The humble petition of B. R. Haydon, historical painter, to the Right Hon. the Chairman and Committee of the House of Commons' and Lords' Building Committee,

"Showeth,—1. That it is now nineteen years since, at the period of the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, the committee appointed to make that arrangement concluded the report upon the subject by recommending to the attention of the Legislature the great advantage which had accrued to painting and sculpture in so small a state as Attica by the patronage of the government.

"2. That though indisputable talent has been developed in painting by very liberal though private patronage in England, of those branches which private patronage can advance, viz. portrait, peasant-life, landscape, sea views, animal painting, and still life; yet in historical painting enough has not yet been done, either by painters or by the State, to establish the character of Great Britain in the opinion of foreign nations as a historical school: this cannot be attributed to any deficiency of genius, because great excellence has occasionally been shown in individual and insulated works, but solely because there was no adequate space and

and we laid our heads together, to improve it. He suggested a great improvement. I went to Halket's and wrote a fair copy. Drove to the House. The Building Committee were sitting. I sent it in to the chairman, Lord Granville Somerset, and prayed for success. God grant it! Thou knowest I have never given in.

"7th.—Finished the Duke of Sutherland's Napoleon. Called on Hamilton, who advised me to send a copy of the petition to the Duke of Wellington, which I did.

"I am most anxious about this matter, because it really is the climax of my efforts, to obtain which I have staid in England, neglected to go to Italy and devoted my whole life to the accomplishment of this great national object. If the Committee, Lords or Commons, if the Duke take it up, it will go on. God only knows. The misery is, the art is considered but as an embellishment—a sort of gilding—nothing more.

"9th.—No answer. Went into the city for money. Came back disappointed.

"Rubbed in a grand subject—Orestes hesitating to murder Clytemnestra—ghost of Agamemnon.

"11th.—Advanced Lord Grey Musing. It will make an

or existing necessity, it is supposed, to justify the State in affording that encouragement by which alone in foreign countries those who attained eminence have been always supported.

"3. That it appears to your petitioner that the obligation to rebuild the two Houses of Parliament will at last give to the Legislature or to the Government the most favourable opportunity of developing the acknowledged talent now in England, by State employment.

"4. That if spaces were assigned in the old House of Lords for designs in tapestry to commemorate a great national triumph, no just reason can now be given why equal spaces should not be left in the new House for the commemoration by painting of other national triumphs equally important.

"5. That your petitioner has no personal object in thus intruding himself on your notice, having for thirty years of an anxious life given public evidence of being always more animated by a love for his country's honour, than by any desire for gain or emolument; but there can be no dereliction of principle in respectfully saying he is ready at a moment's notice to lay a series of designs before your right honourable Committee, to illustrate the superiority of the British Constitution, as a fit ornament for a British senate-house: and he is equally ready, if others are considered more worthy, to contribute his support in helping to execute their designs; his anxious desire being principally to get the principle acknowledged and acted on, and to direct the attention of the Committee to the value of the great opportunity thus placed within their reach, and to urge them to consider the vast benefits which may accrue to the arts and manufactures of this country, if this favourable moment be seized for the encouragement of historical painting, which has been so long, so ardently and so helplessly expected, during the last century, by all the greatest men in the nation.

"6. That as the House has with the greatest liberality spent a vast interesting

interesting thing. Exceedingly distressed in mind on money wants. Wrote to the Duke of Devonshire."

Haydon had painted at this time a small picture of Napoleon at St Helena for the Duke of Sutherland. Just after the picture arrived at the Duke's, who should enter the room where it was placed, previously to being hung up, but Lucien Buonaparte! The Duke, who was there at the time, told Haydon that he had just time to turn the picture to the wall.

"18th.—Hard at work and completed my little picture of a Statesman musing after a Day's Fag.

"Cassandra much liked. One of the papers said the 'Veteran Haydon.' This is the first step towards the grave. By and by, 'Old Haydon'; then 'Poor old Haydon.'

"20th.—Rubbed in Mr Cowper, and Mrs Leicester Stanhope, from a *tableau vivant* I saw at her house, as a Scotch girl and lover; very pretty.

"23rd.—Saw Ewart, and had a long conversation previous to the motion for a Committee. He is a sensible man, and regulated my enthusiasm. The difficulties are great, but he will do it.

"25th.—My trials are severe, yet I trust in God with all my sum, viz. £153,000, in procuring the finest examples to guide the native artists, as follows, viz.:

"Townley marbles	£20,000
"Elgin marbles	35,000
"Phygalieian marbles	19,000
"Angerstein pictures	58,000
"A Titian, Poussin, and Coreggio	10,000
"Lord Londonderry's Coreggios	11,000

£153,000

surely something might now be done to reward those whose works have proved these examples were not afforded in vain.

"7. That the memorials of former times, which a few months ago received their last blow, and are now lost for ever, testified that even in the middle ages the Sovereigns of this country gave large and liberal encouragement to historical painting; for the walls of St Stephen's Chapel, and the Painted Chamber, were evidences of the conviction entertained that it was to the interest and honour of the State it should be fostered at that time.

"8. That your petitioner begs to conclude by appealing to your right honourable Committee, whether it will not be subject of regret to the future historian if an age so far advanced in knowledge, and so distinguished in talent, as the present, should prove itself less sensible of the great value of history-painting than one so remote and comparatively uncivilised as those of Henry III., when the two Houses of Parliament would certainly not have been rebuilt without the embellishment of historical painting.

"And your petitioner will ever pray,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"London, March 6.

"4 Burwood Place, Connaught Terrace."

heart;

heart; and if I had really begun a picture all would be right, for mind in artists preys upon itself. *Nous verrons demain matin.*

"28th.—Took my dear little Georgy—beautiful little creature—to Sir Charles Clarke; was there all the morning. Then called on Lord Grey, who was looking well. He is going to put the Banquet in the dining-room, which will do me good. Then came home and made a drawing for the Achilles; appointed a model for Monday; but so many pecuniary anxieties will accrue next week, I dread to think of the loss of time.

"O God! what £50 would do! Float me entirely in, and lay the foundation again of triumph.

"I was obliged to take out five heads—dear Harry's¹ collection of Napoleons—and pawn them for £7; and now, Saturday, I am reduced to £1, 15s., with a dear infant ill, and bills to meet next week to the amount of £50. Good heavens! But I despair not. Oh, no! I shall be relieved. Began Achilles again, which I wish I had never left for trifles. God bless me through it, as He has always blessed me through all my works, in spite of every misery.

"29th.—Drank wine with my old friend Billy,² the dearest friend I ever had, and went in the evening to Lady Blessington's. She described Lord Abercorn's conduct at the Priory. She said it was the most singular place on earth. The moment anybody became celebrated they were invited. He had a great delight in seeing handsome women. Everybody handsome he made Lady Abercorn invite; and all the guests shot, hunted, rode, or did what they liked, provided they never spoke to Lord Abercorn except at table. If they met him they were to take no notice.

"At this time Thaddeus of Warsaw was making a noise. 'Gad,' said Lord Abercorn, 'we must have these Porters. Write, my dear Lady Abercorn.' She wrote. An answer came from Jane Porter that they could not afford the expense of travelling. A cheque was sent. They arrived. Lord Abercorn peeped at them as they came through the hall, and running by the private staircase to Lady Abercorn exclaimed: 'Witches, my lady! I must be off,' and immediately started post, and remained away till they were gone.

"April 4th.—At work at the Achilles. I omitted to subscribe to Soane's tribute. I wrote to tell him I was too poor. He enclosed me directly a cheque for £10, for which I shall give him a share.³ He ought not to have done so, and I ought not to have accepted it."

On the 8th of this month the Peel and Wellington Cabinet resigned.

¹ His dead boy.

² Newton, his landlord—a Phoenix of a man.

³ In his picture of Xenophon.

"*May 1st.*—Hard at work, and nearly completed We are a ruined Nation. Being obliged to put in a couple of portraits spoils it; but to such hard uses does necessity drive one. Lord Grey's help to-day has secured me from immediate ruin, and under the blessing of Providence I will get through. On Monday I return to Achilles. There, there only, is my energy fixed.

"*7th.*—I painted a sirloin yesterday on John Bull's table in style. Finished the Old Tory."

This refers to a capital humorous picture of a lusty John Bull at breakfast, surrounded with every luxury, and proclaiming the ruin of the country.

"*June 1st.*—Anxious the whole day about my dearest Georgy. Sir Charles Clarke came and said she ought to do well. She looked like a suffering and prostrate lily. We had her baptised in case of the worst.

"*5th.*—Dearest Georgy will die like the last three from suffusion of the brain—a dreadful disease. As I watched her to-night in her convulsions, her beautiful head had a look of power and grief no one could forget. It's dreadful work. I tried to sketch her dear head, but could not. The look was of another world, as if she saw sights we could not see and heard sounds unfit for our mortality. Sweet innocent.

"*7th.*—My dearest Georgy died to-day at ten minutes before six.

"*14th.*—I have no employment. My landlord allows me to pay off my debt to him by Achilles, and allows me £5, 5s. a week for five months to do it in.

"*17th.*—Called on Ridley Colborne and had a conversation. It is extraordinary how ingenious men are to find excuses for the errors of power, and how very ready they are to join the hue and cry against unsupported opposers of it.

"Ridley Colborne put forth all the most commonplace truisms with the gravest oratorical assumption, in answer to my questions. At last I said: 'Will you vote for the Committee?' He drew in and said: 'I make no promise.'

"The fact is the aristocracy are determined to carry the Academy through. The Academy is a necessary appendage to the spring fashions, and people of fashion can no more do without it than they can do without their valets or ladies' maids.

"*22nd.*—Excessively distressed. No employment but my landlord's charity. The Session is passing. The Academy has advanced in power. They will get into the National Gallery and laugh at the country.

" 23rd.—Visited the tomb of my dear children.¹ I hope I shall be able to leave something to keep it in order.

" 24th.—Opened the Bible in an agony of despairing thought. Hit at once on the following passage:

" "I will go before thee, and make the crooked paths straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut asunder the bars of iron." Isaiah, chap. xlv., v. 2.

" A passage like this sent me through Macbeth in the middle of way, when my father left me.

" (Note. *October 30th.*—It sent me through Achilles, then painting, and will support me while I live.)

" *July 14th.*—I tried an experiment in 1830. I wrote to Sir Robert Peel I was in prison, and begged his protection of my family from the brutal tax-collector. He wrote to the Treasury instantly, and orders were issued to the collector to wait. As soon as I returned to my family I kept my word with Sir Robert, and paid up all my arrears.

" Now I am in such necessity I cannot pay up my arrears and register myself. I have written Charles Wood, and told him about Peel, and asked him to help me with £17, and I will repay him it £5 at a time. We shall see. This will be a fair specimen, and I'll bet five to one Wood refuses.

" They may say what they like of Peel; he has a good, a tender and a feeling heart.

" 14th.—Hard at work. Wrote the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Morpeth and Hume for help to pay my taxes. Not a sixpence from either, I'll bet.

" 15th.—Lord Morpeth helped me."

At this time, to Haydon's great triumph, Mr Ewart obtained his Select Committee "to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design among the people (especially among the manufacturing population) of the country; and also to inquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it." Haydon's unceasing efforts had no little share in producing this result, and the triumph he expresses about it is natural. To aid the promoters of the inquiry, he wrote letters to the newspapers, and determined on giving lectures at the London Mechanics' Institute, under the auspices of Dr Birkbeck.

" 18th.—Hard at work, and finished another little picture of We are a ruined Nation.

" 20th.—I lecture at the Mechanics' Institute. It is quite an experiment. God support me. I hope I shall get through. As to matter I am quite sure; but self-possession in face of a multitude is different from self-possession in a study.

¹ In Paddington new churchyard.

" 22nd.—Finished Achilles, thanks to God! Began it April 1st. Painted three weeks on other things. Two weeks idling, *i.e.* not painting, but not idleness of mind.

" At half-past nine my dearest Mary presented me with a boy. Shall I call the dog B. R. Haydon?

" 26th.—Began Christ raising the Widow's Son. God bless my commencement, progression and concluding, and the same protection and courage to conquer difficulties as He has ever granted, and render this picture as well as Achilles beneficial to my dear landlord, Newton, for whom, and to pay off whom, they are painted. Amen, with all my soul.

" 29th.—Such was my necessity last Saturday I was obliged to take down all my drawings in the parlour while Mary was actually in labour-pains, and raise money. But I shall carry my great object, and, glorious creature, she will suffer anything rather than that I should fail.

" Made another sketch of another conception, and a much finer one. I painted it in one continual agony. I was threatened with an execution, and expected at every knock to see the man enter. Heart-breaking apprehensions seized me at intervals of thought, but I got through, something constantly saying, 'Work away and trust in God.' I did so, and succeeded.

" Sept. 8th.—Worked hard, and brought on my picture to a resting-point. This evening, at last, I lectured¹ at the Mechanics' Institute. After all my humiliations it was at first a rather nervous affair. The audience paid me keen and intense attention, and ultimately were enthusiastic. One man said my delivery was perfect; another, who was deaf, said my delivery was the only thing wanting. Dr Birkbeck said, as we went out, 'You have got 'em: it is a hit'; and I think it was. I laid down principles which must reform English Art, and I had an audience who gloriously comprehended them.

" 26th.—The agony of my necessities is really dreadful. For this year I have principally supported myself by the help of my landlord, and by pawning everything of any value I have left, until at last it is come to my clothes, a thing in all my wants I never did before. I literally to-day sent out my dinner suit, which cost £10, and got £2, 15s. on it for to-night's necessities. Oh, it is dreadful beyond expression! I could not go to dearest Mary and ask her for her little jewelries; but I am now, if invited to dinner, without a dress to dine in.

" I finished the feet of the widow's son capitally, and if I can complete the hand left I shall have done the picture; but these wants press hard indeed. 'Great is the glory, for the strife is hard.'

¹ This was the first of the published lectures.

" Painted

"Painted all day, but in great anxiety.

"28th.—Lay awake in misery. Threatened on all sides. Feared the dreadful effect on my dear Mary. Doubtful whether to apply to the Insolvent Court to protect me, or let ruin come. Wrote to Lord Spencer and Mr Harman in a state not to be understood. Improved the picture, and not having a shilling sent a pair of my spectacles, and got 5s. for the day.

"29th.—Sent the tea-urn off the table, and got 10s. for the day. Shall call my creditors together. In God I trust.

"30th.—My worthy landlord called, and I told him my horrid condition. He behaved well, but was hurt I had not told him before. Painted after he was gone, but in a harassed state not to be described. To-morrow is the meeting: God enlighten them! I go to sleep something like a culprit in Newgate, who expects to be awakened by the execution bell. God protect us! Let me get out of debt this time; if ever I get in again punish me.

"October 1st.—Harass, threats, harass. Worked hard and finished the drapery.

"2nd.—Harassed. Awoke at two with heated consciousness of approaching ruin. Listened if dear Mary was ill; all dead silent. The children expect something, and are nervous. The servants lag. What an instinct there is in a house. The creditors met last night. Some got up in the midst of examining my statements to look at my picture of the Widow's Son. A little, fat, worthy fellow said, 'Just returned to life; yes, indeed, beautiful!' All that came granted me time.

"3rd.—Out all day to see creditors. One at Margate, one in Devonshire, and so forth. Came home, tired and irritable. By way of a comfort, served with a writ in the evening by a fellow (who would not come to the meeting) for books. Hail Sunday—solace of the dray-horse and the debtor—Hail!

"5th.—Out with my dear landlord, and quieted two important creditors. As a proof of this man's innate goodness of heart, he said as we went along, 'I hope I shall get you through.' Came home and looked at my picture in sorrow. Nothing Saturday or Monday.

"6th.—Worked hard, and finished the widow's son.

"7th.—Out and got another creditor to sign till June, 1836. Came home exceedingly tired, and fell asleep from sheer want of repose, as if my brain was in a stupor.

"8th.—Out uselessly; fatigued to death. Looked at my picture.

"9th.—Worked deliciously, as I was resolved to paint, let what would happen. This ruined me in 1823.

"Painted the mother's head.

"10th.

" 10th.—My wedding day. Worked hard and finished the mother. This week ended so far well; nearly all my creditors have agreed to my terms, but still there are some who harass. Last Saturday I did not expect to get through this week; but I trusted, and have done it.

" 13th.—Hard at work, and put in a beautiful head of dearest Mary.

" Called on Lord Melbourne, and had an hour's interview. 'Is there any prospect, my Lord, of the House of Lords being ornamented by painting?' 'No,' he thundered out, and began to laugh. 'What is the use of painting a room of deliberation?' 'Ah,' said I, 'if I had been your tutor at college you would not have said that.' He rubbed his hands again, looking the picture of mischief, and laughed heartily. I then said, 'Let me honour your reign.' He swaggered about the room in his grey dressing-gown, his ministerial boxes on the table, his neck bare—and a fine antique one it was—looking the picture of handsome, good-natured mischief. 'Suppose,' said he, 'we employ Calcott.' 'Calcott, my Lord, a landscape painter!' said I. 'Come, my Lord, this is too bad.' He then sat down, opened his boxes and began to write. I sat dead quiet, and waited till his majesty spoke. 'What would you choose?' 'Maintain me for the time, and settle a small pension to keep me from the workhouse.' He looked up with real feeling. 'Let me,' said I, 'in a week bring you one side as I would do it.' He consented, and we parted most amicably. God knows what will come of it.

" 16th.—Worked very hard, and delightfully. Made a sketch of one side of the House of Lords, as I propose to adorn it, with a series of subjects to illustrate the principle of the best government to regulate without cramping the liberty of man:

Anarchy	.	.	.	.	Banditti.
Democracy	.	.	.	.	Banishment of Aristides.
Despotism	.	.	.	.	Burning of Rome.
Revolution	.	.	.	.	La dernière charette.
Moral Right	.	.	.	.	Establishment of Jury.
Limited Monarchy	.	.	.	.	King, Lords and Commons.

" God grant this victory at last.

" 20th.—Out again, was so miserable at not being able to paint I came home and set to work, come what would, and left my dear landlord to attend to it.

" 21st.—Worked hard and delightfully at Christ's head. God only knows if successfully. What a condition mine is! No prints—no books—all gone as security for loans to support my family. Yet 'Go on' I ever hear, as I have ever heard for thirty years.

years. God bless me with health and vigour of mind to my last gasp.

"28th.—On Sunday I sent down by Lord Melbourne's desire the sketch of one side of the House of Lords, containing pictures to illustrate the best government for man. He saw it, and seemed more nettled than pleased I had proved its feasibility. He objected to the picture of Revolution being taken from the French. He said the French Government would think it an insult; and said the subjects ought all to refer to the House of Lords and English history. I replied it should be an abstract idea, illustrated from the history of the world. After musing some time he said, 'It certainly does express what you mean, but I will have nothing to do with it. He then went on bantering me, and I replying in the same strain; it was an amusing duel.

"30th.—God protect us—Amen. Sold some prints, which relieved our actual wants, and nearly finished the figure, though being so dark it may want supervision. I think I may say I am beginning to reap at last, in execution, those delights I looked forward to when dissecting.

"God in heaven grant me twenty years more of meridian powers."

At this time Lord Brougham's *Discourse of Natural Theology* appearing engrossed Haydon; and, as is usually the case, when any book deeply interested him, he has filled many pages of his Journal with arguments and reflections suggested by it, at the end of which he acknowledges he should have been painting instead of writing them.

"Nov. 4th.—Lord Brougham's book threw my mind entirely off its balance for painting, and I have not touched my brush till to-day, and then very feebly. Such speculations always act thus on me.

"6th.—Up to this moment I have not actually painted. Why? Harass, anxiety, want of money, loss of time in being obliged to trudge about and sell my own prints, at fifty years old nearly, and after thirty-one years' intense devotion to the art. It is hard; but God's will be done.

"Dec. 5th.—Hard at work, and advanced well. An Academician said the sun of Art had set in this country. The silly creature! It has never risen. The first streak of the dawn has but just appeared. The morning star is still glittering. The comets—Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough—were blazing but irregular lights. We have never had the steady effulgence of the sun.

"31st.—The last day of 1835. Another last day. On reviewing the year, though I have suffered bitter anxieties, I have cause
for

for the deepest gratitude to my great Creator in raising me up such a friend as my dear landlord, who has helped me when the nobility forsook me, as usual; and employed me to paint the Widow's Son and Achilles, paying me five guineas weekly, to the amount of 100 guineas, and then striking off 400 guineas for each from the gross debt. During the whole of that time I have not had a single inquiry as to what I was doing, or if I wanted anything to do, though they all know my necessities, my large family and my misfortunes.

"I close this year, 1835, apprehending an execution; but I despair not. A star is always shining in my brain, which has ever led me on, and ever will.

"Though the Melbourne Ministry, in imitation of their head, have no feeling for Art, a feeling is dawning among the mechanics and the middle classes. Day has broke, however far off may be the meridian sunshine."

Through all the sore struggle of this year Haydon had seen more of fashionable society than at any period since that of his early successes. I find constant mention of dinners, and routs and charade-parties. Entered *pêle môle* with notes of invitation to such gay and pleasant assemblies are urgent appeals for commissions to great patrons, lawyers' letters, many notes refusing assistance, not a few giving it. No wonder that the constant battling with necessity had already begun to tell as well on Haydon's mode of working as on his powers. He was now painting pictures for bread, repeating himself, dispatching a work in a few days over which in better times he would have spent months, ready to paint small things, as great ones would not sell, fighting misery at the point of his brush, and with all his efforts obliged to eke out a livelihood by begging and borrowing, in default of worse expedients, such as bills and cognovits. In short, the net of embarrassment was now drawn closely about him, never more to be struggled quite clear of while he lived, though the proceeds of lecturing relieved him at times, and enabled him to pay his way for considerable periods together. A less elastic temperament and a less vigorous constitution would have broken down in one year of such a fight. Haydon kept it up for ten. One justice must be done him: if he pleaded hard for himself in his necessities, he pleaded as passionately for Art.

1836

"January 1st.—Prayed God to bless us through the year, and went into the city to beg mercy from a lawyer till Monday, though I have no more chance of paying then than now. To-day I had
another

another sum due. I must beg money to-morrow for that. I came home to attend to my sick children, relying on the lawyer's honour. So has passed the first day of 1836.

"2nd.—Harass, harass, harass. Fred ill.

"5th.—Dashed in Adoration of Magi.

"7th.—Not fairly begun yet. The canvas came home to-day. God bless it, and what I put on it.

"8th.—Rubbed in the Magi. God bless me through it. Sketched from naked model the figures for the picture.

"9th.—Completed the rubbing in of the picture, and made two sketches of lion and man, and had a kind letter from the Duke of Bedford, with £5, a real blessing. I took my dress-coat out of pawn with it to lecture at the Mechanics' Institution.

"10th.—My house in great anxiety, from so much sickness. I hope the dear baby will not suffer. Marriage entails great interruption, but I think it prevents a man's mind eating him up, which is the case in too much solitude.

"11th.—'Italy is the place for a painter,' said my friend. I say 'No.' In Italy everything has been done. England is the place for enterprise, where everything is to be done.

"13th.—Read my second lecture at the Mechanics' Institution on the bones, with great applause, and introduced the naked figure.

"I told them all if they did not get rid of every feeling of indelicacy in seeing the naked form, and did not relish its abstract beauty, taste for Grand Art would never be rooted amongst them. This was received with applause, and I broke the ice for ever. I always said the middle classes were sound, and I am sure of it. I was obliged to take my black coat out of pawn to lecture in; and this morning, when all my friends are congratulating me, in walks an execution for £50. I wrote to Lord Melbourne, Peel and Duke of Bedford. Lord Melbourne sent me directly a cheque for £70. This was kind-hearted. He told me I must not think him hard, but decidedly he could not repeat it. I concluded my grateful reply by telling him that I should think nothing hard but his building the House of Lords without pictures—at which he laughed heartily I will be bound.

"24th.—What a grand style the artists had got into their heads in the last century!

Nothing natural was the . . . grand style.

Bad colour . . . grand style.

No light and shadow . . . grand style.

Clothing a king and beggar alike . . . grand style.

Dislocated knees, hip, wrists and neck grandest style.

"25th.—My birthday—fifty years old. Settled the subject for

for Newton—Samson and Delilah. God bless me through it! Amen.

" 26th.—Another execution for £22. Wrote Lord Lansdowne. No answer yet. I shall stand it out; but the expenses are horrible. This is always the way after any publicity.

" 30th.—Rubbed in Cassandra. (Released from execution, after a week's agony.)

" 31st.—Passed the day in divine peace after the torments of the week. Read prayers to the children, and wrote my fourth lecture. How will the academic authorities of Art in Europe stare to hear these rebellious doctrines promulgated by a simple Englishman in a Mechanics' Institute, No 37 Southampton Buildings, Holborn. Why the cocked hats of all the presidents will rise up like Mahomet's coffin, and be suspended in horror between earth and heaven, uncertain which to fly to for refuge and protection.

" Hail immortal cocked hats!—the last of an illustrious race—hail! but carry with you this consolation in adversity—nothing human is stable. Babylon, in all her glory, fell. Why should cocked hats escape the sentence of all things human?

" *February 3rd—10th.*—Being a little clear, I began to glaze the Widow's Son: drying oil and mastic, half and half.

" 16th.—The R.A.'s complain I do not go on in 'a quiet gentlemanly way.' Exactly so. When I got into a prison nothing would have pleased them more than if I had died in a 'quiet gentlemanly way.'

" 19th.—Glazed and completed, but I can look back with little satisfaction on the passing of the last two months. So much harass and thinking for lectures, though they were triumphantly received. So much necessity and pecuniary want are sad occupiers of time. However, I trust in God, as I have ever done, and hope humbly He will have the mercy to permit my two last pictures to be sold for my sake, and for the encouragement of my worthy landlord to go on helping me to finish other works.

" Called at the Duke's to see Cassandra; was not pleased. Her head is too small, and that is the fault of all the heads: and the foreground kneeling man is too large. One gets flattered so in one's own painting-room, and thinks so highly of one's immediate efforts; I was abashed at seeing so many faults. They shall not occur again.

" 24th.—I dined with Lord Audley last night.¹ He gave me two handsome commissions. I trust in God they will turn out satisfactorily; and that He will bless their commencement, progression and conclusion.

¹ Lord Audley was undoubtedly at this time insane.

" *March*

" *March 2nd.*—Hard at work. Lord Audley has given me a handsome commission—the Black Prince thanking Lord James Audley for his valour after the battle of Poitiers. This subject will bring me into English history, which I have long wished for.

" *4th.*—In the City, for what the City is only fit for—cash—and disappointed.

" *5th.*—In the City for cash, and the best of the joke is, got it. Lord Audley called and sat while I finished his second son. Settled the size and everything. All now afloat, thanks to God! What I have gone through these pages testify! Let any man of feeling reflect that on the loss of a beautiful infant we were obliged to pawn our winter things to bury her; that when my dear Mary was screaming in labour I rushed into my parlour, took down the drawings of my children and raised £2 on them, after my landlord had advanced me £3; that on the night of my most brilliant success I took my coat out of pawn, and had the torture of being obliged to return it the next day, with the thunder of public applause ringing in my ears.

" Lord Audley seems quite aware of all, and says he hopes his example will be followed by the nobility in recording the deeds of their ancestors.

" *7th.*—Lord Audley dined with us, an old George IV.'s man—the lineal descendant of the Lord James Audley who fought at Poitiers. He told us all about his poverty; of Lord Grey's getting him £300 from the King's privy purse, and his losing it in a coffee-house; of his going to Lord Dudley at twelve at night, and stating his misfortunes, and that Lord Dudley went into the next room, and wrote a cheque for £1500 for him.

" He said George IV., one day when he dined with the King in company with Sir E. Horne, said: 'Audley, I must kiss your forehead,' and did so in honour of Poitiers.

" He drank freely and fell asleep. I could not help being deeply interested at seeing the descendant of Lord James Audley dozing by my fireside.

" He said, since he gave me that commission, he had been advised not to do so, for fear his picture should be seized. He told us 'he despised the scoundrel.'

" Lord Audley said: 'Money is at your command.' He talked of making my daughter presents, but this I shall not allow, and if he does anything out of the way in point of liberality for me I will write to his eldest son, for I do think he is eccentric. He made me tell him how much I owed, and said: 'Would you not like to be cleared?' But it is a large sum.

" He praised my daughter (who is beautiful), and said: 'If
Bill

Bill likes her, and she will marry him, I will give him £50,000.¹ He told stories capitally well, and laughed heartily, and then stopped, and laughed, and looked serious. His manners were peculiar and made me melancholy. What seemed to dwell on his mind was his former poverty. He told me our meeting was providential, and that I should never want. He got excessively tipsy with little wine. I went for a coach and sent him to the New Hummums. I feared after I ought to have seen him home.

"Poor Lord Audley, he means to do us a service if not persuaded out of it.

"He was very witty, and concluded always his stories of the nobility assisting him, by saying: 'You know I always brought in Poitiers.'

"10th.—Lord Audley called; was highly pleased, and left me £85. He talked no more of Bill and £50,000. He saw my little dear, who said: 'Lord Audley is different to-day.' I did not tell her, but the fact was he was *sober*—all the difference.

"11th.—Spent the day at the Museum, and read Hollinshed, Stowe, and Froissart. Stowe's is the best account. Looked into Stothard's beautiful Monumental Effigies, and into Meyrick.

"19th.—The private day at Suffolk Street. Sir Robert Peel was there in the morning and admired the Achilles. He went to the Falstaff, and said to a member: 'I don't know if this is not his *forte*.' Now this was very mischievous. It is not more my *forte* than Napoleon, or the head of Lazarus.

"20th.—Read late last night in Stowe's Chronicles and hurt my eyes. Sent the children to church, and read prayers to myself with the greatest delight. There is nothing like piety.

"Sir Joshua said no man would be a great painter who looked to Sunday as a relief. I say he will never be a great painter, the development of whose powers will be injured by one day in seven devoted to religion.

"Rubens arose at four, prayed, and entered his painting-room. Here was the most daring spirit in the art—a man who had only to use his brush as authors use their pens, and do little else but write his conceptions on canvas—not venturing to begin for the day till he had prayed for blessing on his efforts.

"I always used to remark that the idlest students worked hardest on a Sunday. Call on them in the week, they were never at their studies; call on a Sunday, and you were sure to find them buried in all the grubbiness of dressing-gown and dirty slippers.

"21st.—Hard at work and advanced rapidly. Pictures that used to take me years I do now in months. Those which *now* take me months, I hope soon will only take me days.

¹ My simplicity in believing the vagabond!—B. R. H. 1845.

"30th.—Lectured at the Mechanics' on Composition; tried them on the Academy, and succeeded. The committee were in a funk.

"In the committee afterwards they said: 'Your enthusiasm carried them on, or they would not have borne it.' No. It was their understandings carried them on. They have an instinct against oppression. They know I am the victim.

"April 6th.—Lectured at the Mechanics' with great applause. Hamilton ('*ce cher* William Hamilton,' as Canova called him) went, and seemed highly gratified. He took his son, Captain Hamilton, a fine sailor-like, manly fellow. They seemed astonished at my hearty reception from the audience. They are of a different race to the audiences at the Royal Institution.

"12th.—In the city and succeeded. Curse the crowded, stinking, smoky, golden city, with its iron, money-getting, beastly, underbred snobs!

"May 3rd.—Finished my lecture.

"4th.—Delivered it, and concluded the series triumphantly. Frank and dear Mary were there, and when she came in with her beautiful face, they gave her a round of applause. Ah, would my dear Harry had been present. How his magnificent young soul would have expanded!"

The picture of Xenophon was raffled for on the 9th of this month and won by the Duke of Bedford. The amount of subscriptions was £840, and the noble winner presented the picture to the Russell Institution, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, where it now hangs. There is great vigour in the work throughout, and parts of it, such as the head of the horse in the centre, the back of the rider who is carrying his wife, the wounded soldier and the female figure, are admirable. But it represents rather an episode in the march up Mount Theches than the discovery of the sea from its summit; and the distribution of the picture is not pleasing; the foreground figures look too large, owing to the want of a group in the middle distance to connect them with Xenophon and his soldiers on the hill-top in the background.

On the 16th of the same month death took Haydon's youngest child, Newton. Passionately attached to his children as Haydon was, this blow fell heavily, and left him for many days in a melancholy apathy. "That dear, innocent, quiet angel of a baby haunts my imagination," he writes on the 25th. And it should not be forgotten that the sorrow came at a time of grievous straits, when everything on which money could be raised was often pawned for necessities. The success of the lectures, it is true, was some set-off against want and family griefs. Haydon was a most effective lecturer. His confident, energetic, and earnest

earnest manner carried his audience cheerfully along with him. His delivery was distinct and animated, and his style better adapted for hearing than reading. The two published volumes of lectures will be found to contain much the germ of which is to be found in the Autobiography and Journals, and their publication renders unnecessary more detailed notice of the lectures themselves in this book.

The lecturer's power of rapid and vigorous drawing also stood him in good stead, and the masterly effect with which he dashed down on his blackboard a figure or a limb, or illustrated the leverage of a bone, or the action and mechanics of a muscle, always commanded interest and applause. Then he was never afraid of his audience; he ruled them, sternly enough sometimes, and never shrunk from a reprimand when he thought they deserved it. A friend who attended his lectures at Liverpool has described to me how once, when he had got up two wrestlers on the platform to demonstrate the laws of muscular action in the living subject, the audience having laughed at some contortion of the pair, Haydon fiercely addressing the laughers as "You fools!" checked the merriment, and ordered his hearers to observe and admire, with more respect for God Almighty's handiwork.

Lecturing, which Haydon had now fairly begun, became before long one of his main resources, and it must be added to the other means he took of inculcating his views of Art, and its relations to government and education.

"*June 21st.*—Out on business. Came home. Dashed in the composition of the Heroine of Sarragossa. Did little to Poitiers. I have had a great deal of money; have paid a great deal away; have none left, and am harassed out of my life."

Mr Ewart's Committee¹ commenced its sittings in June,

¹ The Committee consisted of Mr Ewart (chairman), Mr Morrison, the Lord Advocate, Mr Pusey, Mr John Parker, Mr Wyse, Mr H. T. Hope, Dr Bowring, Mr Heathcoate, Mr Strutt, Mr Hutt, Mr Brotherton, Mr Scholefield, Mr David Lewis, Mr Davenport.

It examined manufacturers, connoisseurs, picture-cleaners and dealers, Royal Academicians and artists. Its report adverted to the little encouragement hitherto given to the arts in this country, to the close connection between arts and manufactures, and the want of means for instruction in design in our principal seats of manufacturing industry: and suggested, in addition to the Normal School of Design, which Government had now taken a vote for establishing, local schools to be assisted by grants; the formation of museums and galleries of art, and further, the formation of a cheap and accessible tribunal for the protection of invention in design.

With respect to Academies, the Committee inclined to the belief that the principle of free competition in Art will ultimately triumph over all artificial institutions, and pointed out strongly the ambiguous, and,

and, as may be supposed, Haydon followed the progress of the inquiry with interest. What particularly pleased him was to see the Academicians brought to public examination. His personal grudge and his views of art, education, and patronage had now become too completely intertwined in his mind for him to separate, or for us to unravel them. His own examination took place on the 28th, and the result, he says, was glorious. In entering this fact in his Journals he adds: "When I think that in 1804 I went into the new church in the Strand, and on my knees prayed I might be a reformer of the Art; that often and often I have had those extraordinary inspirations of 'go on' supernaturally whispered; and that now I am permitted to see the beginning of the end of this imposture, I must believe myself destined for a great purpose. I feel it; I ever felt it; I know it."

"The result seems to be" (he says a little later) "that the artists are disposed to compromise and save the Academy."

"If they do, they deserve all that may and will happen to them again. After thirty years' fighting, the Government have done all they wished; they have granted a Committee; if the artists have neither talent, skill or disinterestedness enough to make full use of so vast an advantage, then let them no more complain, but bend their necks to the chain and the padlock, and submit for another seventy years to the kicks they have so valorously grumbled under for seventy years past."

half-public, half-private character of the Academy, without directly recommending any modification of its constitution.

With respect to the National Collections, the Committee recommended the compiling of a catalogue for the use of visitors, the fixing on the frames of the pictures the names of the school, the master, the date of his birth and death—the purchase of the works of living British artists, after they have stood the test of time and criticism—the deposit in the National Gallery of the Cartoons from Hampton Court—the admission of practical and professional critics among the persons entrusted with the duty of purchasing works for the National Gallery, and an improvement in the constitution of commissions for deciding on plans of public works, by subjecting them first to the test of public criticism and afterwards to a tribunal consisting of artists in general, assisted by persons professionally acquainted with the subject of the work.

In conclusion they submitted, that in the completion of great public buildings, the arts of sculpture and painting might be called in for the embellishment of architecture, and expressed their opinion that the contemplation of noble works in fresco and sculpture is worthy of the intelligence of a great and civilised nation.

It will be obvious to all readers of these Memoirs, that many of the most important of these recommendations were the very things which Haydon had most vehemently urged on Ministers and the public. Haydon in his evidence suggested a constituency of artists who had exhibited three years, to elect annually twenty-four directors for a central school of Art in London, in connection with branch schools in the country.

His

His learned and genial friend, Mr Gwilt, whom Haydon often applied to for information on the History and Antiquities of Art (on which he could hardly find a better informed or more accessible authority), furnished him with matter for this examination.¹

Haydon was not satisfied with the results of this inquiry, nor the conduct of the artists examined. He complains that they showed no comprehension of a general principle, but kept driving away at individual grievances till the patience of the Committee was exhausted. He was angry, too, that the anti-academic party among his brethren did not formally apply to him to be their leader and champion. Thus he complains:

"The meanness of the behaviour of the artists to me is extraordinary. When I attacked the Academy in 1812, they all rushed to the Academy as to a father for protection from this madman, predicting my death, my ruin, my destruction, etc., but finding I have kept my ground, that I proposed and have got a committee,

¹ Here is Mr Gwilt's useful summary of facts in the history of Academies of the Fine Arts.

The Academy of St Luke was founded by Girolamo Muziano, a native of Aquafredda, in the territory of Brescia, who was born in 1528, and died in 1590. Gregory XIII. made him superintendent of works to his chapel. Muziano endowed it during his life, and at his death left all his property to it. Muziano was of Titian's school. Louis XIV. having, in 1665, established a French Academy at Rome, with a pension for twelve scholars of the three arts, induced the Academy of St Luke to let it be hung on to the original foundation.

The Royal Academy of Architecture at Paris was, through the intercession of M. Colbert, founded by Louis XIV. in 1671, and confirmed by Louis XV. in 1717. It was the practice for lectures to be delivered constantly by the members, who were twenty-six in number.

The Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture at Paris was founded in 1648, and confirmed through the interest of Mazarin in 1653. Colbert procured it an endowment. It consisted of a director, chancellor, four rectors, a treasurer, twelve professors, etc., by whom daily lectures were given, and the model set. Prizes were given every three months. It sent the most promising students to Rome.

The Academy of St Luke at Venice was the earliest regular association for the study of the arts, and was established about 1345, but did not take the name of Academy till 1350. *The Academy "delle belle arti" at Florence*, was founded by the Grand Duke Peter Leopold in 1784. Premiums twice a year, and a grand competition every third year.

The Institute at Bologna was originally founded by Eustachio Manfredi in 1690, but did not bear its present name till 1714, when it was joined by a sort of College bearing that name.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century. Its memoirs first published in 1759.

The Academy of Padua, end of the eighteenth century.

The Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture at Vienna, in 1705.

Royal Academy, London, 1768.

they

they now hold their meetings secretly and privately; never give me notice, fearful of my taking the lead, as I should instantly do, which they know. They are absolutely intriguing to do all without me, and so get the honour which I have so successfully fought for. It is despicable, and just like them. They have been so cowed by the despotism that has ruled them, that they are like the Portuguese, not fit for the liberty we want to give them.

"In consequence of disappointment from Lord Audley, I am without a guinea; and now, this day, have not a coat in my drawer. Shocking!

"15th.—This day Thou knowest what is to happen. O God, I ask only for justice and truth to triumph. Amen.

"16th.—Justice, indeed, triumphed. Shee, the President, was examined.

"I came down at one and found Ewart in the chair, the room full, Shee sitting in the bitterest agitation. I placed myself right opposite Shee, which seemed to disturb him. He arose, bowing, and affecting the strongest respect for the Committee, begged to know by what authority he was summoned, as he considered it was only by permission of the King he could be there. The chairman ordered the committee clerk to read the authority, which being conclusive, poor Sir Martin was obliged to bow. He then entered on a rambling defence, and was repeatedly called to order by Ewart, and told to stick to the point. He accused the evidence of being personal and partial. Rennie jumped up and denied it, and was called to order. Shee shaking his hand at me across the table, in the most extraordinary manner, said, 'That's the respectable man,' alluding, of course, to my misfortunes. Honourable Sir Martin! First to drive me into distresses, and then grossly to allude to them before a committee called for the purpose of inquiring into the effects of institutions. Mr Pusey proposed the Court should be cleared. Shee begged the gentlemen round him might stay. The absurdity was so great, that leave was granted for all to stay, on the understanding that no altercation or personalities took place. Shee then dwelt on a mere incorrectness of diction in my evidence which gave a wrong sense, as if it was an intentional or gross ignorance of mine.

"I said the *esprit du corps* of portrait-painting became embodied by the Royal Academy, and killed Hussey, and embarrassed Hogarth. This reads as if the Royal Academy killed Hussey, who died long before it was founded, whereas I meant the *esprit du corps* killed him.

"It was too gross to suppose I am so ignorant of Hussey's period; but Shee chuckled over this, and Phillips, Wilkins, Hilton,

Hilton, and Howard laughed inwardly with a delight at having caught Haydon napping which was pitiable to see.

"Conscious I had all three of the Committee of 1809 in the vice, I smiled, and was dead silent. It was quite a scene. Shee went on, reading the diploma, and verbiaging away; Ewart repeatedly begging him to be concise. At last began his examination. 'Do you think Academies beneficial or no?' 'Extremely beneficial.' 'Do you think the Academy is conducted with a feeling for justice?' 'Certainly.' 'Do you think it justice that 600 artists should be kept out on varnishing days?' 'Certainly. This is one of the *privileges* of the Academy.'

"So may say Mahomet Ali when he bowstrings a minister.

"'Do you think forty enough?' 'Certainly. I know no man of great genius out of the Academy.' 'Do you not think Mr Martin,' etc. 'Certainly, Mr Martin is most respectable,' etc. And so it went on; blind to all genuine principle—seeing only the Academy and its bounded circle and including all that was great, illustrious, or immortal within its walls. He seemed like a man who was asleep amidst the stirring activity of mind abroad in the people. All he saw was the Academy and its members. He then again abused me for saying the Academy was founded on the basest intrigue, and mentioned Reynolds, Chambers, West, and Paul Sandby, as men whose characters were a security, when four more intriguing old rascals never lived. Why, the Academy obliged Reynolds to resign because he intrigued, they said, to get in Bonomi to please Lord Aylesford. Farrington was a thoroughbred intriguer.

"Shee said the Academy as a body had appealed to the King about High Art, and no answer was returned. Mr Ewart asked him if he knew Waagen's opinion of Academies. Shee imprudently said he did not, and he must have higher authority than Mr Ewart's for his having an opinion against the Academy. This was gross. Mr Ewart ordered the committee clerk to give in Waagen's evidence, wherein he read to Shee, with gusto, Waagen's opinion:—that he considered Academies destructive; that Academicians became portion of the State; that it had been known that men of medium talent had obtained employment and distinction who were Academicians, while men who had not, though of the greatest genius, had struggled on in poverty and without employment. There was I, a living instance, and was not the whole scene a scene of retribution? The very men, the very hangers—Shee, Phillips, and Howard—who twenty-nine years ago used me so infamously in hanging Dentatus in the dark,—by which all my prospects were blasted for ever,—at which Lord Mulgrave so complained,—were now at the bar before me like culprits

culprits under examination. How Sir George would have relished this!

"Ah, little did they think in the despotism of their power that I, a poor student at their mercy, would ever have the power to do this—to bring them face to face—to have them examined—ransacked—questioned—racked.

"Ah, they are deservedly punished!

"*July 18th.*—Idle, and lectured at the Milton, a delightful theatre—cool. I felt like a lion and read like one.

"*19th.*—Attended the Committee; the impression Shee had made was decidedly unfavourable to his cause. Sir John Paul was examined, and gave very interesting evidence as to the state of design in manufacture.

"Sir John alluded to the fact that he had casts of some ancient tombs, and that he had given them to stone masons; and that the people preferred them, and chose them for the tombs of their friends. Here Mr Hope, with his peculiar delicate and dry manner, asked Sir John Paul if the shares in the Cemetery Company were not high. He said they were. Sir John was a director.

"Old Landseer was examined; but he was prolix and flowery. He quoted Shee against himself as to Academies, and made some good hits.

"The Committee will do immense good. Would any man believe that Hussey was living in 1774?¹ And Shee is the man to accuse me of ignorance of dates!

"*20th.*—Went to the British Museum, and found two interesting pamphlets connected with the Royal Academy, by which it appears decidedly that the directors who were expelled from the chartered body of artists became Academicians, and that not being able to carry their exclusive intentions in the constituent body, they resorted to the scheme of an Academy of forty, securing a majority of their own way of thinking, that they might enact their exclusive laws. This is indisputable from Strong's pamphlet, 1775, and another in the Museum, 1771, entitled 'Considerations of the Behaviour of the Academicians who were expelled the Chartered Body for 1760–69.'

"Reynolds promised the chartered body, of which he was member, not to exhibit with the expelled directors; but finding the King protecting them, he broke his word—did exhibit—and was expelled the incorporated body. This is not known, nor did I know it till to-day. Tickled by a knighthood, he joined the directors, and this was the origin of the Royal Academy—founded in intrigue, based on injustice, treachery and meanness.

¹ The Royal Academy having been founded in 1768.

"Dalton

"Dalton seems to have been a great scoundrel, and he was a prime instrument.

"Reynolds was properly and very severely punished after, but the art has suffered ever since.

"21st.—Shee objects to a constituency on the grounds that it would produce all the evils that it did before. What evils? What were the evils? These were the evils: Twenty-four directors got in and kept in. The constituency complained, and passed a bye-law to make eight go out. The Attorney-General, Grey, gave it as his opinion that the bye-law was consistent with the charter. The directors had promised to abide by the opinion of the Attorney-General, and then refused. Sixteen of these worthies were voted out, and became Academicians, and eight more joined them, and these formed the bulk of the Academy; so that the evils complained of were not evils proceeding from a constituency, but because the laws of that constituency had been violated. Therefore, if the people who were conducting were improper people, these people founded the Academy, and brought all their improprieties into the Academy, and are the origin of the evils which we complain of and which Sir Martin fears would be revived by a constituency, though these very evils were produced in spite of a constituency and not in consequence of it. So much for Sir Martin.

"Sir Martin knows well that he and all of his colleagues are benefiting by the very evils he affects to apprehend, for if they were improper people who took the lead, he is the produce and offspring.

"25th.—Finished the fair copy of my first lecture and improved it much, but idle from exceeding harass about trifles. Lord Audley has completely deceived me about his resources; after telling me he was the richest peer, it turns out he is the poorest. I fear his honour and his character.

"29th.—The artists do not know the origin of this Committee. All are claiming the honour. They all deserve to share it—Foggo, Rennie, and all. But the morning Lord Melbourne was sitting to me, he had just sent out his circular letters about municipal corporations. I said: 'Why not give us a committee for the Academy?' He replied: 'You may have one if you like'; and this is the real origin.

"30th.—Out the whole day on bitter pecuniary harass, and yet all trifles, £4, 10s., £8, 10s., £13, 4s., £10, £3, 10s., £4, 8s., and suffered all my old agonies of torture as to probable ruin, interruption of the education of my dear children, loss of my property. If I could stick at my pictures I would not care, but Lord Audley has played me so shabby a trick that I fear, unless protected by
my

my Great Creator, in whom I trust, the consequence may be ruin.

"These Journals testify that whenever I have been free, I have flown to my canvas as a relief and a blessing. The Mock Election was the fruits of the peace I enjoyed in 1827. The Chairing the result of George IV.'s purchase. In fact, if I had £500 a year regularly, never would I cease painting, morning, noon, or night, and never have a debt.

"*August 30th.*—Awoke at four with a terrific conception of Quintus Curtius, after a sublime dream. I dreamt I was with the Duke of Wellington near the sea. I stripped. It was a grand storm. I plunged in, and swam as I used in my youth. I saw an enormous wave rising, curling and black. Suddenly I found my Mary close to me. We were both looking at the sublime wave as it rolled towards us; at last it came quite close. I told her to hold tight. She smiled, rosy red. At the instant it was overwhelming us, a terrific flash of lightning broke from its top, and it roared in by us to the left without even wetting us. We saw it stretch in its gurgling sweeping glory on the beach, and break harmless. I awoke, and the moment consciousness came over me, Quintus Curtius darted into my head. This is a true description—exactly as I dreamt it—not added to, nor taken from.

"I know a storm is approaching, but I feel I shall weather it, under God. Success! Amen.

"*September 5th.*—Worked, but in an agony; at two I had a promise to keep for £8 without a farthing; at four for £5 without a halfpenny. I paid away £8 on Saturday.

"I worked on till one. Lunched. Drove away in an omnibus, and got till Saturday for the £8, and put off the £5 till Wednesday. I rushed home and worked.

"*6th.*—Hard at work, and succeeded in the foreshortened figure. At one time of the day my anxieties were hideous. I had not a farthing, and taking down some valuable Italian books worth five guineas, I sent them by my 'fidus Achates' and got 7s. In the interval I worked away in great torture, and succeeded. There is a period in working, when the result is not secure, that is excruciating. No wealth or honour would relieve or ease you. If it turns out successfully in the end no torture is felt, but if you miss it no happiness is remembered.

"*9th.*—At breakfast with the dear children a timid tingle of the bell made us all look anxiously. A whisper in the hall, and then the servant entered with: 'Mr Smith, sir, wishes to see you.' I went, and was taken in execution. After lingering two days at Davis's lock-up house, Red Lion Square, on the 12th I was moved again to that blessed refuge of the miserable—the Bench.

"Newton

"Newton, my landlord, offered to pay me out. I refused, and proceeded to prepare for the Court directly. Rather than go out to endure the horror this Journal gives evidence of, I'd stay here for ever.

"My landlord took possession and moved away my brushes and grinding-stone. Took the things at £133, 10s., paid the difference and took the rest for his rent.

"What a fight it is! It is wonderful how my health is preserved, and my dear Mary's too. But trusting in God and doing our utmost to please Him, I have not the least doubt of carrying my great object—a vote for money for Art, and perhaps I shall then sink without tasting its fruits.

"From 14th to 30th in prison.

"Read Wraxall's two works with very great interest. Relieved my mind much after the harass of lawyers, insults of turnkeys, and torture of suspense. My mind in a state of blank apathy. Oh, God, in Thee I trust.

"October 1st.—I heard from Ewart yesterday, and I fear the report. The fact is the Whigs arrest the keen edge of the scalping-knife of reform which the people have put into their heads. They will hesitate, and be content with pricking the corruption which ought to be probed, and the humours let out.

"10th.—The last time I was here I fell in with Dr Mackay, who negotiated the commercial treaty with South America for Canning, and as we used to walk about by night in the racket-ground, he detailed to me the interesting particulars.

"Now I have got acquainted with —, a species the Continent alone produces, dissolute and impious, unprincipled and reckless, full of talent and full of diplomacy, speaking seven languages—just such a man as Napoleon would have seized, and turned to every purpose on earth.

"He says he was chef d'escadron in the Garde du Corps, and private secretary to the Duc d'Angoulême.

"He is evidently possessed of State papers of great importance—how, he told me in a moment of drunkenness. He is evidently connected with, if not first mover of, the *Portfolio*.

"He showed me documents which prove he was acquainted with Fieschi's attempt. He has shown me a deed signed most sacredly by three, two Spaniards and one Englishman, Richard Sheridan, whereby £5000 sterling is guaranteed to the Spaniards for the invention of a shell and machine which was to destroy Don Carlos. He has also shown me a letter from the Carlton Club, offering £3000 for some letters he has.

"I believe it. And does not this prove how cautious Ministers should be! I believe him to have got by the means he told me
the

the whole State papers already published in the *Portfolio*, and what he showed me (affidavits about Fieschi) is coming out in the next number. We shall see.

"24th.—The faces here are horrid; last night, all of a sudden, just after midnight, a roar as of fiends burst out from the racket-ground, and awakened me. Good God, on a Sunday!—swearing, fighting, cursing, drinking, gambling, and strumpeting! What an offering to the Almighty for the blessings of life!

"King's Bench, Oct. 26, 1836.

"Ah, Sir Robert Peel, I told you I was convinced my absurd¹ conduct about the Napoleon had staggered me, and would be the seed of future embarrassment, and here I am again, less in debt than ever I was in my life, yet, being unable to meet in time the balance due, a victim to that cursed law of imprisonment.

"When a man touches my property it is just, and I always exert my resources to pay the claim, but when he seizes my person, I let the law take its course, and ever will.

"I shall begin the world again with no more property left after thirty-two years' struggle than the clothes on my back.

"I appeal to you if I have been idle since my last troubles. I have never incurred in all my life a debt of vice, debauchery, or extravagance, and I have been brought to earth by a combination of circumstances. I assure you I calculated on receiving more from you. I could not keep my engagements, and then came, as usual, law costs.

"Since 1830 I have paid, because I could not keep my word, £303, 8s. 6d. in pure cash, or rather impure. On one debt of £7, 10s., I paid £8, 10s. costs—the son being the lawyer, who acknowledges the father shared all costs. So that, first, there was the father's just profit, and then he received £4, 5s. as his share of the legal spoliation.

"While I was in confinement in Red Lion Square I saw them go by in their carriages. I was the dishonourable, *they* the respectable.

"In the never-closing and inexorable eye of our Maker, who was the *real* dishonourable here?

"I am, Sir Robert Peel,

"Your grateful servant,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, etc. etc."

"27th.—An accomplished Frenchman came to my rooms to see my works. 'I have none.' 'Where are they?' 'My

¹ After naming £100 as his price for the whole length in answer to Sir Robert Peel's inquiry, he felt discontented that more was not paid him, and wrote to ask for an additional sum. Sir Robert paid him £30, but naturally was annoyed.

Solomon is rotting in a carpenter's shop, my Lazarus in a kitchen.' 'When I found you were here, I thought it was for your pleasure. It is extraordinary. Why does not Palmerston do something?' 'He has done something.'

" 'It is wonderful you are here.' 'Not at all. May I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?' 'Neavare mind: Edmund Burke introduced me to Reynolds.' 'Will you call again?' 'I will. Have you no work to show me?' 'Xenophon, at the Russell Institution; and read the report on Art.' 'My friend,' said he, 'you will neavare make this trading nation love high Art.' 'My friend,' said I, 'I'll try.' 'You will run your head against a wall.' 'Perhaps I may knock the wall down.' He lifted up his hands and eyes, and looked at me as if looking through the devil.

" 29th.—One evening while I was sitting by myself came a knock. I opened the door, and the head turnkey (who is a worthy man, for I have found him feeding the poor prisoners from his own table), after making sundry apologies, begged a few minutes' conversation. He sidled in and sat down, big with something. 'Perhaps, sir,' said he, taking out and putting across his knee a blue cotton handkerchief, 'you would scarcely suppose that from seven years old divinity and medicine have been my passions.' 'Certainly not, Mr Colwell.' 'Ah, sir, 'tis true, and I know, I assure you, much more than most of the doctors or parsons. Why, sir, you would little think I always cured the cholera. You may wonder, but it is a fact. I never lost a case, and in twenty-four hours they were as well as ever. I do it all by *harbs*, Mr Haydon, by *harbs*. You are a public man—a man of genius, as they say, and perhaps you will laugh at a man like me knowing anything. But, sir,' said he, looking peculiarly sagacious and half knowing, yet trembling lest I should quiz, 'I gather my plants under the planets—aye, and it is wonderful the cures I perform. Why there is Lord Wynford, he is as bent as an old oak, and if he'd listen to me I'd make him as straight as a poplar.' 'No, Mr Colwell!' 'I would though,' he said in a loud voice, reassured on finding I did not laugh.

" By this time he had got courage. He assured me that he was blessed in a wife who believed in him, and that he had cured her often and often, and here his weather-beaten face quivered. 'Ah, Mr Colwell,' said I, 'your wife is a good, motherly woman. It's a comfort to me to see her face among the others here.' Colwell got solemn; assured me he had out-argued Taylor, the atheist, before the people; that he had undoubted evidence Joseph of Arimathea landed at Glastonbury, for at that time the sea came all up to the abbey, and what was to hinder him? 'And,'
said

said he, 'Mr Haydon, would you believe it?'—drawing his chair closer, and wiping his mouth with his blue handkerchief, which he spread over his short thighs, that poked out, as it were, from under his belly—'would you believe it, I can prove Abraham was circumcised the very day before Sodom and Gomorrah were burnt!'

" 'Will you take a glass of wine, Mr Colwell?' I replied. Colwell had no objection, and smacking his lips as he rose, said he would look in again, and bring me some books which would tell me all; but now he must go to 14 in 10 to give the gentleman his chum-ticket. I attended my guest to my little entrance, and he wished me good-night, looking an inch taller, perfectly convinced he had made an impression and would certainly have a convert.

" When he came in he seemed labouring with deep thoughts, and he left me as if relieved, as if he had done his duty. He was the first man I saw in 1823 when I paid my fees. The hideous look of his dark globular eyes, one of them awry like Irving's, gave me a horror. He looked a perfect Schidone; but I have caught him in perpetual acts of benevolence, where he little thought any eye would find him out.

" There is not a worthier heart, and never was a rougher case for it. Strange to find such sensibilities in a gaol.

" 30th.—My dearest love came in nervous dejection, and left me to-day affected like herself. This is one of those occasional variations in the feelings of those who love with all their hearts.

" *November 2nd.*—Did not do much, but thought deeply. The quiet I have enjoyed here has done my brain great good.

" *November 11th.*—A poor gentleman, called Phillips, a writer to the signet, a prisoner in consequence of Lord ——'s irregularity, as much as I am from Lord Audley's, dropped dead in his room last night. He had a mild, benevolent countenance, and was detained by a rich man from mere vindictiveness.

" It might have been thought that such an awful event would have stopped the levity of the vicious and thoughtless: not it. Gambling, swearing, and drinking went on as usual, and last night, when I was musing (like Byron after the assassination of the Austrian commander) on life and death, the bloods and blackguards of the place were singing duets outside my doors at midnight.

" A prison is a perfect world compressed into a narrow space.

" 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

" 12th.—Read Byron's *Life* by Moore. To-day was the last day for opposition, and when the books closed at four there was none. God be thanked; and God of His mercy restore me to my

my glorious pursuit, and my dearest Mary and children before the week is out; with deep gratitude for the unexpected mercies to my dear family and myself during my imprisonment.

" 14th.—Lord —— came in prisoner, and brought a beautiful boy with him. There he was in the coffee-house, sinless and innocent, watching his papa smoking and sipping brandy and water, up at eleven o'clock, when the dear ought to have been sleeping in bed. I watched him with the feelings of a father. That child will have his horror of a gaol weakened for ever. Yet there was something interesting in seeing a fine young man keeping his dear boy close to him. He would have him sleep by his side. There was something peculiarly innocent in the look of the boy with his white collar.

" On Saturday, an old man dies and is opened; on Monday comes in the son of a noble Lord with his innocent boy.

" 16th.—The English are base-minded, where money is wanted or rank concerned. They reverence rank from the belief that wealth is the consequence of it. But when they have evidence wealth is wanting, away goes at once all respect for my Lord.

" Last night, Lord —— set all the prisoners agape. One must go out of his room, for my Lord wanted three beds; another was applied to for one thing, a third for another. This morning the bill was presented as usual, for all bills are paid here daily. His Lordship looked astonished, said a bill was a nuisance, and as soon as his friend came again he would leave £5 with the landlord, and when it was out he must tell him.

" The evidence that my Lord had no money was palpable, and immediately my Lord fell 50 per cent.

" 17th.—I went up to Court to-day, and was treated with the greatest humanity. Commissioner Law seemed by his face to have the greatest sympathy. He looked feeling all over. He never asked me a single question, and the whole Court hastened my discharge with the rapidity of lightning.

" I trust in God this will be the last time I shall ever need such protection again.

" 18th.—Returned once more to my dear home. I opened the Bible, which I found on the chimney-piece, and at once came to that wonderful blessing and cursing in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy.

" 20th.—Went to church, and returned thanks with all my heart and all my soul for the great mercies of God to me and my family during my imprisonment.

" 21st.—Routed out all my plaster figures, to have the room cleaned, which has not been done for two years. Hope to be ready by to-morrow night. Wrote Law, and thanked him for his sympathy and firmness.

" 22nd.

"22nd.—Got all ready in the plaster-room. Now for the painting-room.

"23rd.—Cleared out and rearranged my desert-room.

"24th.—My landlord returned my brushes and grinding-stone. Picked up a second-hand carpet to cover the room. Ordered a canvas, sent half the money for it to Brown, a worthy fellow, who abused me to my man for not settling £4, 15s. (the last balance). Fitz quieted him, and he promised canvas Saturday night. Poor Brown, he shall have his money as soon as I begin to get on. Brown and I have been connected for thirty years, and have had about forty regular quarrels. He is sulky and coarse, I am violent and unflinching. It ends by his trying to smile through the sulkiness of his honest face.

"28th.¹—Did a great deal of preparatory business. Paid off a scoundrel of a lawyer.

¹ The following advertisement refers to his affairs at the time of this imprisonment.

"Mr Haydon begs leave to inform his creditors, that, out of the £1220, 6s. 6d. correctly stated as the amount of debt incurred since 1830, £550 must be deducted as renewed liabilities from before 1830, and, again, £84, 14s. 6d. must be further deducted for the fictitious debt of law cost: the real balance is thus brought to £586, 14s. 6d., all of which could have been cleared off in another year, as Mr Haydon had paid off more than that sum during the previous year. It has been a matter of astonishment to Mr Haydon why he should never have been persecuted with law from eighteen years of age to thirty-four, a period of greater struggle than any since, and he attributes it to a suspicion among London tradesmen that he saved and secured a large sum of money from the great receipts of his Entry into Jerusalem. There never was a more absurd belief—the receipts were nearly £3000, the expenses of the exhibition were £1100; the picture had taken six years, and the painter was supported through it entirely by loans; the balance of receipts was paid away, and did not liquidate one-half of them. Mr Haydon has been told this idea got abroad; there is certainly no other way of accounting for the immediate rush of law cost which has brought him four times to the earth, for the first proceeding took place at this time. Mr Haydon incurred

From 1820 to 1823 law costs	£377	0	0
From 1823 to 1830, ditto	450	0	0
From 1830 to 1836, ditto	303	8	6

Altogether £1130 8 6

(An actual independence.)

"London tradesmen are generous men if they think they are not imposed on. Mr Haydon appeals to them if they consider it was a reasonable way of enabling him to earn the means of paying his debts to suddenly lock him up, and keep him useless to himself and family for ten weeks, and all for a debt of £30, 15s. 6d.? after, too, he had paid all of £947 received this year, but 4s. 6d., the actual sum he possessed in the world when arrested. Mr Haydon is now beginning the world again after thirty-two years of struggle, but he does not despair of doing all he ought, if treated in future with more common sense and common discretion."

"29th.

"29th.—Set my palette to-day, the first time these eleven weeks and three days. I relished the oil; could have tasted the colour; rubbed my cheeks with the brushes, and kissed the palette. Ah! could I be let loose in the House of Lords!

"I hope to return to my pursuits under the blessing of my Creator. My conscience will never be clear till I have paid all I owe, for though the law protects me, the debts are still debts of honour."

During the beginning of December he was working at the heroine of Saragossa and Falstaff reproving Prince Hal, for Mr Hope.

I insert the following letter, because I think it really throws light on the writer's character. It should be remembered, in reading it, that it was addressed by Haydon to his landlord, W. Newton, from whom he was in the constant receipt of singular kindnesses, who forbore to press him for heavy arrears of rent, who was always ready to advance him money in his worst emergencies, and who was not to be provoked into harshness even by this letter. Nay, he did not even jump at this notice to quit!

The letter appears to me to be one which could not have come from a man with the views usually prevalent about money obligations. Such a tone taken by a debtor to his creditor indicates altogether peculiar notions of these relations, and explains to me many passages in Haydon's life into which money transactions entered.

"London, 21st December, 1836.

"My dear Newton,

"Mary came home last night with the usual quantity of gossip and scandal, of which you possess so abundant a fund.

"It seems it is — who has told you that falsehood of my having given six lectures at the Milton and received 20 guineas, whereas I only gave three lectures and received 10 guineas, £10 of which I brought you next day, explaining I had only received half, though given to understand it would be all—which £10 I borrowed of you again, £5 at a time.

"And this is the way to excuse your own abominable cruelty in doing your best to add to the weight of degradation and misery I have suffered by insinuating to my wife these abominable lies.

"I am ashamed to use so gross a word, but your forgetfulness, your confusion of memory, your jumbling one thing with another, your making me write notes when harassed with want, which I forgot to reclaim, and then your bringing them forward again when it suits your convenience, provoke me to it.

"Don't talk to me of your affection. Pooh! To let a friend come out of prison after ten weeks locking up—degraded in character—calumniated and tortured in mind—to let him come to what had hitherto been the solace of all his distresses (his painting-room)

room) stripped of all that rendered it delightful, and stripped, too, under the smiling pretences of friendship, and under the most solemn assurances that everything would be returned, and then, on the very morning I came home, when one would have thought all beastly feelings of interest would have been buried in the pleasure of welcoming me back, at such a moment to break your word, and to add to my forlorn wretchedness, by refusing to keep it, is a disgrace to your heart and understanding, and will be even after you are dead, as well as while you are living. Had I known the extent of what you had been guilty of, I would have scorned to receive the balance of Sampson. It was only when I came home I saw what you had done.

"However, Mrs Haydon says, if I will only say you shall not be a loser, the pictures and sketches shall come back directly. I told you so in prison, and still tell you so now. You know that : but your delight is the delight of the tiger over his prey, not to kill at once, but to play with your victim. I tell you again you shall not be a loser. Now keep your word with Mrs Haydon and send back the things. I did not intend to say a word more, but as this proposition to Mrs Haydon is not unreasonable, to oblige her I say you shall not be a loser.

"Put this among your collection and bind them up. Now you have made a step and I have made a step. I'll be frank ; a threat is always the last refuge of a coward. I do not threaten—but if the things (pictures and sketches) are not all in my painting-room by Friday night (I allude only to those you took away with the last books you returned), without any asperity, or any ungrateful impertinence, or any wish to wound a kind-hearted (at bottom) old friend, but solely on the principle of justice to myself and family, with a wish still to retain our affection, on Saturday I shall be guilty of the violence to my own heart of giving you notice to quit, according to the terms of our lease, at Midsummer next, but as soon as possible before.

"I am, dear Newton,

"Yours truly and affectionately,

"Mr Newton."

"B. R. HAYDON.

The kind Newton (though he made show of sending a notice on his part) did not accept this notice to quit. He sends two notes in answer, written not with ink but with very milk of human kindness. Was ever reminder more gently conveyed, passion more effectually disarmed, or undeserved reproach more completely turned back upon the reproacher, than by these short replies?

"Dear Haydon,

"I shall send the pictures and sketches to you to-day, if possible.

"Mrs Haydon spoke of the sketch of the Widow's Son as though it had been received with the last things brought away.

I referred

I referred to your note that came with it, and others, to assure Mrs Haydon how it came into my possession, and the only convenience your note can be of to me is to bring them forward to rectify any misunderstanding. This, and your promissory notes (stamped and unstamped) being unpleasant truths, I suppose you call scandal : of them I have an abundant fund.

“ ‘ I will write you about the lease.

“ ‘ Yours truly,

“ ‘ W. F. NEWTON.

“ ‘ 22d December, 1836.’

“ ‘ Dear Haydon,

“ ‘ The old fashion compliments of the season. A merry Christmas and a happy new year and many of them is my sincere wish to you and yours, and I hope you are as free from ill-will to anyone as I am.

“ ‘ I have yet to learn what act of mine is considered an insult to yourself, but as I am certain I am incapable of offering one, I give myself little trouble about it.

“ ‘ Thanks for your good wishes, and the ticket for the lectures, of which I have omitted to acknowledge the receipt.

“ ‘ Yours truly,

“ ‘ W. F. NEWTON.’

“ *December 22nd.*—Called on Wilkie after a long absence. He seemed much annoyed at my saying in my evidence, that he had been frightened at being seen with me in the streets after my attack on the Academy. I told him it was true, which he did not deny, because it was. We had breakfasted on a Sunday with Seguiet after the attack, and on coming out he said, ‘It will not be right to be seen with you,’ and he went away. I explained to him, that I mentioned the fact to illustrate the condition of abjectness to which English art had been reduced by such a man as he being terrified by my attack.

“ The fact is, he is sore, for since the appearance of my evidence he has been quizzed.

“ He was occupied with several interesting subjects—Sir David Baird finding Tippoo, Mary Queen of Scots’ escape, Cottar’s Saturday Night, and an English Bridal Morning—all of which he is as fit for as his footman. What a pity it is he has left the style for which he is eminently qualified. He seemed bitterly to lament my attacks on the Academy. He said, ‘Ah, you would have been an old Academician years ago, had all your pictures well hung, and there would have been no disputes.’ Poor dear Wilkie!

“ I asked him about his knighthood. He said the King said to him, ‘Is your name David?’ ‘Yes, your Majesty.’ ‘Are you sure it is not Saul?’ said the King. This was very well.

“ Wilkie

"Wilkie described his feelings after like a child. We had a very interesting conversation. In the middle of all sorts of groans at my rebel apostasy suddenly he would say, of something in his picture, in the exact tone of former days, 'Haydon, I think that ought to be dark.' I then would put up my finger, as we used to do, and say, 'Certainly, it wants deepening.' Then at it we would go again, and I would say, 'You want blue—as a bit of relief.' 'Ah, but wouldn't that destroy candle-light?' 'No, it would add.' I then told him I was painting Saragossa, and wanted Spanish dresses. He rang the bell, and got me all I wanted. To show the villany of printsellers—he had never seen the heroine of Saragossa, though she was advertised as having sat to him for his picture of the same subject.

"I reproached Wilkie with his utter neglect of me in my misfortunes, his never calling to see me in prison, or to chat with or console my wife. These are unpardonable things, but a result of the same timidity of character. I said, in allusion to something, 'Would you bear this?' 'Of course,' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'what a deal you must bear.' 'To be sure,' said Wilkie. He then lamented I had not consulted him before attacking the Academy—bitterly—as if *he* would have stopped me.

"We parted good friends as ever, and I was much interested. In his art he has certainly gone back; in colour he is yellow and heavy, and Frenchy in his life works.

"He seemed croaking as to the little prospect of public encouragement. But as I know the King approved of designs in the House of Lords, I shrewdly suspect master David has an eye that way.

"23rd, 24th.—Lectured last night with the greatest applause. Was heartily welcomed. My dear landlord and I will separate, I fear. Nettled at my perseverance in resenting his insult, he has given me notice to quit,¹ which I shall do; for I had become a slave to his caprice, from suffering myself to become too dependent on his assistance. I shall feel his want, and he is the last man I shall ever allow myself to be attached to.

"Poor Newton! I shall miss your kind heart and honest face. He never would have acted so if his friends had not become jealous.

"31st.—The last day of 1836. A year of bitter sorrow—great promise—great mercy—shocking disappointment—but a glorious victory.

"I have lost more time in this year than in any before during my life from eighteen years old. I began several pictures, and

¹ This was mere "*brutum fulmen*," and never enforced. Haydon died in the house in 1846.

have finished none. I have never had so many unfinished pictures at once in all my life.

"In all my troubles I have had reason to be deeply grateful. My children are improved and good. My eldest boy has undoubted and high genius, and my dear Mary is spared to me in health and happiness. In fact I can't be low-spirited. I can't complain. I have a tendency to feel my heart warm towards my good Creator under all circumstances, and think life a blessing even in a prison."

1837

There was little in this year of Haydon's history to call for particular remark, if it be not the unusual absence of money cares and embarrassments. This was owing to his lectures, the delivery of which in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Hull, and other of our large towns, brought him in the means of supporting his family, while it gratified his strong craving for personal display, and for assertion of his views about Art.

As I have said before, these lectures have been published; and any elaborate account of them therefore would be out of place here. The published ones are twelve in number—on the state and prospects of British Art; on the skeleton; on the muscles; on the standard figure of the Greeks; on composition; on colour; on invention in Art; on Fuseli; on Wilkie; on the effect of societies of literature and Art on public taste; on a competent tribunal in Art; on fresco-painting; on the Elgin marbles; on the theory of the beautiful.

In the course of his lecturings Haydon gained many acquaintances and friends. His strong enthusiasms and his passionate and picturesque expression of them had commanded attention at all times of his life, and now drew about him many of the more ardent natures in each town. It was thus that he obtained this year at Liverpool, through the recommendation of his friend Lowndes, a commission to paint a picture of Christ blessing little Children, for the church of the Blind Asylum.

"*January 2nd.*—Spent yesterday at Hamilton's. Read a lecture to-night to some society at 16 Tower Street—to my infinite amusement at the intense attention paid to me by a set of dirty-faced journeymen and two servant girls. I had promised a young attorney to do so, and kept my word. It is extraordinary to think of.

"When I really made a good hit, I saw all the room nodding. It was an eating-house till six, when the master (a member) cleared

cleared out for a lecture, and lent it for nothing. The company filled the boxes, and I was placed at the head on two or three boards.

"I was shown up into a library where was a likeness of Tom Paine. I saw I was in a scrape. If that had been the room, I would have insisted that the fiend should be taken down, or I would have left the room. This comes of promising young attorneys, to soften costs, without inquiring character.

"3rd, 4th, and 5th.—Finished my tenth lecture. To-morrow I read it.

"6th.—Delivered it with great applause.

"Met Ewart yesterday in the streets. He told me all was going wrong with the School of Design. Poulett Thomson had made the Council exclusively academical. Chantrey took the lead, and had utterly ruined it. To-day I called on Rennie and had all the particulars.

"The Council has resolved, first, that the figure shall not be the basis of the education; secondly, that every student who enters the School of Design shall be obliged to sign a declaration not to practise either as historical painter, portrait painter, or landscape painter!

"10th.—In very great irritation about this perversion of the School of Design, and was going to give Chantrey a thorough dressing. But now comes the question. Shall I do good? Will it be right for me to stop, or ought I to go on? If a blow be struck, their proceedings will be checked at the beginning. If not checked they'll take root. Burke said to Barry, 'You will find the same contests in London and in Paris, and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have the same effect on your interest.'

"It keeps one in such continual hot water. I complain that writing my lectures hurts my pictorial mind, and I really would give the world never to be disturbed again, but to keep myself in tranquillity and peace, pursuing my delightful art.

"11th.—Worked slightly, but advanced. Wrote Lord Melbourne, telling him the whole conduct of Poulett Thomson.

"14th.—Saw Poulett Thomson to-day. I told him that I had heard that a resolution had been passed that no student of the School of Design would be admitted unless he signed a declaration that he would not practise history, portrait, or landscape. He denied it, and said, 'Who has been telling you these stories?' 'But has it been passed?' No reply. I told him I had heard it was resolved that the study of the figure was not necessary. 'And is it,' he said, 'to fellows who design screens?' My God! what would Aristotle have said to this, after declaring the study
of

of design increases the perceptions of beauty? I did not say 'You ought to know it is,' as he ought.

"I then burst out and told him the figure was the basis of all design, of which he seemed totally incredulous. He said he would consult Eastlake and Cockerell. I told him Eastlake and Cockerell were good men and true, but timid. I told him he had selected Chantrey, the greatest bust-maker on earth, but the most incompetent person to judge of principles of Art. He had no invention, no knowledge of principles; and I understood that when Mr Bellenden Ker said, 'We must first settle the principle of the thing,' he said, 'As to principle, I have been thirty years in the art, and have never got hold of a principle yet.'

"'It is very improper,' said Thomson, 'for gentlemen to talk thus to you of the Council.' 'I tell you,' said I, 'no gentleman has talked to me: I have seen none.'

"I said, 'Is it consistent with the principles of Lord Melbourne's Government to make a Council wholly academical?' 'I selected the best artists; Calcott is the best landscape painter, and Chantrey, surely, at the head of his profession.' 'No; he is not,' I replied. 'Who is higher?' 'Surely Westmacott has done more poetical things than Chantrey, and so has Bailey; and why are not Martin and Rennie on the Council?' 'What pretensions has Rennie?' 'He does the naked, and is a judge of what is necessary for a school of design.' 'Why is he against the Academy?' 'On principle.' 'But he has no subject of complaint.' 'That is the very reason his opinion is valuable, because his objections are on the broad principles of things.'

"'Depend on it, if the figure be not the basis of instruction, it will all end in smoke. The Government will be disgusted, and it will be given up.' I said, 'I have no ultimate object: I have no wish. There are delicacies connected with my misfortunes that make me shy of intruding; but I do think that if you put only Academicians on the Council you will become their tool.' We then parted.

"I startled, worried and plagued him. He flattered me, but it would not do; I stuck to my point.

"He, like all Whigs, seemed inclined to soften and oil, in order that they might keep their places.

"17th.—I made a clear statement to Poulett Thomson, proving that the figure was the basis; that the same principle regulated the milk-jug and the heroic limb; that the ellipsis was the basis of Greek Art, and the circle of the Roman; that if the figure was not the basis, the Government money would be thrown away, and the public disappointed. He returned my statements with his compliments. I'll state the same thing on Saturday to the

Mechanics, and we shall see. I offered Thomson my Lecture 'On a Competent Tribunal and the Taste of the Upper Classes,' but he did not take the hint.

"18th.—Went to the Bench to-day, and saw ——'s brother, who is a complete character, affecting the diplomatist: he has always 'a letter to write,' and 'Palmerston is a man that must not be hurried.' The facts are, he is in debt; can't pay it; asserts the Government owes him a great deal, and pretends it will pay him. I said to him, 'I hope you'll soon be at work and with your family.' 'Yes,' said he, with an air of supreme mystery; 'I dare say it will be settled this session.' I had a great mind to say, 'Does it precede the reform of the Lords?' I was amazingly struck at the squalidness of the place after being at home and at work in comfort. It was shocking, yet I did not think so when there. After being long there they seem to suffer bitter necessity; after a certain time prisoners are forgotten; poor fellows, they looked like moulting birds.

"Poor Lord Audley is dead. He was more the dupe of villains than a villain himself. He died of apoplexy on the 14th inst. I should think the late exposure must have shaken him much.

"20th.—Lectured at the Mechanics'—extempore, and with complete success. The audience seemed amazingly impressed with the description of the eagle in Prometheus.

"25th.—This is my birthday—born 1786—fifty-one years old to-day. At eighteen I surveyed my state of mind for the first time in my life, and have never ceased doing so every year since.

"I find now my judgment matured. A conviction at last has arrived that the Deity cannot eradicate evil, and that the mortal can only make a compromise with it. But this is no reason it should not be opposed or checked, resisted or turned aside, if possible.

"I find after thirty-three years' struggle the state of Art certainly with a better prospect; the Academy completely exposed; the people getting more enlightened; a School of Design begun; and I more than hope the House of Lords will be adorned with pictures.

"O God! spare my intellect, my eyes, my health, my life to see that accomplished; to see my devotion, my sincerity, my perseverance rewarded and acknowledged; to see my honour proved by the payment of my debts, and my dear family established in virtue and credit, and I will yield my breath with cheering. Amen, with all my soul.

"February 15th.—Worked hard. At the Mechanics' Institute last night to instruct a class. I thought they would have smothered

smothered me, they crowded round so with their drawings; the horrors I have suffered come across my mind, when a blaze of anticipated glory swells my soul, just as it did when I began Solomon at twenty-six years old without a guinea.

"Dear Hamilton called, and seemed much pleased."

In April this year Haydon visited Edinburgh, where he lectured with great success, and received from the directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Association the honour of a public dinner on the 22nd of that month.

The following entries in the Journal refer to this visit:

"*April 6th.*—I left town in the *Clarence* steamer. Had a furious gale off Flamborough Head; saw many a dandy's dignity prostrated by sickness; was sick myself, but contrived to keep it secret, and was amazingly impressed by the black and foaming wave, the watery and lowering sky, the screaming gulls, and creaking rigging; while the persevering energy of the steam-paddles, which nothing stopped, gave me a tremendous idea of the power of science contending, as it were, with defying contempt against the elements of God.

"The gale lulled about noon, and by sunset we were clear, and making way in style. The old piper came on deck, ready to strike up at the first sight of Scotland. We just got a view of the Cheviot Hills as the sun gleamed out, and up screeched the piper, as if all the devils of Hades were trying to sing through their noses, while squeezing them with their fingers and thumbs—and yet the sound was original and poetical.

"I had not been in Edinburgh for seventeen years. The town was much altered and improved; Sir Walter and many friends were dead—all grown older—some scattered by disease, and others distressed by poverty. Such is life, or, rather, such is the road that leads to death.

"I began my lectures on the 20th, and was very successful. I brought forward a naked model, and was received with enthusiasm. I have got more hold of the upper classes, because they are concentrated here; and I think I have had a very great effect.

"*13th.*—Went to Holyrood, and bargained with the house-keeper to let me come back by candle-light, and see and walk up the very staircase which Ruthven and Darnley stole up on the night of the murder of Rizzio. It is extraordinary this desire to feel a grand and new sensation.

"*15th.*—Lectured, and the audience endorsed with applause my attack on the Academy, which was severe. I brought them to this last assault by degrees.

"*16th.*—Breakfasted with Mr and Mrs Ireland, a friend of Campbell's (the poet), who knew him in his boyhood—spoke
highly

highly of him, and said he supported two sisters. He feared he (Campbell) had driven his only son mad by too eager desire to advance him—very likely. Men of genius are bad teachers—too quick, too eager, and too violent, if not comprehended.”

From Scotland Haydon proceeded by sea to Liverpool, and thence to Leicester, where he lectured to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

On these occasions Haydon rushed about with his usual impetuosity. The characters he met, the objects of antiquity or historical interest he saw, the manufactories he visited, are always referred to in the Journals, and he never quitted a place without leaving a strong impression behind him. His lectures seem to have been uniformly successful, though the fierceness of his attacks on the Academy, as might be expected, was not always approved, and the tone of his criticism upon contemporary painters was often complained of as unduly depreciatory.

After lecturing at Leicester he returned to town, and thence, on the 16th of May, proceeded to Manchester, of which he says on the 26th:

“I find Manchester in a dreadful condition as to Art. No School of Design. The young men drawing without instruction. A fine anatomical figure shut up in a box; the housekeeper obliged to hunt for the key. I’ll give it to them before I go.

“Before I came up I was threatened with vengeance if I alluded to the Academy. I began the first lecture. No hisses. I proceeded last night and got applause.”

In Manchester he not only lectured, but agitated for the establishment of a School of Design, which was founded the year after.

“*June 1st–5th.*—Lecturing till I am sick. I am not happy in Manchester. The associations of these hideous mill-prisons for children destroy my enjoyment in society. The people are quite insensible to it; but how they can go on as they do in all their luxurious enjoyments with those huge factories overhanging them, is most extraordinary.

“*17th, 18th.*—This was imagination. I have since examined large factories—2000 in one room, and found the children healthy and strong, and the room well aired and wholesome.”

The month of July he spent quietly at Broadstairs with his family, principally for the benefit of his wife’s health, which was now much shaken.

“*July 6th.*—Not being able to pay up my rates in the approaching struggle, and keep my love here too, I wrote the Duke of Sutherland, and stated the case. Directly, like a fine fellow as he is, he took two more shares in my Saragossa, which will enable me to do it. Huzza!”

This

This year her present Majesty came to the throne. Haydon applied, unsuccessfully, as might have been expected, for the appointment of her historical painter. It is amusing to see his affected struggles and doubts, after he had taken this step:

"9th.—Felt degraded in my own estimation in condescending to ask the Duchess of Sutherland to interfere with the Queen to appoint me her historical painter, with an income like West. If I succeeded, what will become of my liberty? I do it for dear Mary's sake, as her health is feeble, and any more shocks would endanger her life.

"If the Queen were to say, 'Will he promise to cease assaulting the Academy?' I would reply, 'If Her Majesty would offer me the alternative of the block, or to cease assaulting, I would choose the block.' *Nous verrons*. Nothing will come of it, and secretly I hope nothing may. I have not played my cards well with the Duchess and the Queen. I had a fine moment which I did not press.

"Went up at one—Sunday—with 800 people. Paid my rates and taxes before nine on Monday, and was at Broadstairs at seven the same evening.

"The utter recklessness of the Sabbath by the people on board was dreadful—betting, drinking, smoking.

"I was known on board, and addressed; when they knew who I was they began to be profound, which was interesting, considering they were half drunk."

On his return to town at the end of July Haydon got a large canvas on his easel, and began a picture on the subject of the Maid of Saragossa cheering on the besieged in an attack. Wilkie lent him his Spanish costumes for the picture (the subject of which he had himself painted before this), but he could not set to work very cheerfully, for his resources were wellnigh exhausted. Lecturing furnished just enough to keep the wolf from the door, and, as we have seen, it was only by the kindness of his staunch friend the Duke of Sutherland in taking two shares in this picture that he had been enabled to pay his rates and taxes the month before.

"August 6th.—Called on Hamilton. He seems desirous I should leave London if I can get advantageous offers. Never. I say, as Johnson says, 'Give me the full tide of human life at Charing Cross.'

"7th.—Made an oil-study for my heroine. She must be a Spanish beauty. After all my success this year I have returned to my winter studies with only three sovereigns left. One my wife got to-day for the house, and thus I started the heroine's head with £2, 1s. 6d. capital.

"This is always the way. If the Queen would but grant me
a pension

a pension—something to rest upon—I should feel a security of escaping the workhouse. Now I do not. I am nearly fifty-two. I can hardly last eighteen years more, with all I have gone through.

“ In composition, telling a story, form and expression, I know myself equal to the great men. But in individual painting of heads I am vastly inferior.

“ This I have yet to accomplish, and accomplish it I will by God’s blessing.

“ 9th.—Never disregard what your enemies say. They may be severe; they may be prejudiced; they may be determined to see only in one direction, but still in that direction they see clearly. They do not speak all the truth, but they generally speak the truth from one point of view, as far as that goes; attend to them.

“ They sneer at my success in lecturing, and say, ‘ It is a pity he does not paint more.’ Of course, it is a great pity, considering my deficiencies. That is a sneer I can and will profit by.

“ 10th.—Mr Meek, former secretary to Lord Keith, passed the evening with us, and amused us. He went to Napoleon with Lord Keith when it was announced to him he was to go to St Helena. He said Napoleon kept them standing. His face had a dead, marble look, but became interesting when speaking. He said it was true a man came from London to summon Napoleon to a trial, and chased Lord Keith all day.

“ He said, when Napoleon came on board he kept asking everybody whether they were going to St Helena.

“ 17th.—Studied the whole morning at the British Gallery; Guercino hung between Titian and Tintoretto. It was curious and interesting to study why Guercino was not so high as Titian or Tintoretto. Guercino was of the second crop of Italian genius. He is intrusive, hard, vulgar and gross. Nothing could exceed Titian’s Philip II. It was perfect in drawing, colour and execution; just real enough, without being hard; just execution enough to save it from high finish, and colour enough to prevent its being dull. Nature—nature itself. The ground on which he stands might have been a little lighter to advantage, but if it have not got darker Titian thought otherwise.

“ 30th.—In the city to raise money to pay my dear Frank’s schooling. I succeeded, returned fagged, and to work on Mr Hope’s Falstaff and Prince Hal.

“ Thus ends August. Seventeen and a half days I have worked. Saragossa settled. Now what shall I proceed to finish? Poitiers or Saragossa? ”

During this month Haydon was writing letters in the *Spectator*, addressed to Lord John Russell, commenting on the evidence given before Mr Ewart’s Committee, with especial reference to that

that of the President of the Academy. It appears to me unnecessary to refer more particularly to these letters, for they contain little but amplifications of topics of attack with which the readers of these Memoirs must be already familiar, and much of the reasoning, even if sound then, has ceased to be applicable to the Academy now. Besides there intrudes in all Haydon's attacks a personality so bitter as almost to neutralise the truths they contain, and his quarrel with Sir Martin A. Shee has now lost such interest as it may have had at the time.

In September Haydon had the great gratification of receiving from the committee of the Asylum for the Blind at Liverpool a commission for a picture on the subject of Christ blessing little Children, for 400 guineas, as a companion to Hilton's picture already in the church of the Asylum. The offer came in a letter from Mr Lowndes, a munificent patron of the arts in Liverpool, and it was mainly owing, no doubt, to his exertions and those of Mr Winstanley that the commission was offered.

"*September 12th, 13th.*—Let me survey. I came home with my family from Broadstairs, July 31st. In August I got £10, 10s. from the Duke of Devonshire for a share in Saragossa, and that is all professional receipts for six weeks! Since then I have received a commission for 400 guineas, but the above is all I have actually received to this time.

"The interval between my employments—as I have a family that must be fed and educated—generally produces debts, and that produces embarrassment.

"I had to pay £12, 10s. for my boy, and borrowed it at 2s. in the pound for two months. I borrowed £5 more to that £10; so that I have incurred a debt of £32, 10s. before I begin my commission, and this again is a nucleus formed for future embarrassment. Half the month is gone. Falstaff is done. The sketch for Liverpool done. Saragossa quite ready to do, and Poitiers nearly done. I am waiting for another reply, and then I fly to my canvas."

On the 23rd the Liverpool picture was begun (with the usual prayer for a blessing on it), and on the 5th of October he visited Liverpool to determine the place it should occupy in the church, and to see Hilton's work, to which it was to serve as companion. He says of Hilton's picture that it is "broad, though chilly in colour, but a good picture and creditable to his talent."

Before the end of October the composition of the picture was settled.¹

¹ I regret that in a recent visit to Liverpool (in 1852) I was unsuccessful in my attempt to see the pictures, as they were, for the time, rolled up and put away in consequence of the damp of the new church, where they should be hung.—Ed.

Haydon

Haydon was now busy with his Liverpool commission, and preparing for a fresh round of the great northern manufacturing towns, where he never failed to find warm friends and applauding audiences. He took occasion in these tours, wherever he could, to urge the formation of Schools of Design; and such a school was founded at Manchester in this year. Probably no previous attempts of Haydon's to disseminate an interest in Art were so useful or successful as these lectures, and what connected itself with them, or followed from them. Most of his efforts in this way, hitherto, had flowed too directly from his feud with the Academy, or were too much mixed up with his own quarrels, distresses and disasters for the truths of Art which they asserted ever to have full effect. But in several of his lectures he got rid of such disturbing elements, and when he did his views were sound and ennobling. But "self" with him always so distorted judgments and estimates as to provoke in many readers and hearers opposition or indifference to the best and truest things he could say or write about his art.

"October 29th.¹—Began this day this new Journal. What after so many years are the prospects of Art and the country? The art has decidedly advanced in public opinion. Amongst the upper classes the feeling for it has decreased. The Court and the nobility are just in the same state of infantine passion for portrait, and by portrait, and by portrait alone, will any man make his way to high places here.

"30th.—Worked hard, and at the head of Christ, which is the best I have done, in promise. When I remember the anxiety about the head of Christ in Jerusalem in the art and in fashionable life, and reflect on the utter apathy now, it is shocking.

"31st.—Last day, and a very bustling, idle month I have passed. I have lectured with great success, and to overwhelming audiences; especially on Friday, when I had two of the Blues—wonderful men—the one a Theseus, the other a Gladiator, and they were received *con furore*.

"November 4th.—Met Rogers in the park. People are beginning to peep about, and heave in sight for the season. I told him I had just been to the Duke of Sutherland's to see Delaroche's picture of Strafford. I said it was a fine work, but still a French work. In looking round at the Murillos, the difference of what was and what is raises interesting questions. There is no life in French pictures. The basis of all French Art

¹ The twenty-second volume of the Journals opens at this date with the motto, from Ecclesiastes xxiii. 24: "Fear not to be strong in the Lord that He may confirm you: cleave unto Him, for the Lord Almighty is God alone, and beside Him there is no other Saviour."

is the theatre and the lay-figure. The flesh is smooth and bloodless. Rogers touched me in the side, and said, 'Give us something better of the same sort; you could.' I went to the Velasquez afterwards. It was a ripe peach after curriers' leather. The Duke has given a high price. It is large, and yet such is the perversity that, like Thomas Hope, he objects to my painting large. Thomas Hope objected to my doing Solomon the size of life, and yet gave a French painter at the very same time 800 guineas for Damocles, full size.

"I ask any impartial person if my Solomon, Jerusalem and Lazarus are not greater works than Delaroche has ever done. Yet where are they all? Solomon in a hayloft, Lazarus in a bazaar, and Jerusalem out of the country.

"5th.—Sat for my portrait-bust to Park. Sent my children to church, but did not read prayers to myself, which is wicked and ungrateful. The reason is, I am in no danger pecuniarily, feel no want of God's protection, and forget His past mercies. This shows what human gratitude is.

"9th.—This day the Queen (who will never forgive me for sending her a ticket of admission to the raffle of Xenophon) goes to dine in the city. The day has opened, as all such days do, *in nubibus*. When Napoleon appeared the day always brightened, and I sincerely hope her young feelings will not have the chill a bad day always gives. God bless her! As the Committee won't let me into the hall, my dignity won't let me stand in the streets; so I shall finish my drapery, which looks gloriously this morning.

"God protect the dear little Queen through all the perils of fog and feasting, and bring her home safely, and make her reign over us long and lasting.

"14th.—Lord Egremont is dead; a great loss to all, especially artists. He was an extraordinary man—manly, straightforward, tender-hearted, a noble patron, an attached friend and an affectionate and indulgent parent. His great pleasure was in sharing with the highest and humblest the advantages and luxuries of his vast income. The very animals at Petworth seemed happier than in any other spot on earth, better fed, and their dumbness and helpless dependence on man more humanely felt for. He was one of those left of the old school who considered a great artist as fit society for any man, however high his rank, and at his table, as at Sir George Beaumont's, Lord Mulgrave's, or Sir Robert Peel's, painter and sculptor, poet and minister and soldier, all were as equals.

"19th.—At Hamilton's till four. He had been to Drayton and saw Napoleon in the dining-room. Sir Robert broached the subject about the charge after dinner; Lord de Grey and
others

others present. He said I could not expect to keep my friends if I raised my charges in that way. This was not fair, as Hamilton said; he got the picture for 100 guineas owing to a mistake. I told him it ought at least to have been £200, and after all, the fair price was £300."

With this explanation it has a very different air.

"20th.—Saw the Queen pass the gallery to the Lords. Her appearance was singular. Her large eye, open nostril, closed mouth, small form, grave demeanour and intellectual look, surrounded by nobles, ministers, ambassadors, peeresses, statesmen and guards, had something awful and peculiar.

"22nd.—At the British Museum all day, writing hard for my History of Art.

"23rd.—At the British Museum again. Copied materials for my history."

And then follow many pages of a summary History of Art, which need not detain us here, and which occupied him to the close of the month.

In December of this year his pictures of the Black Prince and the Lord Audley at Poitiers, and of Falstaff and Prince Hal, were sent to the exhibition of the Edinburgh Society of Artists.

1838

"January 25th.—Manchester. Up to this very day I have neglected my Journal. I left town, and arrived here after a rapid journey by train from Birmingham, and was received with the same enthusiasm as before. To-day is my birthday, when I complete my fifty-second year. A meeting took place in the committee-room of the Mechanics', to consider the propriety of founding a School of Design. I read my proposition, which was received with cheers; Mr James Frazer in the chair. Mr Heywood was present. Someone wished an elementary school to be added before beginning the figure, but I urged the necessity of uniting the artist and the mechanic, as in Greece and Italy, and I think I impressed the audience. Finally an active committee was formed to take the matter into consideration, preparatory to calling a public meeting. This I consider the first serious move. Thanks were voted me, and inwardly I thank God I have lived to see this day.¹

"28th.—Dined out with a very fine fellow, Darbyshire, and Heywood (banker), Fairbairn (engineer), and others, with some

¹ It is in favour of the soundness of Haydon's views as to Schools of Design that this very Manchester school, after some years' languishing under a system the opposite to that here indicated, has lately seen and acknowledged the necessity of coming to Haydon's principle.

nice women, one with a fine head, who sat opposite me at table. We talked of the School of Design. Heywood said, 'It was astonishing how it would get on if men had shares bearing interest; not but what,' he added, 'I prefer donations.' This was a regular hint for starting a 'School of Design Company,' and after all, perhaps, this must be the way in England. We shall see. Bankers are shrewd ones. Liked Fairbairn much; a good iron steam-engine head. To see his expression when they talked of *Ernest Maltravers* made me inwardly rejoice. 'I cannot get through novels,' said he. It showed his good sense. He has risen from a foundry labourer to be master of as great a manufactory as any in the world.

"29th.—Got a Celsus, and was struck more strongly than ever with the evidence of the dissection of the Greeks. It was lent me by a young surgeon in the house. He refers to the Greeks about the diaphragm, which the Greeks call *διάφραγμα*; *φράγμα* is 'a fence.' How came they to call it so, but from internal examination?

"Lectured at Royal Institution and Mechanics'. Audiences stuffed. Laid the subject of a School of Design before them. Enthusiastically received. Committee met to-day. All goes right. Monied men must not be bullied. Great effort to keep the mechanics temperate.

"February 3rd.—Dined at Fairbairn's, after passing the morning at his vast engine works. Boilers for 400 horse-power engines; iron melting by fire that would have astonished the devils, roaring like thunder, dark with brightness, red with heat and liquid like lava. We had a pleasant party, but the conversation in all country towns is on domestic politics. On any broad question they get spitish, and you see the aim is to rival another establishment, or mortify a political opponent. Turner, the surgeon, Frazer, the connoisseur, and Darbyshire, the attorney, see things broadly.

"5th.—Left Manchester yesterday (Sunday) and arrived here (Leeds) at five. After the spirit of London and Manchester, Leeds seems stupid. *Nous verrons*.

"6th.—Lectured last night. They seem High Church and bigoted. I was asked after if I meant to attack the Church, because I said the Reformation had ruined High Art. Hamilton has given me a letter to Theodore Hook's relative, Dr Hook.

"10th.—Dined with Mr Bankes, and had a very pleasant evening. Spent the morning with Miss Bankes in looking over her collection of shells, according to La Marque. I gained immense knowledge, as I went through every species from the earliest formation to the last. The people here think her cracked.

How

How evident is the cause of learned people being thought magicians in an earlier state of society!

"18th.—Left Leeds, where I have met a kind reception and great enthusiasm, for Manchester. Attended to-day the first considerable meeting for a School of Design. There was a decent muster, and everybody sincere. I seconded the last resolution, and the debate concluded. I then ran to the train, and was at Birmingham in four hours and a half. On Tuesday, 20th, I went to Tamworth, and thence to Drayton, having found Sir Robert Peel's servant waiting to conduct me. My Napoleon looked admirably. Sir Robert had placed it in the centre of his drawing-room, in the place of honour. Lawrence's Lady Peel looked really exquisite as far as head and neck. The Teniers and Vandyke were beautiful. The old masters ground their colours purer than modern men. All the modern pictures looked coarse and gritty. The house is splendidly comfortable, and a noble consequence of integrity and trade.

"21st.—Set off for town, where I arrived after being thirteen hours outside, and after having accomplished all I left town to do—the establishment of a School of Design at Manchester, and the excitement of the people. If God spares my life I will raise such a commotion about the Court that shall make it ashamed of its miniature trash and patronage. It is quite disgraceful.

"26th, 27th, 28th.—Did business to get clear for devoting myself for finishing Christ blessing little Children. Called in at the School of Design, Somerset House. My Heavens—what a scene! Eight or nine poor boys drawing paltry patterns; no figures, no beautiful forms.

"March 18th.—Went to church; but prosperity, though it makes me grateful, does not cause me such perpetual religious musings as adversity. When on a precipice where nothing but God's protection can save me, then I delight in religious hope, but I am sorry to say my ambition ever dwindles unless kept alive by risk of ruin. My piety is never so intense as when in a prison, and my gratitude never so much alive as when I have just escaped from one.

"22nd.—Out the whole day. Lectured in the evening on the School of Design. Wyse and Ewart were present. Wyse made a capital speech, carrying out my principles, the principles of my early enthusiasm. It was a complete victory, and now it will get into the House effectually. They both said I stirred up the people in the country. It was curious to find Elmes, my old friend, the editor of the *Annals*, vice-president after so many years. God grant us victory.

"25th.—My picture is well advanced, and I have been blessed throughout

throughout so far. God bless me to the end. This last year a good deal of money has passed through my hands, out of which I cannot save, my boys are so expensive. If I think what is to become of me in my old age, something whispers me, 'Trust in God, as usual.'"

An agitation was about this time started for a monument to Nelson. Haydon took a deep interest in the proposal, and contributed a design to the competition, which resulted in the selection of the Trafalgar Square column and statue.

Haydon's original design was a Greek temple with a simple statue of Nelson in the cella, and on the walls pictures of four of the most remarkable incidents in his career:

1. The receiving the sword of the Spanish officers on the quarter-deck of the *San Josef*.
2. The explosion of *L'Orient* at the battle of the Nile.
3. His signing of the letter to the Crown Prince at the bombardment of Copenhagen.
4. The death at Trafalgar.

This design he communicated on the 9th of April to Sir George Cockburn in a letter, but did not then apparently propose to enter regularly into the competition.

"April 11th.—Out the whole day. Spent two hours at Sir Robert Peel's. Studied the magnificent Silenus. Good God, what a scale! Studied the *Chapeau de Paille*—model of painting hands and head; bosom not beautiful; hat badly put on. Miss Peel was with her French governess, a beautiful, domestic and interesting girl. She came out into the gallery and received me most kindly, so that I hope Sir Robert and I will be reconciled. I pursued wrong under the impression of right, and he opposed me, convinced he was right.¹ When I found amongst my papers indisputable evidence of my feelings at the time, which proved I was wrong, I told him so at once. I could do no more, and he seems to think so.

"Lady Peel's portrait with her bonnet was very sweet, but bordering on manner. Yet it was tender, and suited the nature of Lawrence: whenever Lawrence painted the Duchess of Sutherland or Lady Peel, he seemed to forget all his coquettish expressions."

By an accident, the committee of his Liverpool employers delayed a remittance, and at once the old difficulties recommenced.

"16th.—Advanced by finishing last week, everything now being settled, but the Liverpool committee not keeping their engagement with me I begin to be harassed. They promised

¹ In allusion to the difference touching the price of the Napoleon picture.

me my £50 on the 8th. I promised landlord and collector of rates and taxes. I have broken my word with all of them. I feel lowered again, and after ten months of prosperity I begin to feel the usual blessings of devoting one's self to a large picture on contingencies. I raised £5 on my prints. To-day I have got 9s. in my pocket, and out go my anatomical studies for the wants of the week.

" 18th.—Heard yesterday from Liverpool, but no cash. This is careless, and unlike men of business. The consequence was, I sent out my dinner suit to-day for £1, 10s. The Manchester men told me that the Liverpool people were all show, and at Leeds Dr Hook said: 'We give a Liverpool man ten years.' *Nous verrons*. Hard at work, and finished the legs, but not satisfied. After lunch I got into an omnibus and drove down to the National Gallery, and studied Coreggio's, Rubens's and Reynolds's children. Of the three Rubens's were best, Coreggio's beautiful too. I came back like a lion, kept down the off leg, softened both, and greatly improved them. The day has been one of real ecstasy. I had a beautiful baby in the morning. Studied glorious works, and succeeded. *Laus Deo*. Now, if the £50 comes, I defy mortality.

" Really, looking at Reynolds, I thought the head of the Infant Jesus as finely painted as anything in the world, but on coming to him again from Titian and Coreggio the material was too apparent. But for manly breadth nothing could be finer.

" Those three ladies, too,¹ are exquisite. He was a great man, and I think Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough and Wilkie keep ground. The English school will rise now they are fairly hung.

" 26th.—Lectured last night with great success, going into the whole Academy question. It was considered I had proved my position. Took out my greatcoat to go to the lecture. I sent it back again by my old fidus Achates for 12s. this morning, to furnish us for the day.

" 28th.—*Aujourd'hui j'ai reçu cent guinées sterling; hier au soir actuellement sans quatre schellings! Telle est ma vie: un jour au sommet, pendant le jour suivant au bout de besoin et misère!*

" *Grace à Dieu pour sa bonté de ce matin!* (Half-past one.) Was there ever anything like it? This moment *j'ai reçu de Liverpool l'autre £50. Cent cinquante cinq livres dans un jour, après la plus grande nécessité! Grace à Dieu encore.*

" All this can be traced to human causes. The treasurer was ill and forgot me. He returned and sent the money. It was inclosed by post. In the meanwhile a young lady wished to be

¹ Reynolds's Graces.

a pupil. I dine there; the father makes me an offer. I propose another. He accepts and appoints. Because the treasurer was ill, because he came back, because he sent the money, because it was put in the post, because the train met with no accident, because the postman did not break his neck, was not a thief, because my servant went to the door when he knocked, and because I went into the city for similar progressive reasons, I got £100 first, and the £50 came after."

But now came a heavy blow—the death of his second stepson, Simon Hyman, by the bite of a serpent in Madras Roads, thus announced to him by the lad's captain:

" Her Majesty's sloop *Wolf*,

" Trincomalee, December 31st, 1837.

" My dear Sir,

" I regret much indeed the painful task I am about to take—the communication to you of the melancholy demise of your son S. Hyman, which took place in consequence of the bite of a reptile on board Her Majesty's brig *Algerine*, at anchor in Madras Roads, when a sea-serpent came on board, having been hooked by a marine. The late Mr S. Hyman took it in his hand, and the animal, when irritated, seized hold of his hand over the metacarpal bone of the forefinger, and held the doubled-up skin firmly between his jaws until he was forced to let go his hold. This occurred at 7.30 a.m. Mr Hyman held the occurrence lightly, went down to his breakfast, and soon after felt some uneasiness in his throat, which quickly began to swell: the patient fell giddy, not long after insensible, and died exactly at 10.30 a.m., three hours after the accident. A few exceedingly small punctures were seen where the animal bit the hand. Soon after death the throat was discoloured, the body spotted, which in a few hours became offensive, and it was found necessary to bury it at 4 p.m. the same evening. There were two medical men, who did all they could and all that was possible on the occasion, but so very rapid and deadly was the poison that no good arose from any remedies, and the first hour was necessarily lost by the patient himself treating the thing lightly, and as of no material consequence.

" The snake was preserved, and examined by Mr Bland, surgeon of Her Majesty's sloop *Wolf*, under my command, and found to be six feet six inches in length, general colour yellow, with forty-three black rings nearly equidistant. Its thickness about six inches near the vent, from which the tail projected vertically, flat or compressed. Upper jaw two rows of small teeth, the inner row indented in the intermaxillary bones like the common adder, but no fang teeth could be detected, nor could it be seen whether the snake had hollow or tubed teeth from want of a powerful lens. Under jaw had one row of teeth, many broken and worn from age. In the above account I have given you every information in my power (at present). And as for his effects (according to his verbal wish) they are strictly kept, and will be sent to you. His clothes
(naval)

(naval) may come in for his brother, as my poor unfortunate shipwrecked brother's did for me.

"In concluding this melancholy detail, I beg, my dear Sir, to acquaint you that your late son-in-law was very much respected, and in fact beloved by all. He bid fair for a fine officer, and there exists no doubt, had he survived the melancholy catastrophe, he would have done honour to the British navy. We who knew him shall ever feel most deeply impressed at the loss, and his memory will ever be much respected by all.

"Wishing you will be in time reconciled to the will of One who calls the best first to His presence,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours much concerned,

"EDWARD STANLEY."

"*May 13th.*—Read prayers, and passed the day in doing nothing but moving about, then looking at my pictures and studying effect. It is extraordinary the indisposition of children for church. Surely I had no such indisposition. I remember going to prayers, and listening to Gandy with absolute pleasure. I remember always listening to his sublime reading of the Litany with delight. Not one of my children has the least of it. They in reality hate going to public worship. Frank says he hates to pray with a parcel of fools who come to be looked at. Frederic says he likes it, all but the sermon, and my little girl says she goes to please me. Thus it is. If I read prayers and a Blair's sermon they all join, because they know they are released in an hour, but church is always matter of discontent.

"*20th.*—My poor Hyman haunts us all. His death is afflicting, dreadfully so. To be hurried to the grave in full health and spirits in three hours. Poor fellow! He never lived to receive his mother's and sister's letters. Thank God he got mine, and his last breath, as it were, was a blessing on me. I loved him like my own boy.

"*21st.*—Hard at work and finished the other hand. Now for the back figure, and then, huzza for the conclusion!

"I think I am less satisfied now than ever with my own efforts. Surely I must be on the eve of some grand attempt. I am dying for daring foreshortenings and desperate actions.

"*22nd.*—Dreadfully anxious and hard at work. I rubbed out and rubbed in endlessly; but feeling the benefit of admitting all classes while the work is in progress, and all classes having pronounced judgment on the muscular beggar, I took him out, after engaging a horseguard, and sending for a female model put in a sweet girl looking over an infant. This kept up the feeling, and this morning (23rd) I see it will do; so I shall finish it, and this is an immense anxiety eased.

"*24th.*

"24th.—Put in the head of a young girl. It is a great improvement. My dear Mary still continues very low about poor Hyman.

"25th.—Studied the effect, and lectured. Ewart proposed a petition to bring up the Cartoons to be presented by Wyse. Success to it.

"27th.—Walked and looked at the grand entrance to the railway. It is extraordinary how decidedly the public has adopted Greek architecture. Its simplicity, I take it, is suitable to English decision.

"June 1st.—Called on Ewart, and told him strongly they were hurrying on the art too fast; that they were going to petition to have the Cartoons when they had no place to put them in. 'Turn out the Academy,' said Ewart. 'What is to become of the Cartoons in the mean time? You can't turn them out.' 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer said they would be ready to go if the public wished.' This is a radical. All they want is movement. Here is a man who proposes to move the Cartoons, and before they can be lodged must get out an Academy which has just got in. I told him false movements ruined battles.

"4th.—Went out early on business. Winstanley called from Liverpool. Called on Beechey, who was full of a new vehicle. He amused me excessively by reading extracts¹ from copies he had made from a memorandum book of Reynolds's in the possession of Mr Gwatkin, who married his niece. It was most entertaining. At the end of a day's work and a new portrait, he put down '*Sono stabilito in maniere di dipingere*,' and would paint the very next portrait in a totally different way. In the same work, wax, gum copaiva, oil, Venice turpentine, were all used in turn. Often first he put 'cerata'; that is, waxed the ground before he painted. Often prepared with black, white and blue, and glazed with yellow lake, and then painted warm and cooled with ultramarine by glazes. I never saw a man so uncertain; and the beautiful delusion of fancying his manner of painting was fixed!—just like a man of great genius who has a peculiar weakness.

"7th.—Lord and Lady Burghersh called yesterday and suggested removing the column, and the improvement is enormous. Too much cannot be said to them for their thought and taste. To-day I cleared the picture; threw the whole background into sky and landscape, and the flatness gave double value to the foreground. Every day one learns something from one's self and others.

"Duke of Sutherland called to-day, and said he was much pleased with the character and head of Christ. He thought the

¹ See these extracts in the Appendix to this volume.

children not Jewish enough. This was a sound remark; so that if I get the child done to-morrow, this week will have been well passed.

“ If a foreground be flat, let a background be complicated; if a foreground be complicated, let a background be flat.

“ 8th.—Painted in a head. Is it equal to Titian or Reynolds, Vandyke or Rubens? No; disgrace that it is not. My mind is teeming with improvement, and something will come of it. The first symptom is disgust at what I do.

“ 9th.—Much fatigued. Worked hard, and got the boy nearly done. This week advanced well, but not enough.

“ 10th.—Read prayers. Sent the children to church, and Frank and I walked after. My eyes irritable from having had no rest Friday or Saturday. I am convinced that on Friday and Saturday, what with reading, writing, painting and lecturing, thirty out of the forty-eight hours were constantly employed. Sometimes such is the extreme activity of my brain that I fall dead asleep like Napoleon, and from the same cause, wake refreshed and at it again. When I come to dinner my dear Mary says I have been a great deal alone. Such a sensation never enters my head. I never feel alone. With visions of ancient heroes, pictures of Christ, principles of ancient Art, humorous subjects, deductions, sarcasms against the Academy, piercing remembrance of my dear children all crowding upon me, I paint, write, conceive and fall asleep, start up refreshed, eat my lunch with the fierceness of Polyphemus, return to my room, go on till near dinner, walk, dine, read the paper, return to my study, complete what I have been doing, or muse till dusk, then to bed, lamenting my mortality at being fatigued. I never rest, I talk all night in my sleep, start up: I scarce know whether I did not even relish ruin, as a source of increased activity. ‘ Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!’

“ 15th.—Got up so wretched in my eyes from overwork that I sallied forth to seek my fortunes, like Cain with his family, and got into the Great Western. The instant the engine moved I felt something was wrong. It laboured and jerked, and after going at a snail’s pace made a dead stop at four miles. After a great deal of time it proceeded, and arrived at West Drayton at one, thirteen miles an hour. This was the first hour of an intended day of pleasure. Weary of the idea of remaining at a station till four, I determined to walk to Hounslow, but rain set in; so I hailed a tax-cart, in fact a butcher’s, and asked him if he would take me to Hounslow. He said he would, and as it was all by bypaths I jumped in. He lent me a sack to cover my knees, and by wiping myself continually I kept the rain from

from soaking in. We got on very well. He told me the winter had been £10 out of his way. All his potatoes, turnips and cabbages had been ruined. He said he was married and had two children. He said: 'You have a queer coachman, sir, haven't ye?' 'Never mind, my hero, bring me to Hounslow.' After a long trot he plunged into the open road—Hounslow two miles. I thought it would be rather awkward to meet the Duke of Sutherland. Trusting in Providence I should escape, I did not get out; and while I was thinking if my noble friends should see me what a job it would be, suddenly the butcher bawled out: 'The Queen! the Queen!' I jerked off my spectacles, pressed my hat over my head, hid half my face and waited. First came the Lancers, then outriders, then the Queen, then a carriage with Prince George (I think), who looked at me. The Queen's eye I escaped, and *he* did not know me.

"At Hounslow I fell in with a stage, and got to town at five.

"18th.—At the Gallery at night. Sir George, Lord Mulgrave, Duke of Sutherland, all gone! and the glory of the Gallery gone with them. There was not one beautiful head in the room.

"Studied a Bassano till I smelt its colour, and to-day dashed into my sketch what I imbibed. Oh, what they lose who do not glory in the old painters! What an eye! What a nerve for colour! How I sucked it in, how I tasted it on the tip of my tongue! how fiery were the crimsons! how delicious the surface! how deep the tone! Delaroche made me sick. His dirty browns, his reds, his filthy leathery bricky flesh—Yah!

"I am the same man as ever. Thirty years ago I had just the same feelings, the same delusions.

"Last night, as I was looking at Delaroche's picture of Charles, which is not equal to the Duke's Strafford, P—— was standing by me. He said, 'The French are approaching us.' I replied, 'The French have decided merits we have not.' He turned away in a rage.

"I could not help admiring the thoroughbred impertinence of R.A.'s. They are never at a loss to keep up their dignity. 'Approaching us'—'*Us!*' The immaculate exquisite! They are clever fellows.

"19th.—What I find fault with is my tendency to intellectual deduction. I have as much pleasure in that as painting. It comes on in spite of Titian, Nature and the Elgin Marbles.

"19th.—Hard at work, and did half the baby. Titian's flesh in children is exactly the milky tint—Rubens not so. In the Three Ages¹ at Bridgewater House the three little children are perfection. The flesh in my baby being near a red cap, the

¹ By some attributed to Titian, by others to Giorgione.

reflections are red. Mary came in, and said, 'Children who suck are not red, but milky.' This was the sound criticism of a mother.

"24th.—Dined at Mackenzie's (an old friend), and met Lord Paulet, O——, Matthews (the brother of Lord Byron's Matthews), Mr Coulton, and two others. A very delightful evening we had, because we got on the Spanish war. O—— (though one of the Duke's croakers evidently) said capital things. He said magistrates, priests, people and nobility were all with the Duke, and the French could not move without the Duke immediately knowing every movement. He said the French never fought much after Salamanca and Albuera. He said he knew that the Duke, before going to Waterloo, when ministers asked whom they should send out if any accident should happen to him, replied, 'Beresford'; but like many old officers, he ascribed more to circumstances than to Wellington's genius. Absurd.

"Lord Paulet told some interesting things. Among a parcel of aides-de-camp he heard one say, 'They ran away.' The Duke, who was near, turned round—'Ran away! to be sure. I saw a whole regiment, officers and all, run like the devil in the Pyrenees till they were up to their shoulders in furze.' Lord Paulet said it was one of the fifties. The Duke said directly after he saw the same regiment distinguishing themselves highly. He was supposed not to have seen the first scene, but he saw the last, and noticed their gallantry in orders.

"Lord Paulet said, one night in Paris, at the Variétés, he and the Duke found in their box a dirty-looking fellow marked with the smallpox. He was going to say the box was taken, when to his astonishment the Duke spoke freely to the stranger, and they got into a deep conversation. When the Duke came out he said, 'Do you know who that is? That's Rostopchin, a devilish good fellow.' Mackenzie then said, in reply to some question, Rostopchin did not set fire to Moscow. That he heard him declare after dinner, upon his word of honour as a gentleman, that he had nothing to do with it. He burned his own villa before the city was burnt, thus setting the example, but he says it was set fire to by thieves, who hoped to plunder. Mackenzie said the question with Russians was, Moscow was the headquarters of the nobility, who were too powerful for Alexander's independence. It was suspected the burning was not disagreeable to him. The nobles were very angry at the Tilsit scene, and remonstrated; in fact little less than ordered Alexander to have nothing to do again with the French army, or even to see Napoleon.

"O—— then returned to the running away, and said, unless keeping the ground was an object, officers and all often took shelter.

shelter. But if the orders were, 'Keep that ground while alive,' every man would drop at his post.

"Mackenzie said he was present when a French officer of artillery was taken and brought to Schwartzburg. Among other questions he was asked what they were doing in the South. 'Don't you know? We have been fighting a man who if he had your army would have been in Paris a month ago.' He told us he heard the Duke say Massena was equal to 120,000, Ney to 20,000, but that Soult combined the talents of both.

"He said the 11th volume of the Despatches was delayed till Soult was gone, lest it might have injured him with English people.

"O—— thought nothing of Vittoria because there was no fighting. I asked him if taking 150 pieces of cannon and Lord Hill's flank movement were nothing. He admitted, unwillingly, that was something. Vittoria was the greatest because there was no fighting. O—— said the army was sick of it before the battle. I dare say all the croakers were.

"O—— was exactly the sort of man to hit shortsighted prejudices between wind and water; to attribute the success of a great genius to circumstances, to information and second-rate causes, instead of seeing that but for the innate power of mind to wield the circumstances nothing could have come.

"What Wellington must have had to contend with! I came away with Matthews, to whom, as we came out, I complained of the disposition of old military characters to underrate the Duke. I told O—— that I heard from Colonel Acheson of the Guards a saying of the Duke's, 'No man who is not an ass fights a general battle unless he is sure of getting it.'

"*July 27th.*—Had a long chat with Wilkie. He had a lady on canvas which was very fair, but his large work, the Discovery of Tippoo's Body, is beneath notice. He has no notion of grace. He has put Baird with his head the wrong way for ease, just like his George IV. It is dreadful to see such a genius so encumbering himself. I suspect from his tone he is suffering from want of commissions. How can he expect otherwise when for ten years he has palmed off such trash as he has been painting? I asked him if he had read my treatise on painting. He said he had begun it, but it was very learned.

"I think he is going to get married. Just as I was going he showed me a small picture of the Pope and Benvenuto Cellini, as exquisite as anything he ever painted—superior, in fact. It had all the surface Sir George used to wish for in him. If he completes it as he has begun it, he will hit what he has been floundering after for years.

"31st.

"31st.—I have got through all the figures; painted ten this month. I am grateful I have accomplished it.

"Now for improvements and alterations. About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form'—really a complete Adonis—not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were first impressions and sound. He bounded into his cab, and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens.

"August 4th.—Wilkie called and is looking very old. His mind is certainly growing feeble. We had a regular discussion about effects, lights, etc., but he was weak and fat. He was annoyed at my saying that he refused to walk with me in the streets after my attack on the Academy. It was truth and he knows it. He said, 'My object was to bring you right, as it is now.' He actually said this to-day, as if he was sounding me. 'You have kept yourself aloof from all societies,' said he, 'very properly.' By heavens here is an advance!"

At this time the subject of a statue to the Duke of Wellington was under consideration, and a model of Wyatt's equestrian figure was erected, without the artist's knowledge, on the arch where the statue itself now stands. Struck with the ungraceful effect of the whole, Haydon wrote to the Duke, enclosing a sketch in which he showed the disproportion between statue and pedestal and the improvement that might be effected by adopting a figure of different size placed parallel with the roadway instead of athwart it. The Duke acknowledged the note and sketch in his usual incisive style:

"London, August 11th, 1838.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and returns the drawing enclosed in his note of the 10th.

"The Duke is the man of all men in England who has the least to do with the affair which is the subject of Mr Haydon's letter to him."

"17th.—The session has ended, and nothing has been done for High Art, or even thought of. But the law which enabled a reptile to enter your house without notice and drag you even from your bed is abolished. This is only a step to the final abolishment of arrest even in execution.

"I have helped to this desired object.

"Hume read my Catalogue on the Mock Election at the House, which was a feather in the scale.

"29th.—Hard and anxiously at work. Nothing now left to finish but the feet and legs of an alteration, and to have three boy models

models together, so that I may make my own more separate and solid in light and shadow from nature.

"Always group up your models. No ideal light and shadow is equal to the truth of life.

"31st.—I have fairly got through my picture, for which mercy I offer God my grateful thanks. I began 8th October, went out of town in January, recommenced in April, and got through it in August. It has taken me six months' fair hard work. I faddled two, was absent six weeks, altered and rubbed in in March and began to finish in April. For the health, for the happiness, for the supply of money, for all the blessings I have enjoyed, on my knees I bless God, the cause, the fountain, of all.

"September 6th.—When the vehicle which conveys the thought is such as not to detract from the full value of the thought by its imperfection of resemblance, but not such as to attract by its mere splendour of execution, but such as solely to convey the thought, so that the thought alone shall predominate—that is perfection of Art. Subsequent examination may bring fresh delight at finding out how this has been done.

"Titian and Apelles, Claude and Vandervelde, Wilkie in his Blind Fiddler, and Landseer in his dogs—why are these men not the greatest in their art? Because invention requires a higher power of mind than imitation.

"16th.—I bless God with all my heart that I have paid my rent, rates, taxes, laid in my coals for winter, and have enjoyed health, happiness and freedom from debt ever since this commission. If, before I die, I can satisfy my old creditors (those who did not put me to law costs, though there is something of revenge in this I believe and fear) I shall die unloaded.

"October 9th.—Worked hard and finished my sketch, and thus I conclude 'my first Liverpool commission,' as my friend Lowndes said.

"19th.—Left town in the train, and arrived at Liverpool at half-past seven—nine and a half hours—210 miles. A young American sat with me in the *coupé*, and I was heartily amused. All the characteristics of his countrymen came out in perfection. He carelessly tumbled about bills to a considerable amount—boasted of the battle of Plattsburgh, which I had forgotten, till I was obliged to pull him down a little, tenderly, about the *Chesapeake* and the *Capitol*. His face altered instantly.

"He said he could animal-magnetise. I defied him: he began with all his antics, but I looked him sternly in the face and shook him. He pretended he was ill, and finding me broad awake said: 'Mayhap, you are a strong mind.' 'So they say,' said I.

"At lunch he went and found out who I was, when his altered tone

tone amused me. He drove up to the same hotel and announced my coming (which was a cursed liberty). After that I took care.

"On Tuesday I met him and said: 'Well, you did not put me to sleep.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I did not do it. I was too ill.' I found the picture arrived.

"21st.—Went to church at the Asylum.

"22nd.—Put up the picture.

"23rd.—It looked capitally.

"24th.—Worked at it.

"25th.—Finished. Thus it is one year and seventeen days since I began the picture. *Laus Deo.*

"27th, 28th and 29th.—Spent at Liverpool amongst a spirited set, but more idle than Manchester men. Dined on 27th with Lowndes, who seemed quite happy. I had in spite of calumny honoured his election.

"30th.—Set off for Manchester, where I stayed for two days arranging with Fairbairn about my dear boy, Frank, who will be an engineer.

"November 1st.—Arrived safely at Leeds, where I was heartily and sincerely welcomed. The Liverpool men are speculators and spirited; the Leeds men, steady and persevering; the Manchester men, industrious and wealthy.

"19th.—Left dear old steady Leeds at eleven. Got to Manchester and dined. Set off by train and came back like mad in the hour to Liverpool. Had a letter from my darling Mary which charmed me.

"21st.—Went to the Mechanics' and got all right. It is a magnificent establishment.

"22nd.—Lectured last night to a large audience. The room is too large. You feel pained to fill it. There are too many boys belonging to the schools, and the savage brutality behind is dreadful. No attention or common civility. I was astonished. They are accustomed to so many teachers they look on a lecturer as on a porter. I'll teach them differently. I had hard work to get a glass of water.

"December 5th.—Lowndes came the other night and proposed to me to paint a grand historical picture of the Duke. The very thing I have been thinking of for two years. How extraordinary! O God, grant me life and health to do this thing as the glorious town of Liverpool deserves it should be done!

"4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.—Sketched. The scheme for the Duke goes on capitally.

"Brought forward a boy at the Mechanics' to-night who is a great genius—Huxley. He will, if ever properly assisted, be
an

an honour to English Art. I offered to educate him if they would maintain him.

"He has sketched a Rape of Proserpine as fine as anything I ever saw—Ceres demanding her Daughter—Three Fates—Three Furies—not a figure more than wanted. He is full of invention and no manner.

"He sees the principal figure at once. I cannot express my pleasure.

"His father is a cabinetmaker.

"14th, 15th.—Dined out, and gave my last lecture to a crowded and elegant audience. On the Thursday I lectured on a fine living model called Hickman, six feet two and a half. When I put him like the Theseus and Ilissus the whole audience felt his superb look. He had been a horseguardsman. The success of these lectures at Liverpool, and the success of the Asylum picture, and the victory of a public commission, are really so glorious that no gratitude to God can be great enough. I prayed sincerely for a successful end of this labour and it has ended successfully. Gratitude to Him, the protector of all his creatures. I now pray to Him to bless this new commission of the Duke, that Liverpool may possess the best historical picture and my grandest effort of the pencil in portrait. Inspired by history I fear not making it the grandest thing."

This commission for the picture of the Duke musing at Waterloo twenty years after the battle was a great triumph for Haydon, who, as has been mentioned, had conceived the subject in 1836, and had begun a picture for Messrs Boys, the publishers, which was not proceeded with in consequence of the difficulty already recorded about the Duke's clothes.

A commission from a body of gentlemen at Liverpool was a very different thing from a publisher's speculation, and so the picture was rubbed in, with great exultation, before the close of the year, with a prayer (in allusion to the picture painted for Sir R. Peel) that the artist might beat Napoleon as much as ever the Duke did.

"31st.—The last day of 1838. A year of competence, work and prosperity comparatively. Blessings and gratitude to that benevolent Creator under whose merciful dispensation this has happened. It has not made me ungrateful or vicious; but I have less crime to answer for than any other previous year of my past life.

"Gratitude for ever and ever. Amen.

"The people are more alive to Art than ever. Everywhere have I been received with enthusiasm, and the importance of High Art is no longer a matter of doubt with them.

"Thus

"Thus ends 1838. Could I hope that every year would be equally blessed by employment and competence every wish would be gratified. May I deserve it. Amen."

1839

This year presented but few vicissitudes. The artist was kept above embarrassment throughout, partly by his Liverpool commission for the Duke's picture and partly by his lectures. The one great incident of the twelvemonth was the visit to Walmer, where he had at length his long-wished-for opportunity of sittings from the Duke.

Now that Wellington has passed away, details which illustrate his character and habits possess an interest, however trivial apart from the man. I have therefore given the Journal of this visit in full. But before this there had been much correspondence between the Duke and the painter, characteristic on both sides, of which I have suppressed very little.

Haydon's admiration of the Duke was unbounded, and the pains he took with this commission were in proportion to his enthusiasm for the subject of it. The sketches in the Journal are evidence of the thought he gave to the arrangement of the picture, and I have had placed in my hands (while this book was in progress) a collection of elaborate chalk studies¹ for all the details, from the head and hands of the Duke, down to his spurs and the minutest parts of the trappings of Copenhagen, partly from Haydon's own hand, and partly from that of his Liverpool pupil, Huxley. The picture seems to have been, in every sense of the word, a conscientious work. It is well known at this time, from the reappearance of the print on the death of the Duke last year.

"*January 1st.*—I arose at daylight, dressed, and going into the parlour as usual opened the Bible almost in the dark, turned it on its face, and waited for light. I then, getting impatient, lighted a candle, and read, 'Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.'

"And now to set my palette, and to work. Half-past eight."

Wishing to consult existing portraits, he applied to Sir Robert Peel for access to that by Lawrence in his possession.

"Sir, " "Drayton Manor, January 9th.

"I found your letter on my return home last night.

"I shall have great pleasure in acceding to your wish to see Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and enclose an order to my servant to admit you.

¹ In the possession of Mr Spiers of Oxford.

"I am

"I am glad to hear from you that the main object which I had in giving you a commission for the Napoleon, and in placing it in a conspicuous and favourable light, viz. to serve you, by encouraging other patrons of the art to follow my example, has been answered.

"The little sketch of your general conception for your intended picture appears to me very good. The only remark I would make is upon the action of the horse. Neither the eye nor the thoughts of the spectator should be diverted from the main object of the picture by any vehemence in the action of the horse, or even any peculiarity in his position.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"11th.—Went to Sir Robert's and saw Lawrence's Wellington. Whilst Charles, the porter, was in attendance, he said: 'The Duke is getting old, sir, but he won't allow it. The valet says he thinks he can do as well as ever, but he cannot. He says: "Not at all old!"' This amused me. I hope he will sit before he gets too old."

In the intervals of work on the Duke Haydon painted small pictures—one of Milton at the Organ with his Daughters—and also made sketches for his design for a monument to Nelson.

"12th.—Drew the whole day—filled in the Nelson series with slight water-colour sketches. How wretchedly imperfect is water-colour drawing!

"14th.—Put in Milton's head successfully.

"15th.—Put in the daughters. Little pictures tire my eyes. Hang them! Milton's daughter was not handsome; but I must make her so.

"17th.—Worked very hard at Nelson's monument.

"18th.—Worked hard, without breathing almost, and got on with the monument.

"19th.—Worked gloriously hard, and finished the sketches. Oh, if my mind was always as easy I should always so apply myself.

"A pupil told me I said to him: 'In background heads the leading points and the leading details in the lights; but in the shadows, the leading points only,' which is capital, but I had forgot it.

"31st.—Last day of January, 1839, in which I have exerted myself well, but not to perfection.

"I have rubbed in the Duke, advanced two other commissions and finished the Nelson design.

"Feb. 2nd.—The Duchess of Sutherland is dead. In her I lose a very old and a very kind friend. To her energy and decision

decision I owe the matriculation of Hyman, my son-in-law, at Oxford, and my commission for Cassandra. Once after trouble she called when I was out. I told her if she called again to come in state almost. She drove up the next day with all the paraphernalia of servants and equipage, on purpose to have a dashing effect on the neighbourhood and be of service.

"7th.—Worked hard, and got in the other Milton's daughter. Wilkie called in the afternoon. I was glad to see his old wizened face. He looked old and wrinkled. I asked if what the present Sir Robert Sinclair told me was true—that the print of a Highlander first turned his thoughts to painting. Wilkie said the fact was the late Sir John Sinclair during the war was intending to raise a regiment. He sent a print of a Highlander, by Dighton, to several of the clergy, and amongst others to his father. Wilkie regarded it with awe. It was framed, and made a deep impression. It increased his love for his art, but did not turn his mind to it in the first instance."

This month Haydon lectured at Bath, of which place he remarks that it is amazingly behind the manufacturing towns in knowledge and intelligence.

"Up to March 14th occupied in busy stuff about the Nelson memorial. Saw Sir George Cockburn. Had a long argument. He stuck to the column, but was open to conviction. I told him height alone would not do; breadth was essential. He is a fine fellow. I said: 'I hope you won't delay it beyond this session; if you do, the Government will be afraid of offending France.'

"I asked him to call. He said he would go in to give judgment uninfluenced in any way.

"One always feels curiously in his presence. I look at him and think, 'That's the man that said "General" to Napoleon.'

"I'll ask him some day to lend me his Journal.

"25th.—Left town with my dear innocent boy Frank, for Manchester, by train. Arrived in little more than ten hours. Called next day on Fairbairn, who was going to Ireland. Took lodgings at 99 Mill Street, and was much interested at Frank's utter ignorance and inexperience. Though I have educated him religiously and classically, I almost fear the vice of a manufacturing town. It is a complete sacrifice, though his passion for engineering is invincible; but it was a pity to leave his handsome and refined face, so fit for poetry and abstract thought. I suffered so much from the opposition of my parents, I resolved he should have none in any pursuit wherein he showed direct and positive evidence of talent.

"April 1st.—Lectured last night at Newcastle, and was received with great enthusiasm. The fair was going on.

"The

“The Chartists had a meeting and tea-party; but the people to see the wild beasts and swing beat them hollow as to numbers.

"I visited their room, ornamented with laurel and flags, with inscriptions of 'Liberty,' 'The labouring man the true nobility,' etc. etc., as if the power of saying that was not evidence of independence.

"I believe in my conscience politics are but a portion of the amusements of the time.

“On leaving Newcastle I came to Hull, and found it very far behind Newcastle. The first night the audience, though respectable, was scanty. The lecture made a hit as usual, and the attendance at the two latter increased prodigiously. All over the country there is a desire for instruction.

"A confederation of the leading towns to join in a petition for Schools of Design and state patronage for Art would make a move. After going through with lectures I'll try."

"*May 3rd.*—The last night at Hull. I never witnessed more enthusiasm anywhere than at Hull, the last night. The people are slow, but feel deeply. A School of Design was begun, and I do not doubt its complete establishment.

" 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th.—Lectured at Warrington. Enthusiasm just the same.

" 11th.—Finished with the study of Copenhagen (done 1824 by Webb), and sent it home to Lord Fitzroy. Worked 7½ hours.

"The superb rapidity of steam was exquisite. On Monday I left Warrington for Liverpool—was there in forty minutes—settled my business, received my second instalment, heard the resolution of the committee about writing to the Duke and flew off to Manchester. Saw my dear boy, paid up his affairs, dined and was off again to Warrington. On Tuesday night I lectured till near ten; and at three on Wednesday morning was off for town, where I arrived by half-past two. Here I arranged for beginning on Thursday, and set to work next day, and to-night have accomplished what I said I would. There is no higher pleasure than a duty successfully achieved. *Laus Deo.*"

The Liverpool committee wrote to the Duke, through Mr Lowndes, stating the subject of the commission they had given to Haydon, and asking the Duke to grant him sittings for it.

The Duke replied:

" Sir, London, 11th May, 1839.

" I have this day received your letter of the 7th inst.

"I am much flattered by the desire of the gentlemen of Liverpool to possess a picture of me by Mr Haydon.

" I will, with great pleasure, see Mr Haydon, and will endeavour to

to fix a time at which it will be in my power to give him sittings to enable him to finish the picture.

"It is not in my power at the present moment.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"I wrote, asking the Duke for an hour and a half. This is his answer:

"London, 17th May, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and has received his letter.

"Mr Haydon shall have the Duke's attendance as soon as he is able to give it.

"He might as well ask him to sit for ten days at present as for a sitting of an hour and a half."

"You deceitful Dukey! At this very time you went to Wyatt's, and gave him an hour at his own room, while you tell me I may as well ask you for ten days. Wyatt called and told me so."

Not satisfied with carrying on a correspondence with the Duke on the subject of his own picture, Haydon (May 23rd) wrote to him on the subject of the Nelson monument, proposing for the committee of selection the plan of gradual elimination adopted in Paris on the occasion of the competition for a monument to General Foy. Next day the Duke answered:

"London, 24th May, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon. The Duke is a member of the committee for the execution of the plan for the erecting a monument to the memory of the late Lord Nelson. He is not the committee, nor the *secretary to the committee*; and, above all, not the *corresponding secretary*."

"June 1st.—The Duke's picture is decidedly and well advanced this week. In spite of all my troubles I have had great happiness in life. I am convinced existence is a blessing, and, as Parr said, if men were better would be felt as a blessing.

"5th.—Worked hard at Copenhagen's head. I hope I succeeded. I wrote to the Duke to lend me his accoutrements. As yet no answer.

"6th.—Moved all my books upstairs to a small room out of my painting-room, as they seduced me to read at wrong times. I felt pain at the separation, but it is right. I can now retire, read and write after due labour; but I miss my books, and felt melancholy all day.

"London,

“ ‘ London, June 6th, 1839.

“ ‘ The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon, and regrets much that it is absolutely impossible for him to do what he desires in his note of the 3rd inst.’

“ I sallied forth, and calling on Lord Fitzroy Somerset (who came out in his morning-coat to see me) explained to him my position. He told me both his saddle and the Duke's—cloth and all—were eaten by moths. He explained to me the nature of everything, authorised me to use his name at Whippey's, and away I went.

“ Whippey was a blood saddler, thoroughbred, and made all the Duke's saddles from Salamanca to Waterloo, and, like a fine fellow, said he would fit up everything as the Duke wore it at Waterloo, put it on a horse, and let me paint from the real thing. He walked home with me to see the picture, abused Lord Melbourne as he came along for making a sneaking speech, and contrasted it with the Duke's, which, he said, was common sense and honour, in which I most cordially joined. He swore the Duke was the greatest man in the world, and that he had made all his saddles, which so increased my reverence I offered him my arm. He took it, and so we walked home. His dress, manners and behaviour were those of a gentleman tradesman.

“ He found fault with the bit, and gave good reasons. He thought the head of Copenhagen capital, and like the horse.

“ In fact Lord Fitzroy has made my fortune.

“ Lord Fitzroy said the Duke had a daughter of Copenhagen, but not of the same colour.

“ Thus from the depths of misery and despair I am again on the top, with a distinct view of my glory.

“ Such great things are in the power of little men. For who would have believed what, to the great Wellington, was impossible, has been achieved, or will be, by his saddler, Whippey, with the greatest ease?

“ I do not feel at home in my painting-room without my books. I used to look up and see the books, and imagine (as each name came on my sight) I saw the author: Dante, Petrarch, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Tasso, with Vasari, smiled vividly like phantasmagoric visions, and my brain teemed with associations of their sublimity or charm. I look now and see a blank wall.

“ I mused first on my picture, and then on my books, and each helped the conceptions of the other.

“ Such is habit. By degrees down again they come, but I feel ashamed to do it after such an expensive removal. What folly to do it at all.

“ June

"*June 10th.*—Worked, and certainly with more abstracted devotion to my art than when my books were near; I have stuck at it all day, and in the evening walked up into my book-room. There they were, silent, yet teeming with thoughts, bursting with sublimity. Milton—Satan and all his rebel host filled my mind. Shakespeare—Hamlet, Lear, Falstaff, Cordelia, Imogen, Macbeth and Puck crowded my imagination. I walked about in ecstasy, but read nothing; dwelt on what I had read, and was content.

"*11th.*—Had bridle and saddle sent by Whippey, and put them on an old hack. Painted a study in the sun, and got the sketch and picture right. Was dreadfully fatigued at night. Whilst I was hard at work, just as I used to be, who should call, after a long absence, but David Wilkie, looking old and feeble!

"His total failure this year seems to have shaken him a little, and the neglect of the Court has brought him more to the feelings of former times. I persuaded him to drink tea, and when David Wilkie stays to tea with B. R. Haydon, B. R. Haydon must be considered on the safe side of the question. It is ten years since he did this. He was amiable and entertaining, as he always used to be.

"He did not like to be reminded that it was thirty years ago since we were in Devonshire. He shrank from his age. I never do; and it is not absurdity to say I feel stronger, after nine hours' solid painting yesterday, than I did at twenty-seven years of age. We talked of Merimée's work. He knew him, and considered him a man of theory. I said it would set the young men losing their time instead of studying the figure. He said young men were too lazy ever to read. We talked of the effect of time, and both agreed Titian painted his pictures to look well to his eye, and never considered how they would look one hundred years hence. He told me Northcote said, 'If Sir Joshua had known the effect of time he would have painted differently.' I do not think so, nor did he.

"Sir Joshua could not have painted otherwise. Was not his Heathfield as fine when it was done, as now? Wilkie did not know oil was used in England before Van-Eyk.

"*19th.*—Notwithstanding the seclusion and quiet of my little room, I do not read with such comfort as in my painting-room, smelling of paint as it does. I have brought down my writing-desk, and shall have about half a dozen favourites on the top—Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Tasso, Homer, Vasari, and, above all, the Bible and Testament always to refer to, and Wordsworth.

"*20th.*—Sketched the plan of the ground from the model at the Egyptian Hall, and finished the horse's head. Wyatt, who has

has succeeded in making a capital head of the Duke, told the Duke of my picture, and he seemed pleased.

"Lord and Lady Burghersh called on the 18th, and gave me joy of my picture.

"22nd.—The Nelson monument is decided, and not in my favour, though my belief is, had I been able to devote myself to make a series of oil-sketches of the pictures, with a grand external view *à la Canaletti*, the decision would have been in my favour.

"A man should never contest for anything with half his strength; do it effectually or not at all. I could not afford the time to do it well, and the time I did afford was thrown to the dogs; so I did it ill, lost my time and did not get it—a very proper punishment.

"Westmacott told Hamilton my design was the only reasonable one. The public, when admitted, decidedly approved, and had it been left to the public, I think I should have had a strong support. It could not be done for the estimate, and the Duke warned everybody £30,000 was the extent. My estimate was £70,000.

"So ends my Nelson affair. What a grand series of pictures I could have made!

" "London, June 24th, 1839.

" "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon.

" "He begs that Mr Haydon will write his commands.

" "The Duke will be engaged all to-morrow and next day in attendance upon the Naval and Military Commission.

" "The Duke must beg leave to decline to have the honour of receiving Mr Haydon till he will have some leisure.'

"28th.—Saw Lady Burghersh's *Alcestis*. It is really beautifully conceived. In looking at a sketch of the Duke, she said, 'Whilst that was sketching he took this little girl on his lap. He is very fond of children. Don't you recollect, my love, when Dukey took you in his lap?'

"The terror of Napoleon—Dukey to his niece!

" "We call him Dukey,' said she, 'here, Mr Haydon.' It was exceedingly interesting.

"29th.—Felt very ill from overstrain; so I only sketched Barron, the Irish member, and went to see a fine Guido brought by Buchanan, and a superb Vandyke and Paul Veronese. The Vandyke was exquisite. What tone! what colour! what handling! Oh, they were divinely inspired men. I know and feel their superb genius. It is St Jerome.

"In the evening I lectured at the Mechanics', and had three

fine young models from 2nd Life Guards, who went through the sword exercise to perfection. The room was crowded.

"30th.—Last day of the month. Let me look back. I have worked well and got the horse accomplished. Now for the Duke, who won't lend me his clothes. I can do without them, for I have already drawings of all. He has not seen the picture. He knows not if it be good or bad. Till he sees his way, he declines. The same man in peace or war. But I'll beat him.

"Completed my horse, but not satisfied with his hind-quarters; however, I have got through it, and when dry can alter it.

"London, June 27th, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon. He hopes that he will have some cessation of note-writing about pictures.

"The Duke knows nothing about the picture Mr Haydon proposes to paint.

"At all events, he must decline to lend to anybody his clothes, arms and equipments."

"July 4th.—Went to Wilkie, and said, 'How did you manage with the Duke?' 'Let him have his own way,' was the reply. 'He is fidgety about lending his things. I never got them but just a day before he came, and he preferred coming in the regimentals to lending them to be painted.' These were Wilkie's very words, without my informing him of what had passed. So here is the man. We had a very interesting conversation. He advised me to make a drawing of his figure and dress when I had him.

"He told me the Duke complained of the loss of time sitting occasioned. 'Yes,' said Wilkie; 'but he would be mortified if he was not asked to sit. He complains of dining out so much and making speeches; but he would be more mortified if he was not asked, and if he did not make speeches.'

"Has he promised your committee?' 'He has.' 'Then he will keep his word,' said Wilkie.

"Wilkie said he had always the greatest trouble with him. The Duke told Wyatt he had sat a hundred and fifty times, and it was almost time to leave off. I hope not before he has sat to me.

"Went into the city to Merchant Tailors' Hall, and saw Wilkie's portrait of him with the daughter of Copenhagen. Very fine indeed. It is unlike the common English portrait, but it is very fine.

"8th.—Lord Fitzroy called yesterday with his daughter. She is a judge of a horse as well. They both thought Copenhagen leggy, and too big in the body, which gave him a heavy look.

"They

"They seemed both to understand the Duke. They asked me if I had had his clothes. I said, 'No: he won't lend them,' at which they looked at each other.

"I said, 'Wilkie says the only way to manage him is to let him have his own way, and that he prefers coming in his clothes to sit to lending them.'

"Lord Fitzroy said, 'The Duke never holds his own horse: Copenhagen came out with Lord Londonderry, and the Duke bought him for 200 or 250 guineas.' He hated other horses, and Lord Fitzroy said he had seen him give a horse 'a broadside of kicks.'

"Lord Fitzroy said the Duke never came into the field but with an orderly dragoon, and never with a servant. At Waterloo the dragoon was killed, and Major Canning said, 'I have got the Duke's little desk. What shall I do with it, as the orderly is killed?' 'Keep it yourself,' said Lord Fitzroy. Canning was killed, and the desk lost, but found next morning with the lock broken open.¹

"Every time you meet a Waterloo hero, pump him. In a few years they will all be gone—Duke and the rest.

"10th.—Worked irregularly. Saw Hume, who handed me a petition from the Royal Academy to rescind the order for a return of the monies received and expended in 1836-37-38.

"So my Academy are come at last to know the power of the House.

"He wants me to petition.

"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse, verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism of Sunday last. I did them, and he took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind-quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress! white greatcoat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with *eau de Cologne* or *eau de jasmin*, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty, hog-tool, and immortalised Copenhagen by touching the sky.

"I thought, after he was gone, This won't do—a Frenchman touch Copenhagen! So out I rubbed all he had touched, and modified his hints myself.

"11th.—Saw Hume yesterday, who put into my hands the most extraordinary petition that ever was presented to the House, from the Royal Academy, praying the House to rescind an order

¹ This, I presume, was the rough wooden desk which attracted so much notice at Apsley House when it was opened to the public at the beginning of this year.—ED.

for the return of their receipts for 1836-37-38. Hume promised to present mine if I would write one. I returned home, and have written one; I won't let it drop.

"At last they feel the voice of the people, do they? This is coming down.

"Worked hard, and advanced the Duke.

"12th.—Ordered a pair of trowsers of the Duke's tailor, exactly like his own, but to fit me; so that I shall kill two birds with one stone,—wear 'em and paint 'em. So, my Duke, I *do* you in spite of you.

"One of the artists got his trowsers. I told him he had better take care; it turned out he had got them from the valet. In a fright he sent them back.

"Didn't work.

"15th.—I wish they would let my mind rest. I have no confidence in Hume, or any of them. They want to make me a political tool. There is no happiness but with a brush and nature before you. I hate petitions and excitement, and I shall go to work again with a relish. These sunny days have been murdered by reviving in my mind the hatred of the Academy.

"16th.—Why will they do it? After the Committee they messed the question, and now they want me to keep them out of the mud.

"Saw a perfect stallion, Sir Hercules. I thought his neck puffy, hind-quarters fine.

"I have sent the petition, and I have done. I wrote to Sir Robert Peel and begged him not to sanction the rescinding the order. I wrote to Lord Melbourne, and begged him likewise. A week has gone since Hume asked me to petition, and my mind has been called off from my art ever since. It is shocking. My conscience has deeply wounded me. Mr Miller and my Liverpool friend called to-day, in my absence, to look at this stallion.

"17th.—Wilkie said to me after my first attack, 'Is this the way an artist ought to be employed?' I reply, 'Certainly not.' These irritations may suit the radical, but do not help to the tranquillity of mind Sir George used to talk of. I have made up my mind to interfere no more after this.

"18th.—Thank God! the House granted leave to print my petition, though against the standing orders regarding single ones. Hume presented it last night."

Mr Hume's motion for an order of the House that the return which he had moved for of the receipts and expenditure of the Royal Academy for 1836-37-38 should be made forthwith, was defeated by 38 to 33, those who opposed it, however, admitting that

that the House had a right to require the return, but considering the case one for the exercise of a discretion.

"Notwithstanding this defeat," says Haydon, "the rights of the Academy and the House are defined for ever. The Academy has no right of property, legally, in the rooms it occupies. The House has a right to call for returns, and to turn them out at a moment's notice."

The pressure of public business rendering the Duke's sitting out of the question at this time, Haydon seized the opportunity of visiting the field of Waterloo.

"*August 16th.*—Thirty pounds having unexpectedly come in, and Lady Burghersh having told me that at that moment I had no hopes of the Duke, I determined to start for Waterloo. My dear Mary, who is a heroine, agreed to endure the rapidity of my journey; so we packed up and got on board the Ostend packet by seven o'clock on the 7th inst., and after the usual miseries of a wet, stormy passage got into Ostend at nine. In the bustle of landing, to our infinite delight, we heard a voice roaring out, 'Monsieur Haydone, Hôtel des Bains!' I had happened to express a desire to my neighbour for a good hotel. He promised, if he could, to secure me a room at the Hôtel des Bains. He saw the commissioner, told him my wants, and this fellow thundered out my name. My vanity was tickled; I landed as if under a salute from the batteries.

"We were delighted with Brussels, and on the 10th went to the field of Waterloo. I examined Hougoumont, recognised the *locale* of the last charge of the Guards, and made my sketch from Picton's position. I then drove to La Belle Alliance, and halted at Lecoste's cottage. He was dead, but his sister was living, and had the house. She let us lay our cloth there. We dined; and she gave us coffee. I then returned through Planchenoit, by La Belle Alliance, to Mont St Jean and Waterloo, stopping at the church and the tomb of Lord Anglesey's leg, and home. I shall go again and spend a week, and indulge my poetry of imagination.

"We went to Antwerp, and were amazingly impressed with Rubens's great works—the Elevation of the Cross, Descent, and Crucifixion.

"Sir Joshua is too laudatory, perhaps, for a safe guide. For execution of the brush they are perfect. Nothing ever exceeded the touching of Mary Magdalene's yellow drapery against the ladder for vast insight into the bearings of one thing against another. His master, Otto Venius, by his side, though possessing more sense of beauty, not having the same understanding of the effect of a whole, never will or can rank so high. We returned
the

the day week after leaving Antwerp, at three, by train for Ostend, and arrived in town at a quarter to five next day.

" I shall make a longer tour. My object now was solely a background for the Duke, and I succeeded.

" 20th.—Worked decently, but I regret to say my mind is uneasy about the Academy question. I wish I could get rid of it. I fear it will fix itself too deeply, and destroy that peace which ought to be the state of an artist's brain.

" I could weep at the time which has been wasted over this question, which should have been so much better employed.

" I was pursuing my studies happily when this motion came on. Why did I interfere? Because if I had not it would have been weakly done. But see how many sketches I could have done—how many conceptions I could have realised—how many pictures I could have painted—how many friends I could have made.

" The sight of Rubens's abode—the quiet seclusion of his summer-house—the silence of Antwerp—the golden splendour of its altars—the power of its pictures, affected me deeply. I think I will settle there. I begin to feel a yearning for the Continent, with all its risks of war.

" 22nd.—If I once escape from this subject, catch me at it again. I am never let alone. The party, when they want me, apply; and when they think they can do without me I never hear a word. I hate it—hate it—hate it. My disgust at this moment is not to be credited; and yet I am pointing another attack in my thirteenth lecture; the Devil—nothing but the Devil.

" " Walmer Castle, Sept. 26, 1839.

" " The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon. He will, according to what he stated to the committee at Liverpool, sit to Mr Haydon for his picture.

" " The composition of the picture is the business of the artist; of the committee of gentlemen who asked its execution; of the gentlemen for whom it is intended; of anybody excepting the person who is to sit for it.

" " The Duke begs leave to decline not only being responsible for the composition, but even to have a knowledge of the subject. When he will be able to receive Mr Haydon he will write to him, but he begs leave to be clearly understood as having no knowledge whatever of the composition or subject of the picture for which he is to sit, excepting that it is for the committee of gentlemen at Liverpool, who have desired that he should sit to Mr Haydon.'

" Sept. 30th.—The Duke done, except a little to do at one glove hand. Wyatt called, and we revelled in his Grace's peculiarities.

peculiarities. He never lends his clothes, but always comes in them. He promised Wyatt his hat, and never sent it. The next time he came Wyatt said: 'Your Grace forgot the hat.' He replied: 'I'll come in it; for I have only got one, and I can't spare it.'

"Wyatt informed me he always said when people tried to persuade him to do what he had made up his mind not to do, 'The rat has got into the bottle—the rat has got into the bottle.'¹

"I told Wyatt I had got his tailor to make me what I wanted in clothes. I had sketched his boots, hat and coat in oil, and was quite ready for him.

"All the artists who get his clothes get them from his valet. If he knew that, there would be the devil to pay."

"Walmer Castle, October 9th, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr Haydon. If Mr Haydon will be so kind as to come to Walmer Castle, whenever it may suit him, the Duke will have it in his power to sit to him for a picture for certain gentlemen at Liverpool."

This invitation was eagerly accepted, and the Journal which follows contains this very full account of it:

"*October 11th.*—Left town by steam for Ramsgate. Got in at half-past six, dined and set off in a chaise for Walmer, where I arrived safely in hard rain. A great bell was rung on my arrival; and after taking tea and dressing I was ushered into the drawing-room, where sat his Grace with Sir Astley Cooper, Mr Arbuthnot and Mr Booth, who had served with his Grace in Spain. His Grace welcomed me heartily, asked how I came down and fell again into general conversation. They talked of —, who kept the Ship. He married an actress from Astley's. She was a fine lady, and the Duke said, 'I soon saw all would go wrong one day; for whilst I was there, somebody said he wanted something, and madam, with the air of a duchess, replied, "She would send the housemaid." That wouldn't do. — became bankrupt, and there were trinkets belonging to her; but she preferred her trinkets to her honour, and swore she was not his wife.' The Duke talked of the sea encroaching at Dover,

¹ This not very intelligible expression may refer to an anecdote I have heard of the Duke's once telling in his later days how the musk rats in India got into bottles, which ever after retained the odour of musk. "Either the rats must be very small," said a lady who heard him, "or the bottles very large." "On the contrary, madam," was the Duke's reply, "very small bottles, and very large rats." "That is the style of logic we have to deal with at the War Office," whispered Lord —.

and of the various plans to stop it. 'What! there are plans?' said Sir Astley. 'Yes, yes, there are as many Dover doctors as other doctors,' said he; and we all laughed.

"The Duke talked of Buonaparte and the Abbé de Pradt, and said: 'There was nothing like hearing both sides.' De Pradt, in his book (he was *à fureur de mémoires*) says, that whilst a certain conversation took place at Warsaw between him and Napoleon the Emperor was taking notes. At Elba, Napoleon told Douglas, who told the Duke, that the note he was taking was a note to Maret (Duke of Bassano) as follows: '*Renvoyez ce coquin-là à son archevêché.*' 'So,' said the Duke, 'always hear both sides.'

"The Duke said, when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. De Pradt was there. In conversation he said: 'Europe owes her salvation to one man.' 'But before he gave me time to look foolish,' added the Duke, 'De Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, "*C'est moi.*"'¹

"He then talked of Buonaparte's system. Sir Astley used the old cant—'It was selfish.' 'It was,' said the Duke, 'bullying and driving.' Of France he said: 'They robbed each other, and then poured out on Europe to fill their stomachs and pockets by robbing others.'

"He spoke of Don Carlos—said he was a poor creature. He saw him at Dorchester House two days before he escaped. He advised him not to think of it. He told him: 'All we are now saying will be in Downing Street in two hours. You have no post.' Carlos said: 'Zumalacarragui will take me on.' 'Before you move,' replied his Grace, 'be sure *he* has got one.' (Here was the *man*.) The Duke said Carlos affected sickness—somebody got into his bed, and kept the farce up—that medicine came—that the French ambassador behaved like a noodle. Instead of telegraphing up to Bayonne, which would have carried the news there in two hours, he set off in his post-carriage and four after Don Carlos, when he must have got to Bayonne, or near it.

"The Duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain—of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were pulled down regularly and paid for to serve as fuel. He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier. He got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said, 'Your Grace, the French always

¹ The Quarterly Reviewer doubts the accuracy of these anecdotes, but I do not feel the force of the reasons he gives for questioning them.
bivouac.'

bivouac.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'because French, Spanish and all other nations lie anywhere. It is their habit. They have no homes.'

"The Duke said the natural state of man was plunder. Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state of society very fast.

"I studied his fine head intensely. Arbuthnot had begun to doze. I was like a lamp newly trimmed, and could have listened all night. The Duke gave a tremendous yawn, and said: 'It is time to go to bed.' Candles were rung for. He took two, and lighted them himself. The rest lighted their own. The Duke took one and gave me (being the stranger) the other, and led the way. At an old view of Dover, in the hall, he stopped and explained about the encroachments of the sea. I studied him again—we all held up our candles. Sir Astley went to Mr Pitt's bedroom, and said: 'God bless your Grace.' They dropped off—his Grace, I and the valet going on. I came to my room, and said: 'God bless your Grace.' I saw him go into his. When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God, I thought, here am I *tête-à-tête* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest—the conqueror of Napoleon—sitting with him, talking to him, sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous, witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested, and passionately affected. God bless his Grace, I repeat.

"12th.—At ten we breakfasted—the Duke, Sir Astley, Mr Booth and myself. He put me on his right. 'Which will ye have, black tea or green?' 'Black, your Grace.' 'Bring black.' Black was brought, and I ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst six dear, healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows. 'Let them in,' said the Duke, and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying: 'How d'ye do, Duke? how d'ye do, Duke?' One boy, young Gray, roared: 'I want some tea, Duke.' 'You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.' Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side and three on the other, and he hugged 'em all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Gray try to slop it over the Duke's frock coat. Sir Astley said: 'You did not expect to see this.' They all then rushed out on the leads, by the cannon, and after breakfast I saw the Duke romping with the whole of them, and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bedroom. The children came to the window, and a dear little

little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out and said: 'I'll catch you.' Just as I did this, the Duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door close to my room, No. 10, which leads to the leads, and said: 'I'll catch ye!—ha, ha, I've got ye!' at which they all ran away. He looked at them and laughed and went in.

"He then told me to choose my room and get my light in order, and after hunting he would sit. I did so, and about two he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy and dozy. His colour was fresh. All the portraits are too pale. I found that to imagine he could not go through any duty raised the lion. 'Does the light hurt your Grace's eyes?' 'Not at all': and he stared at the light as much as to say: 'I'll see if you shall make me give in, Signor Light.'

"'Twas a noble head. I saw nothing of that peculiar expression of mouth the sculptors give him, bordering on simpering. His colour was beautiful and fleshy, his lips compressed and energetic. I foolishly said: 'Don't let me fatigue your Grace.' 'Well, sir,' he said, 'I'll give you an hour and a half. To-morrow is Sunday. Monday I'll sit again.' I was delighted to see him pay his duty to Sunday. Up he rose. I opened the door, and hold this as the highest distinction of my life. He bowed and said: 'We dine at seven.'

"At seven we dined. His Grace took half a glass of sherry and put it in water. I drank three glasses, Mr Arbuthnot one. We then went to the drawing-room, where, putting a candle on each side of him, he read the *Standard* whilst I talked to Mr Arbuthnot, who said it was not true Copenhagen ran away on the field. He ran to his stable when the Duke came to Waterloo after the battle, and kicked out and gambolled.

"I did not stay up to-night. I was tired, went to bed and slept heartily. It was most interesting to see him reading away. I believe he read every iota. We talked of Lord Mulgrave, whom his Grace esteemed. Sir Astley had left in the morning, and, in talking of the Duke's power of conversation, related that when someone said, 'Habit is second nature,' the Duke remarked, 'It is ten times nature.'

"I asked the Duke if Cæsar did not land hereabouts. He said he believed near Richborough Castle.

"Thus ends the second immortal day.

"*Sunday*.—I found the Duke on the leads. After breakfast Mr Arbuthnot told me to go to the village church and ask for the Duke's

Duke's pew. I walked, and was shown into a large pew near the pulpit.

"A few moments after the service had begun the Duke and Mr Arbuthnot came up—no pomp, no servants in livery with a pile of books. The Duke came into the presence of his Maker without cant, without affectation, a simple human being.

"From the bare wainscot, the absence of curtains, the dirty green footstools, and common chairs, I feared I was in the wrong pew, and very quietly sat myself down in the Duke's place. Mr Arbuthnot squeezed my arm before it was too late, and I crossed in an instant. The Duke pulled out his prayer-book, and followed the clergyman in the simplest way. I got deeply affected. Here was the greatest hero in the world, who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for His mercy. However high his destiny above my own, here we were at least equal before our Creator. Here we were stripped of extrinsic distinctions; and I looked at this wonderful man with an interest and feeling that touched my imagination beyond belief. The silence and embosomed solitude of the village church, the simplicity of its architecture, rather deepened than decreased the depth of my sensibilities. At the name of Jesus Christ the Duke bowed his silvery hairs like the humblest labourer, and yet not more than others, but to the same degree. He seemed to wish for no distinction. At the epistle he stood upright, like a soldier, and when the blessing was pronounced he buried his head in one hand and uttered his prayer as if it came from his heart in humbleness.

"Arthur Wellesley in the village church of Walmer this day was more interesting to me than at the last charge of the Guards at Waterloo, or in all the glory and paraphernalia of his entry into Paris. I would not have missed seeing him, for this will be the germ of some interesting work of Art—perhaps his youth, his manhood and his age in a series.

"The Duke after dinner retired, and we all followed him. He then took the *Spectator*, and placing a candle on each side of his venerable head read it through. I watched him the whole time. Young Lucas had arrived, a very nice fellow, and we both watched him. I took Lardner's life of him, in one part of which he says, 'He rode in front of fifty pieces of artillery, but God protected his head.' I looked up and studied the venerable white head that God still protected. There he was, contented, happy, aged, but vigorous, enjoying his leisure in dignity; God knows as he deserves. After reading till his eyes were tired he put down the paper, and said, 'There are a great many curious things in it, I assure

assure you.' He then yawned, as he always did before retiring, and said, 'I'll give you an early sitting to-morrow, at nine.' I wished his Grace a good night, and went to bed. At half-past five I was up, set my palette, got all ready and went to work to get the head in from the drawing. By nine the door opened, and in he walked, looking extremely worn; his skin drawn tight over his face; his eye was watery and aged; his head nodded a little. I put the chair; he mumbled, 'I'd as soon stand. I thought, 'You will get tired,' but I said nothing; down he sat, how altered from the fresh old man after Saturday's hunting! It affected me. He looked like an aged eagle beginning to totter from his perch. He took out his watch three times, and at ten up he got, and said, 'It's ten'; I opened the door, and he went out. He had been impatient all the time. At breakfast he brightened at the sight of the children, and after distributing toast and tea to them I got him on Art. He talked of a picture of Copenhagen by Ward, which the Duke of Northumberland bought, and which he wanted, and suddenly looking up at me, said, 'D'ye want another sitting?' I replied, 'If you please, your Grace.' 'Very well; after hunting, I'll come.' Just as he was going hunting, or whilst he was out, came Count Brunow, the *locum tenens* of Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador. Lady Burghersh came in and Mr Arbuthnot wanted her to go and talk to Brunow, but she declined. All of a sudden I heard a great clatter, and the servants came in to move the great table for lunch. At lunch I was called in. The Duke, Count Brunow and myself lunched. At three he came in to sit, having sent Brunow with Arbuthnot *pour faire un tour*. Lady Burghersh came in also, and again he was fresher, but the feebleness of the morning still affected my heart. It is evident, at times, he is beginning to sink, though the sea air at Walmer keeps him up, and he is better than he was.

"Lady Burghersh kept him talking, but the expression I had already hit was much finer than the present, and I resolved not to endanger what I had secured. I therefore corrected the figure and shoulders, and told Lady Burghersh I had done. 'He has done,' said she, 'and it's very fine.' 'Is it though?' said the Duke; 'I'm very glad,' 'And now,' said she, 'you must stand. So up he got, and I sketched two views of his back, his hands, legs, etc. etc. I did him so instantaneously that his eagle eyes looked me right through several times, when he thought I was not looking. As it was a point of honour with him not to see any sketch connected with my picture, he never glanced that way. He looked at the designs for the House of Lords on the chimney-piece, but said nothing. He then retired, and appeared gay and better.

better. He had put on a fine dashing waistcoat for the Russian Ambassador.

"At lunch the Duke said in the churches of Russia he never heard a single cough in the coldest weather.

"At dinner there was a party—Lord and Lady Mahon, Colonel D——, a captain of horse artillery, Brunow, Captain V——, and several others. Colonel D—— had the Waterloo medal and Legion of Honour. He was a spirited fellow, but had too much of the mess-table, which is all affected sentiment, boasting justice to the enemies of England, and in fact unideaed chatter over claret and champagne. Captain V—— was an honest old boy.

"The Duke looked well, and told some stories. As Lady Stuart was coming from the tournament with a friend they got into a railway carriage, where sat a man who did not move, so they sat down beside him. At last in came another, who begged one of the ladies to get up because he must sit 'by his convict.'

"At night, as I took leave of the Duke, he said, 'I hope you are satisfied. Good-bye.' I heard him go to bed after me, laughing, and he roared out to Arbuthnot, 'Good-night.' I then heard him slam the door of his room, No. 11, next to mine, No. 10, but on the opposite side and a little farther on. I soon fell asleep; was off at six for Ramsgate, and dined at home at five: found all right.

"My impression is that the Duke has begun to sink, though he will hold out for years. His memory is healthy; his intellect unimpaired; but his physical vigour, I fear, is breaking now and then.

"It is curious to have known thus the two great heads of the two great parties, the Duke and Lord Grey. I prefer the Duke infinitely. He is more manly, has no vanity, is not deluded by any flattery or humbug, and is, in every way, much as I admire Lord Grey, a grander character, though Lord Grey is a fine, amiable, venerable, vain man.

"22nd.—Improved the Duke's head, and called on Wilkie. After a chat we got on the old story—Hume, the Academy and God knows what: the end was, that we had a long agitated talk, from which it was evident the Academicians felt themselves in a stew. I never saw Wilkie so much excited.

"He blamed me for not going abroad, for doing everything I had done and not doing anything he wished me to do. He grumbled, scolded. I was as cool as a cucumber, and we parted capital friends.

"24th.—The Duke of Bedford is dead—a good, kind friend to me and all artists. It is singular that almost his last letter should

should be to me, and that he should have explained to me he was the originator of exhibiting old pictures at the Gallery. He was one of the old set, and felt for artists. Hail to his memory!

"*November 7th.*—Wrote hard at my new lectures. Colonel Wyndham called, and thought the Duke's head beautiful in expression; so do I—simplicity without weakness, and energy without caricature. I think it is a complete hit.

"*8th.*—Lectured with great success at the Mechanics'.

"*9th.*—Though not a man of any peculiar modesty of character (as Canning said apropos of the House of Commons), I never begin a lecture without fearing I shall not be interesting.

"*10th–16th.*—Worked and wrote at the Museum. Colonel Gurwood called to-day, and mentioned two or three corrections necessary, but thought it a very fine picture.

"I said it was only necessary for the Duke's system to come in contact with Napoleon's to split it. Colonel Gurwood said he saw that a long way off.

"*22nd.*—Rogers called, and was pleased with the Duke. He said it was the man. He said he wished I would paint Napoleon musing at St Helena, not so fat as he really was; that that was the only thing Talleyrand and the Duchess de Dino objected to in my picture at Sir Robert Peel's. I asked him what they thought of the picture. He said most highly, but that the fatness always pained them, as they never saw him so. He said he saw him with Mr Fox in 1802, and nothing could be handsomer than his smile. Rogers is a Whig; he lingers about Napoleon, and did not seem to think the Duke half so interesting. He told me I was a great poet, etc., and went away.

"*23rd.*—Hard at work again and improved the Duke, as I should go on doing to the last.

"Wrote the Duke (who has had a severe attack) a frank letter expressing my joy at his recovery, and sorrow at his illness, but telling his Grace he went too long without his food. I said I observed it at Walmer, and that from ten to half-past seven was too long without intervening sustenance. I begged him to consider the value of his life, and that we who had looked on him for forty years as the only shield from France would feel wretched and at a loss if anything happened to him.

"*25th.*—Depending on my balance at the conclusion of the Duke's picture, at the end of October, and not getting it, owing to the pressure of the times, has obliged me to incur expense to delay payments, and make arrangements which have embarrassed me. Under the blessing of God I may escape ruin, but it may lead to it.

"Twice out of three times this is my fate. Sanguine in my wishes,

wishes, sincere in my intentions, I fling myself at a picture with all my heart and soul, and thus I am treated.

"It is not altogether my employers' fault, but they might have managed better.

"26th.—Lady Burghersh, Mr Arbuthnot and Colonel Gurwood called and were much delighted. Lady Burghersh authorised me to say the likeness of the Duke was admirable, and so said Arbuthnot. Gurwood left word he was pleased. So far good.

"29th.—Finished my lecture for Leeds on the history of the arts.

"I think this taste of the Queen for historical portraits in composition is an advance in taste, and will lead to sound Art in the end.

"30th.—Last day of November. The Duke is fairly done, and I return thanks to God for enabling me to carry it through gloriously. I began it, and prayed for its success as I always do, and therefore I am grateful.

"I have only done two pictures this year, Milton and the Duke, but lectured much. I have not worked as I ought. Then that cursed Academy business called me off. Curse the affair.

"On the whole I am pleased. At Court there is a tendency to portrait history, which is an advance upon the vulgarity of the Wilkie taste; and though pictures are small as yet and petty, yet it is generating a better and higher feeling.

"A feeling of the truth is spreading in the country. To-day I have been requested to get casts of the Theseus and Ilissus for Hull. At Leeds a strong feeling is roused. All this will gradually fit the next generation for expecting and being able to relish better things.

"*December 2nd.*—It is now twenty-seven years since I ordered my Solomon canvas. I was young (twenty-six). Sir George had treated me cruelly. I had attacked the Academy. The world was against me. I had not a farthing. Yet how I remember the delight with which I mounted my deal table and dashed it in, singing and trusting in God, as I always do. When one is once imbued with that clear, heavenly confidence, there is nothing like it. It has carried me through everything.

"I think my dearest Mary has not got it. I do not think women have, in general. Two years ago, after I returned from Broadstairs, I had not a farthing, having spent it all to recover her health. She said to me, 'What are we to do, my dear?' I replied, 'Trust in God.'

"There was something like a smile on her face. The very next day or the day after came the order for 400 guineas from Liverpool, and ever since I have been employed. I say so now
I have

I have no grand commission—now the Duke is gone. But I trust in God with all my heart and all my soul.

“It is extraordinary that with a large canvas in the house I always feel as if Satan crossing Chaos was no match for me. My heart beats; my breast broadens; my height rises; my cheek warms. How I would swell in a Vatican or dome of St Paul’s! O God, bless me before I die.

“Why such talents—why such desires—such longings, if to pine in hopeless ambition and endless agonies? In Thee I trust, O God.”

1840

At the beginning of this year Haydon was delivering a fresh course of lectures in the North, and mentions that in five weeks so occupied he earned £81, 17s.

“*January 27th.*—Rubbed in for Rogers a small Napoleon Musing. He wishes him thinner than the Emperor, who was fat and broad in his latter days, because Talleyrand and the Duchess de Dino did not relish him fat, as I have made him at Drayton.

“*29th.*—Studied at the National Gallery. I would rather be the painter of Lord Heathfield than of Gevartius. The massy breadth—the deep colour—the bronze vigour of his expression and air are glorious. Called on Rogers.

“Well might the Duke say, ‘Habit is ten times nature.’ I am sure the difficulty I have to resume my brush is laughable; it is ridiculous; it is shameful; it is abominable! I march about; look at all my pictures, sure of my commissions; put my hands in my pockets; talk to myself; quote Shakespeare; read Hamlet, Burke, Vasari; make a great fuss about nothing, and curse my being obliged to lecture for my family’s sake; change my bed till I am sick; then write an attack on the Whigs; long to be at the Academy; and then get wretched at not painting. I shall have a burst, and away will go evil spirits.

“*31st.*—The last day of January. I called on Wilkie, and we had a regular set-to. I asked him who was to be Keeper. I told him they were putting men forward who were supposed to be likely to stand, whilst the real man was concealed, and I said if he were elected I’d be at the Academy again. ‘Now don’t,’ said Wilkie, ‘interfere in the elections.’ ‘If —— be elected I will.’ ‘Don’t,’ said he, with an intreating air.

“No man is fit for it but Eastlake, and he is too timid. He is the only man to keep up the high feeling. If you elect a mere drawing-master he will keep the boys down; if a man of poetic views he will elevate them. The feelings in the country are high,
and

and whether the young men are fitted to meet the feeling fast growing will depend on the instructor chosen. If the Academy do not elect a fit and proper person they will betray their trust. I alarmed Wilkie.

"*February 3rd.*—Went to the British Institution, and Catlin's exhibition of Indians. The Institution is become the common sewer of the Royal Academy. It is lamentable.

"*5th.*—Met Leigh Hunt after an interval of many years, looking hearty, grey and a veteran. We hailed each other. 'Haydon,' said Hunt, 'when I see you, hosts of household remembrances crowd my fancy.' 'Hunt,' said I, 'I am going to write my life, and I'll do *you* justice. You would have been burnt at the stake for a principle, and would have feared to put your foot in the mud.' Hunt was affected.

"*Hunt.* 'Will you come and see my play?'¹

"*Haydon.* 'I will; when?'

"*Hunt.* 'Friday.'

"*Haydon.* 'I'll applaud you to the skies.'

"*Hunt.* 'Bring your wife; I'll put your names down.'

"*Haydon.* 'I will.'

"'God bless ye.' 'Good-bye.' We parted.

"*8th.*—Went to Leigh Hunt's play, and was highly pleased. The audience was enthusiastic. At the conclusion he was brought on the stage—grey, sturdy, worn and timid. I was much affected. Think of poor Hunt being ruined for telling mankind what George IV. was ashamed they should know, but was not ashamed to do before his Maker, provided it was unknown to his people.

"There must be justice hereafter, and to this man justice is due."

As an example of the political lucubrations of Haydon, which occupy a large place in this Journal, I insert what follows:

"*13th.*—I wish I had put down everything that had passed through my mind, because most extraordinary coincidences would have been seen, such as are almost incredible to myself, and such musings as one rejects as ridiculous at the time they occur. Every Minister of England should base his whole proceedings on the instinctive ambition of France. In dancing and cookery they have conquered the world, and they believe, from the first moment of perception to the last gasp of existence, their conquest of the world in all other matters is only delayed and obstructed by England.

"This was Napoleon's belief, and this is the belief of the whole French nation. This is the true key of their policy towards us, and after having in vain struggled to conquer us as enemies

¹ *The Legend of Florence.*

they have, by the skill of Talleyrand, turned their whole attention to compassing the same end under the guise of friends.

"In the Mediterranean the affairs of England are so complicated by the treachery of France that there is really no seeing the end; and in case of a rupture I will bet my existence France would join Mehemet Ali, and then, against the two fleets, what could we do with our eight or ten sail of the line?

"I have no doubt there may even be a secret understanding with Russia to expel us from the Mediterranean, because whilst we are in any power there spoliation or division can never effectually take place as a counterpoise to our empire in India. The only chance is from the age of Mehemet. He may die, but then his genius would die with him.

"Good God! that the affairs of England at such a crisis should be in such hands as Lord Melbourne's, with his apathy, his belief in the irresponsibility of man, his 'natural course of things,' his roosting after dinner. God knows I should not be astonished at Mehemet making a dash at Constantinople. If Nelson met him with the Turkish fleet and his own, it may be conjectured what he would do, with or without the French. What a period of complication for such a genius as Chatham!

"After the investigation of the Convention of Cintra, and when the Duke had proved his genius to my mind, I lay in bed one morning and clearly saw in my mind's eye his triumph in Spain and his crossing the French frontier. I got up, and determined, young as I was, to write to him, to tell him my convictions, and to add that if it turned out as I said, as my views in Art were as grand as his in military matters, I hoped he would allow me in the hour of victory to remind him of my prophecy.

"Subsequent reasoning made me believe this to be absurd, and to the regret of my whole after life I gave up the notion.

"This morning I had similar foreshadowings about the affairs of the East, the complication of which I clearly unravelled.

"13th.—News to-day that twenty-nine Chinese junks attacked the *Volage* and *Hyacinth*, when our boys beat off the whole and sunk and blew up five, sparing the rest. This gladdens my heart, and I hope may show master Monsieur what *he* may expect if he is impudent.

"16th.—This *Volage* business has given me a greater appetite for my food. This is doing things in the old style. I trust I shall live to see the French licked once more, and I shall really be happy, so deeply and so intensely are early associations rooted in me, from cheering at battered frigates, and huzzaing at victorious crews. God protect the British Navy!"

Now,

Now, at length, came an opportunity which he had long sighed for—of lecturing at Oxford.

“23rd.—Returned from Bath yesterday, after a very enthusiastic reception, and not numerous. Had great pleasure in forming the acquaintance of Mr Duncan, an old Fellow of one of the Colleges at Oxford, who gave me valuable letters.

“26th.—Started for Oxford—a day-dream of my youth.

“29th.—Received by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr Shuttleworth, and Wardens, with every kindness. Leave was granted me to lecture in the Radcliffe great room, but this could not be done without a meeting of trustees. Dr Shuttleworth then sent me to the Ashmolean, where I began on Tuesday. God grant me success. I make no charge. My object is the art. I admit all members free. If I succeed, what a glorious thing it will be! My introduction has been singular. I met Mr Duncan, a great favourite at Bath. He gave me two important letters, which have opened the door. Success!

“28th.—Met at Parker’s ‘Dr Wells on adorning Churches,’ and the journal of Dowsing, one of a Committee appointed to destroy pictures, 1643–44, appointed by the Earl of Manchester; by his own account they destroyed, in Suffolk, 4560 pictures in little more than a year and a half.

“29th.—Got on well. Oxford affects my imagination vastly; such silence, and solitude, and poetry; such unquestionable antiquity, such learning, and means of acquiring it.

“March 1st.—Dined with Dr Shuttleworth *en famille* at New College, and spent a delightful time. We went to chapel, where is Reynolds’s picture of The Virtues.

“We got on the Duke, and he said he had one singular trait—that he was mean in money matters, and that he actually suffered himself to be sued for the amount of his silk gown before he paid the money. It was near an execution. The Duke has some property at Strathfieldsaye connected with the University. The Warden said the trouble they had to get the money was dreadful. It was years first. His Grace’s agent was so convinced the University was right, that he gave it in their favour. Even then it could not be got. At last Dr Shuttleworth wrote a plain statement of facts to the Duke himself. He (the Duke) sent for Parkinson, and asked if it was correct. Parkinson said ‘Yes.’ ‘Then,’ said he, ‘pay the money.’ A cheque was sent with interest from the time it ought to have been paid. Perhaps this may account for his indisposition to lend his clothes to artists.

“3rd.—I began to-day at the Ashmolean Museum, and had complete success. All are alive to common sense and nature—the refined scholar and the humble mechanic alike. It was
beautiful

beautiful and triumphant. And, O God! how grateful ought I to be to be permitted the distinction of thus being the first to break down the barrier which has kept Art begging to be heard and attended to at the Universities."

In his delight he wrote to Wordsworth:

" My dear Wordsworth,

" At last I have accomplished one of the day-dreams of my earliest youth, viz. lecturing at the University.

" I have been received with distinction by the Vice-Chancellor and the heads of colleges, granted the Ashmolean Museum, and gave my first lecture yesterday, which was positively hailed.

" There are four honours in my life: first, the sonnet of Wordsworth; second, the freedom of my native town for Solomon; third, the public dinner in Edinburgh; and fourth, my reception at Oxford.

" The first and the last are the greatest. But the first is the first, and will ever remain so, whilst a vibration of my heart continues to quiver.

" Who said ' High is our calling ' when all the world was adverse to desert? There was the foresight—there the manliness—there the energy and the affection which have marked the poet's career from beginning to conclusion.

" You are a glorious creature, and is not our calling high? Would all the crowns, and kingdoms and jewels on earth have bribed you to say that of a man if you had not felt it? And why did you feel it? Because you saw it.

" You have lived to your complete victory on earth; you have nothing now to expect but ' Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' May that hour, for the sake of your friends here, be long deferred; but it will not the less come.

" After the distinction of yesterday my mind instinctively turned to you. Fancy my reception here, and fancy those fellows at the London University conceiving a man of my misfortunes would have injured the religious and moral purity of their character, if I had lectured there. ' An ounce and three-quarters of civet,' or rather a couple of pounds.

" If I was to die this moment, my dear friend, I would thank God with my last breath for this great opportunity of doing my duty. Hurrah, with all my soul.

" Your affectionate old friend,

" B. R. HAYDON."

Wordsworth answered:

" Rydal Mount, Ambleside, March 12th, 1840.

" My dear Haydon,

" Though I have nothing to say but merely words of congratulation, hearty congratulation, I cannot forbear to thank you for your letter. You write in high spirits, and I am glad of it:
it

it is only fair that, having had so many difficulties to encounter, you should have a large share of triumph. Nevertheless, though I partake most cordially of your pleasure, I should have been still more delighted to learn that your pencil (for that, after all, is the tool you were made for) met with the encouragement it so well deserves.

"I should have liked to have been among your auditors, particularly so as I have seen not long ago so many first-rate pictures on the Continent, and to have heard you at Oxford would have added largely to my gratification. I love and honour that place for abundant reasons, nor can I ever forget the distinction bestowed upon myself last summer by that noble-minded University.

"Allow me to mention one thing on which, if I were qualified to lecture upon your art, I should dwell with more attention than, so far as I know, has been bestowed upon it—I mean perfection in each kind as far as it is attainable. This in widely different minds has been shown by the Italians, by the Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, and why should I exclude the English?

"Now, as a masterly, a first-rate ode or elegy, or piece of humour even, is better than a poorly or feebly executed epic poem, so is the picture, though in point of subject the humblest that ever came from an easel, better than a work after Michel Angelo or Raffaele in choice of subject, or aim of style, if moderately performed. All styles, down to the humblest, are good, if there be thrown into the choosing all that the subject is capable of, and this truth applies not only to painting, but in degree to every other fine art. Now it is well worth a lecturer's while who sees the matter in this light, first to point out through the whole scale of Art what stands highest, and then to show what constitutes the appropriate perfection of all, down to the lowest.

"Ever, my dear Haydon, faithfully yours,

"W. WORDSWORTH."

"*March 6th and 7th.*—Lectured again to increased audiences. I dined last night with Mr —, Tutor of Exeter, and the Fellows. It was pretty to see the hall rise at our retiring to the common room, and the Tutor, Fellows and myself bow on reaching the door. I spent a very delightful evening with Mr T—, of Magdalen, and S—, at our little table. S— is full of Plato. T— had travelled in Greece—a mild, intelligent and gentlemanly man. We talked of the Agamemnon gloriously. I knew it well. To-day I dine at Magdalen, to-morrow with Mr S— at Exeter. Thank God, at last I have made my way to society where I am happy. Though evidently not a classical scholar, the scholars here see I seize the thoughts and value the beauties of the great classical writers. S— said the Athenians were a corrupt and vicious people, and that all their great men were great in

in spite of their tyranny and oppression, and devoted their lives to elevate and improve them. He said it was curious that hardly any boast of the Parthenon or other buildings occurs from authors about this time. Thucydides once, in alluding to Lacedæmon, says, 'They have not buildings like ourselves,' and that's all. This is odd. T—— drank tea with me, and passed the evening in looking over my prints.

"*Sunday, 8th.*—Dined with Professor D—— at Magdalen, and spent a very pleasant evening with the Fellows; surely they are not the Fellows of Gibbon. I saw 'no *deep* and *dark* potatoes,' but a very pleasant quantity, neither deep nor dark; and even if they were so then, it was not quite fair in Gibbon, after sharing their darkness, to betray their deepness.

"*10th.*—Lectured. The Vice-Chancellor Gilbert came, and gave authority to the audience.

"Dined with Sir Anthony Croke, near Oxford, and had a great deal of fun. He took me out in a close carriage, and telling some young Oxford bucks they must take me back, sent the carriage away to Oxford. I did not reflect I was then at their mercy, and when I wanted to go the young girls and boys, heated by waltzing, began to think it a good joke to keep the painter late. 'Never mind, my dear Mr Haydon,' said one young dog, 'we'll secure you a *breakfast*,' and we all laughed. As this was rebellion against my own will, I determined to bolt quietly, and though I did not know an inch of the road to walk it, I remembered Sir Anthony drove along the great road and turned to the left. So watching my opportunity I bolted out, hurried on my greatcoat, and putting my finger to my lips to a servant jumped the park gate, and was through the village like a racehorse.

"After walking two miles in dinner-shoes I listened, but heard no wheels—so going on I got into the main road, and all was safe; about a mile from Oxford I heard distant galloping and wheels. I knew the young dogs would glory in catching me, so I slipped behind a tree, and they passed me at a devil of a pace, laughing ready to kill themselves. I entered triumphantly about twelve, having had my own way, the greatest of all blessings.

"*March 13th.*—Last lecture of the six; audience quadrupled. Dined at Dr Shuttleworth's, and spent a very pleasant evening.

"Took my leave, and left Oxford with deep gratitude for my great success. I came to try a new ground. It was neck or nothing, and all classes rushed to hear me till the mania became extraordinary.

"*14th.*—Arrived home full of enthusiasm, and expecting to find (like the Vicar of Wakefield) every blessing—expecting my dear Mary to hang about my neck, and welcome me at my victory; when

when I found her *out*, not calculating I should be home till dinner. I then walked into town after unstripping: when I returned she was home, and was hurt I did not wait; so this begat mutual allusions which were anything but loving or happy. So much for anticipations of human happiness!

"Perhaps this necessary bit of evil was a proper check on my vanity.

"17th.—Went to see my Samson at the Suffolk Street Gallery. Met Colonel Sibthorp: I asked in the course of conversation what was the principal cause of being successful as a speaker in the House of Commons. 'Never let your points be deferred till the dinner hour,' said he: 'always finish a little before.'

"21st.—Went to church at George Street, Hanover Square. Afterwards called on Hamilton, and found Chevalier Bronstedt. Had a most interesting conversation about the Greeks. He agreed with me as to the painting of the Greeks, that it was quite equal to their sculpture. He seems to have new theories about Theseus being Cephalus. He told us by calculation the gold on the statue of Minerva was £150,000 sterling in worth.

"I never knew that water was kept as in a well under the great ivory statues, and a trench full went round them to prevent their cracking.

"He thought the Minerva might have been moved by Constantine. We talked of the French Revolution and of the bloody horrors of it. Hamilton said a French bishop offered some books to him once, and in recommendation of them said one was bound in a man's skin.

"22nd.—Called on Wilkie. He kept me so long waiting that I rang the bell and asked the servant if he was up. She said he was at breakfast. I said, 'Have you a fire anywhere? I am cold and will take a walk,' and I marched off.

"This was nothing but his want of manner. Just as I was sitting down to dinner a knock came to the door. I said, 'That's Wilkie.' Mary said, 'No, no.' In came the servant and said, 'Sir David Wilkie.' I went up and rowed him well for keeping me in the cold. He said 'I was breakfasting.' I said, 'That's no matter, you should have come out.'

"He came down and chatted. I asked him before Mrs Haydon if he remembered my lending him an old black coat to go to Barry's lying in state, which was too short for his long arms. He did, and seemed to relish it. I asked him if he recollected dancing round the table with Jackson when I read his name for the first time in a paper, the *News*. He said he did. I asked him if he remembered my breakfasting with him the first time in Norton Street front parlour. He did. He told some capital

capital things. When Sir Walter was a child his mother and family were all dressed one evening to go out. There was a long discussion. Sir Walter remembered his mother saying, 'No, no. Watty canna understand the great Mr Garrick.' Scott used to tell this, and always was indignant at the supposition.

"He told us in the rebellion of 1745 a lady from the Highlands came to his father's house for shelter. She brought a herb in paper, which she put in hot water and boiled, and gave all the family a little, and they were delighted. This was tea—the year it was introduced.

"25th.—Finished Rogers's Napoleon. Worked hard.

"26th.—Saw Faraday about lecturing at the Royal Institution. Found him frank, lively and kind.

"29th.—Went to church with my dear old landlord, Newton. When we were in, I was affected at all the disputes, kindnesses and fights we had had. He has been to me and my family an everlasting friend, a pivot to work on, an anchor to trust to, such as I believe no other human being ever had before.

"I thank God for it with my heart. He does not look so well as he ought. If I lose him I shall lose a man indeed.

"On reviewing this week I have done well. I have worked hard, finished Rogers's Napoleon, and advanced the picture for Miller of Liverpool, and made the sketch for my Leeds commission.

"30th.—Breakfasted with Chevalier Bronstedt at the Sablonière. He explained to me his views of the pediments of the Parthenon, and they appeared to me excellent. I am not quite sure about the Cephalus, though what he said was very just—that there was a mythological chronology, and an historical chronology, and that at the birth of Minerva Theseus was never in existence, whereas Cephalus was, being taken to heaven by Eos, and made keeper of heaven's gates.

"He told me the creed of the Athenians was different from Homer's and from the belief of Asia Minor. He is an intelligent and amiable man. He did Napoleon when musing on parade for me capitally—his taking snuff, his walk, his looking round, etc. I took him to see my Lazarus and Xenophon."

On the 10th of April Haydon had begun a picture of Mary Queen of Scots showing her infant (afterwards our James the First) to Sir Ralph Sadleir, the English Ambassador—a subject which had been suggested to him in the course of his reading while in Scotland in 1839.

"15th.—The King's College Council has appointed a professor of Fine Art—huzza! This is a great point, and must be attributed to the influence of my success at Oxford. Have I not struggled to attain this? These journals will show it. Worked hard.

"16th.

"16th.—Lectured at Islington with great success. Worked hard. The Scotch picture nearly done. I am not satisfied with my mode of painting a head—not at all. It has not the system of a practised artist, but I will conquer it. I see character so soon, I dash at it before my surface and colour are impastoed enough, and get the expression before my preparation is ready to receive it, and then don't like to meddle.

"This is for want of perpetual head-painting, as in portrait.

"18th.—Hard at work, and finished, except a little to a hand, the picture of the Highland Lovers for Miller of Liverpool.

"Now for Romeo and Juliet, for — at Hull.

"26th.—I awoke early with a singular bland light on the truth of Christianity. It spread over my soul as if ready to depart. Had the angel of death appeared, I would have hailed him; but years of struggle are yet to come before I shall be called hence.

"The past week has been well passed. I have worked beautifully, been rewarded well, and bow in gratitude."

The sale of West's picture of the Annunciation, under the circumstances detailed in the note,¹ produced this comment.

¹ "Sale extraordinary.—On Wednesday last, the grand picture of the Annunciation, painted by the late Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, was brought to the hammer, by Mr Graves, of Mortimer Street. This picture, which is of very large dimensions, originally cost £800. It occupied, from the year 1817 to 1826, a large space in the centre of the splendid organ in Marylebone new church. It was subsequently placed in the Queen's bazaar; but for nearly fourteen years past it has been lying in its case, useless, in a lumber-room of St Marylebone court-house. The auctioneer read the following extract from the vestry minutes of St Marylebone, in reference to the picture, dated Feb. 15th, 1817: 'I have always regulated my charge for historical paintings; and under these regulations I charge the parish £800 for the picture now in the new church of St Marylebone. Were I a man of independent property, I would request the vestry to honour me by accepting this picture as a gratuitous mark of my profound respect for the parish.—Signed Benj. West, Newman Street, Feb. 14th, 1817.' Whereupon it was moved and seconded that £800 be paid to Mr West, which was done accordingly. After reading this document, the auctioneer proceeded to expatiate on the great merits of the picture, and the fame of the artist by whom it was painted. A considerable time elapsed before a bidding could be got. At length the sum of ten guineas was offered, and notwithstanding the auctioneer had promised the receipt with the autograph of the late Benjamin West should be given to the purchaser, not a bidding could be obtained above the first sum offered. Thus, that picture which cost the sum of £800 finally sold for the 80th part of its original cost. It is understood that during the time the picture stood in the Queen's bazaar, the sum of £100 was offered for it and refused. The purchaser is Mr John Wilson, of Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, who we believe contemplates submitting the picture to America, the native land of the artist, and where his works seem to be better appreciated than in our own country. Surely, while so many new churches are in progress of erection here,

"It

"It speaks a great deal. Had the picture fetched 800 guineas, it would have been worthy of the blindness of 1817. It was a disgrace to Mr West to have charged 800. West was a man of no deep genius, no profound feeling, no refined drawing, no radical knowledge, no colour, no expression. His Wolfe and La Hogue are his greatest works. His attempts at High Art are without elevation; his characters beggarly. He was as incapable of conceiving or executing the character of Christ as he was of performing His miracles. Exactly as the nation gets enlightened will West sink. He could no more conceive an angel than he could execute an apostle; and this is the man Shee said was the greatest man since Domenichino, Rubens and Rembrandt intervening!

"This is a specimen of what I call the imposture of Academies. Had there been no Academicians to encumber the school of Art, Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Wilkie and Landseer would have been as great as ever, but West would never have been considered a great man, or Shee a man at all.

"May 11th.—Little or nothing in painting. Sent off the Highland Lovers to Miller of Liverpool by train. '*On ne fait bien que ce qu'on fait soi même.*' I went to see it weighed and safe, and lost a morning.

"12th.—Worked fairly, but not furiously; I can't on a small picture. Life is really not long enough for Art. I feel with small pictures as if I had nothing on my shoulders, which I always like to have. I'll soon be at my large canvas.

"21st.—Worked and finished the Juliet, and hope to conclude to-morrow. 100 guineas in five weeks is twenty guineas a week; not enough to save out of, though I am grateful.

"24th.—Sunday. Went to church and prayed very sincerely.

"Called on Wilkie, who was much annoyed at the press saying he could not paint portraits, in consequence of his villanous portrait of the Queen. Wilkie is unfairly treated. Surely his Lord Kellie, the Duke of Sussex, and George the Fourth, are fine portraits; yet the public voice has loudly affirmed he cannot paint portraits. How differently John Bull treats him and me. I have no rank or station—he has. I am overwhelmed with abuse—he dandled till his feet touch the ground, and then put down on velvet.

such a work should not be suffered to be taken from England. It speaks but little for the state of the Fine Arts, that such a *chef-d'œuvre* as the Annunciation could be purchased at a sum so ridiculously beneath its value.

"We understand that the picture was originally removed from the church of St Marylebone, at the instigation of the then rector and several of the congregation, as giving the church a Popish appearance."

"26th.

" 26th.—Finished my Romeo and Juliet, and now my employer (a Hull dealer) won't pay me my balance, £45, till I deliver the work, and I won't deliver it till I get the balance. How unlike the nobility. Everything with Lords Mulgrave, Egremont, Sutherland and Grey, with Peel and all of that class, was honour and faith. All paid me long before the work went home. I told this noodle it must dry hard before I glazed it, or it would crack; and for this bit of honesty he won't pay first. A bill of £39, 10s., due the 28th, I can't pay, and now begin again illegal interest and all the distractions of pecuniary want. The Liverpool men are twice as liberal, and the Leeds men too; but at Hull they are a fierce democratic race, and mistrust their own fathers.

" Mr Rogers called, and brought home his Napoleon to be glazed. He paid me at once, and waited my time of toning, like a man.

" 29th.—The Queen Dowager has headed my list for the Duke. I admire her character, so I feel much honoured.

" Lectured at the Mechanics, and exhibited two powerful young wrestlers stripped above and below. The effect was prodigious—the grouping exquisite—the tumbling rapturously applauded; it did immense good.

" 31st.—Saw Bewicke's (my pupil's) copy of the Sibyls and Prophets of Michel Angelo—very finely drawn and copied; but it is wonderful how little a man who copies so well can do for himself. The style of Michel Angelo belongs to the place he painted in, and was necessary to render his designs visible or effective. This seen in rooms seems exaggeration. In the naked he was not as deep as the Greeks, and all my assertions are confirmed. But the Erythræa and Lybica are very fine in expression.

" June 1st.—Went again to see Bewicke's copies from Michel Angelo—the giant barbarian of European Art—the Attila.

" And this is the grand style—figures painted to be looked at sixty feet off brought into a drawing-room to be studied at six, and recommended to the students.

" 2nd.—Corrected the etching of the Duke. The effect of these copies of Michel Angelo is enervating. You sit and muse; such a glorious opportunity for size—such a patron—such a combination of genius and opportunity rarely happens on earth; and it is altogether so much out of the reach of ordinary opportunity, that I think it rather overpowers than stimulates.

" I can account for feeble minds becoming feebler from going to Italy. The gap between their humbler notions and what they see is so great that the imagination crushes their hopes, their energies, their ambition. They become copyists, imitators, connoisseurs, dealers, or slaves, and the remainder of their days

is a nervous chatter about the grand style. Such were Otley, Prince Hoare, and hundreds of others—Wilkie too. God save me from such a disease—from such a horror. Italy was Wilkie's ruin.

"*3rd.*—Went to the drawings from Michel Angelo; staid an hour, and full of their style went to my own Lazarus. The drawing in the Lazarus, and the hands and feet, is decidedly more correct. The head of Lazarus was equal in its way to the Delphic Sibyl's; but though broad, it had not that overpowering breadth of effect which I saw in the one of Jeremiah, full size, at Mr Thompson's, Belgrave Street, who bought it at Lawrence's sale. That figure proves Michel Angelo had an eye for colour.

"But what absurdity to pull things from dark recesses sixty feet high—things which were obliged to be painted lighter, drawn fuller, and coloured harder than nature warrants, to look like life at the distance—and to bring them down to the level of the eye in a drawing-room, and adore them as the purest examples of form, colour, expression and character. They were never meant to be seen at that distance, or in that space.

"Thus the student is perplexed, and seduced, and corrupted with ridiculous notions of what is truly grand. The works of this wonderful man have ruined a thousand artists to one they have educated and improved.

"In drawing they are grossly defective. Daniel's left foot and leg would have disgraced Bewicke before he ran from my tuition to the shelter of Academical wings. Had he, in the position of Daniel's left arm, made the biceps with that contour, he would have been quizzed by the Landseers, by Lance, by Harvey, by Chatfield, and by Prentice, his brother-pupils. Had he put that undulation below the supinator in the left forearm of the Cumæan Sibyl two inches higher than it ought to be, he would have been laughed at by the public. Had he marked the elbow of the Erythræan so, my old lifeguardsman, Sammons, would have told him he was wrong, and made him alter it.

"It was in 1816, now twenty-four years ago, during the Elgin Marble controversy, I strolled to Burlington House to study the beauty of the marbles for an hour before painting, when I found a young man drawing amidst the fragments with great truth. I asked him if he were an artist. He replied he wished to be. I told him to bring me his drawings. Next day at breakfast he did. I was so pleased, I told him if he would place himself under my tuition I would instruct him. He did so. I educated him for three years without payment—superintended his dissections at Sir C. Bell's—gave up my time to him; and when he was ready, sent him and the Landseers to the British
Museum,

Museum, where they made from the Elgin Marbles those celebrated drawings, the size of the originals, which gave them so much reputation that Goethe ordered a set for Weimar, where they are still shown in his house, and to which, just before his death, he alluded in a letter to me. Finding my pupils, and Bewicke especially, doing such justice to the Elgin Marbles, I resolved to endeavour to get at the Cartoons; and stating my object to a friend, he induced Lords Stafford and Farnborough to go to George IV. and ask leave to have two at a time at the British Gallery, which they did, and got it.

“ I then sent my whole school to the Gallery, and there they drew from the Cartoons the size of the originals, and I led the way. When done, the rush to see the copies was so great the doors were closed for fear of injury.

“ I then exhibited the drawings in St James’s Street; here the people of fashion crowded for days. The next year I followed up the hit with Jerusalem, but the picture not being bought, though the receipts were vast, I began to get embarrassed. During Jerusalem Lord de Tabley gave me a commission. I begged him to transfer it to Bewicke, as he was a young man of promise. He did so; and he was paid sixty guineas for his first picture. His second Sir William Chaytor bought; and during his third, his landlord refused to let him proceed unless I became security for his rent. I did so. In the meantime I was becoming rapidly involved, and having helped Bewicke in his difficulties, I thoughtlessly asked him to help me by the usual iniquities of a struggling man, namely, accommodation bills. Bewicke and Harvey both did so; these were not accommodation bills to raise money on, but accommodation bills to get time extended for money already owing. When in the hands of a lawyer, if I wanted time, ‘Get another name’ was the reply. As I wished for secrecy I asked these young men, into whose hands I had put the means of getting a living without charging a farthing. As the father of a family I now see the indelicacy and wickedness of this conduct. But at that time I was young, a bachelor, at the head of a forlorn hope, and I relied on the honour and enthusiasm of my pupils. I had reduced Bewicke’s liabilities from £236 to £136, and Harvey’s from £284 to £184, and whilst in the act of extricating them I got through the Lazarus and was ruined. There is no excuse for my inducing my pupils to lend their names as security for bills, but I was in such a state of desperation that I wonder at nothing.

“ Bewicke hoisted the enemies’ colour at once; not so Lance, Chatfield, Tatham, or the Landseers. Lance’s friends advanced £125, Landseer’s father £70, Say £50, Chatfield paid up his premium,

premium, £210. They all rallied, but too late. In proportion to the greatness of my effort, so was my fall, and the boys, who, if I had been employed, would have been right hands, branched off into different pursuits to get a living. Lance I advised to take to fruit; Chatfield painted portraits; Say always meant to do so; but they never recovered the shock. Chatfield, just before he died, dined with me and talked of it as a glorious dream passed by. But had there been no Royal Academy to calumniate, oppose, and torment us—had the Art been as clear in our time as in that of Reynolds—our fate would have been different indeed.

“4th.—Worked, and finished the robe of Mary of Guise.

“5th.—Put on effectually the second layer of colour. Rubens’s method is the best for rapid work: Titian’s for slow and progressive. Rubens washed in over a white ground.

“6th.—Wrote my life all day. No money came, and I have bills all next week.

“7th.—Went to church, and returned in a better state of mind than I went. The prospect of pecuniary trouble again harassed me, but I threw myself on the mercy of God. I don’t deserve it. I have worked hard for it, and cannot get my money, on which I depended, but I do not despair.

“I shall get rid of my paltry little pictures, and then at a large canvas, which is always a blessing and a support. God bless me.

“8th.—Reader, you see I always trusted in God. This day I received £75 from Miller, the Liverpool merchant, the balance for the Duke, and this has saved me, as it is the link between two sums: but for this an execution would have entered my house, and the old scenes of horror would have come over again. Began the Poitiers for dear old Billy (Newton).

“12th, 13th.—Exceedingly excited and exhausted. I attended the great convention of the Anti-Slavery Society at Freemasons Hall. Last Wednesday a deputation called on me from the committee, saying they wished a sketch of the scene. The meeting was very affecting. Poor old Clarkson was present, with delegates from America and other parts of the world. I returned after making various sketches, and put in an oil one.

“13th.—I breakfasted with Clarkson, and sketched him and his dear grandson, and his daughter, as the most beautiful of the group.

“John Beaumont said, ‘We will guarantee thee from loss for the sketch.’

“15th.—Breakfasted with Clarkson, and made another and a more aged sketch, though a friend said of the other, ‘It had an indignant humanity.’ I said, ‘Mr Clarkson, those who have a great national object should be virtuous, and see God daily,

“enduring,

"enduring, as seeing one who is invisible." "They should indeed," said Clarkson, "it supported me; I have worked day and night, and I have awoke in convulsions after reading the evidence of the horrors of the slave trade." "Christianity," said I, "is the power of God unto salvation. It is of heart and internal conviction, not of evidence and external proof." "Ah," said Clarkson, "what a blessing is the religious feeling. The natural man sees flowers and hears birds, and is pleased; the religious man attributes all to God."

"He looks like a man whose nerves had been strained. I said, 'I have a cause at my heart, though not of so much interest to mankind as yours. I hope God will bless it.'

"From him I went to the committee, and arranged for four sitters to-morrow, and then returned home to receive Lord Burghersh. From Poitiers we got on the Duke. He told me the Duke says, 'They blame me for having a defile in my rear, the forest of Soignies. With 10,000 for a rear-guard in that wood, I would have defied Buonaparte or any army on earth. If they blame me, what do they say of Buonaparte, who fought a battle with three defiles in his rear, which were the ruin of his army?' Capital sense! The three defiles were Charleroi, Gemappes, and Quatre Bras.

"16th.—Went to the slavery convention at seven, and drew till four; breakfasted with them.

"17th.—Went to the convention again at seven. Drew till four. Made fourteen sketches of heads in one day till my brain got dazzled. I have made thirty sketches in three days. Whilst I was sketching Mr Scobell, M. Cordier, the French avocat, came to arrange. '*Monsieur, est-il nécessaire de venir dans mes régimentaux de pair de France?*' I ought to have said, '*Oui, vous n'avez pas émancipé les esclaves; mais les régimentaux de pair de France l'équivalent.*'

"Good God! In such a cause to think of his costume as a '*pair de France.*' I only ask you, reader, if that fact is not enough?

"The other Frenchman (M. Crémieux) made an appointment at nine, at 44 Piccadilly. I drove up and he was out. Down came Madame in her dishabille. She assured me, '*Que monsieur était sorti touchant les affaires les plus importantes du monde, mais à dix heures, monsieur,*' and I took my leave.

"17th to 20th.—All passed sketching heads at the convention. I did fifty-two in five days.

"25th.—Colonel Gurwood sat to me for my Waterloo Gallery. He said the Duke never liked solicitation for others. He liked every man to speak for himself. Gurwood said he lived two
years

years in the same house with the Duke; and he always stated whatever he wanted in a letter.

"The Duke complained to Gurwood that liberties were taken with him. He said, when he went to Court after William IV.'s death, the Duke of Cambridge said, 'Why, Duke, why d'ye have your hair so short?' Directly after, the Duke of Sussex said, 'Why you are not in mourning, Duke?' The Duke said, 'I ordered black, your Royal Highness.' 'Ah,' said he, 'it is not black. It is what the French call *tête-de-nègre*.' 'The Duke of Marlborough,' said the Duke to Gurwood, 'because he was an old man, was treated like an old woman. I won't be. And the reason why I have a right never to have a liberty taken with me, is because I never take a liberty with any man.' Colonel Gurwood said that the Duke, although he had known Lord Fitzroy Somerset from a boy, always called him *Lord Fitzroy*.

"He told me the Duke keeps the key of the glass of his Correggio, and when the glass is foul, dusts it himself with his handkerchief. He asked him once for this key, and he replied, 'No I won't.'

"He asked him once for a cloak to paint from, and he refused, saying he would not lend his clothes; thus confirming Wilkie, Wyatt, and myself.

"Upon the whole the Duke has been made too much of at the wrong period of his life, and too little of at the fine time. He fears insult at every breeze. Because he knows himself old, he fears people take liberties with him. Poor dear old man.

"Gurwood said he told him he gave £1000 a year away because the Government would not put the demands relating to his Wardenship of the Cinque Ports on the estimates.

"Gurwood said that in the year when Alexander's house failed the Duke gave away at least £6000. One day he found the Duke sealing up bank notes, and sending off envelope after envelope, and the Duke said he ought to be as rich as Cræsus, and have mines without end.

"29th.—Lucretia Mott, the leader of the delegate women from America, sat. I found her out to have infidel notions, and resolved at once, narrow-minded or not, not to give her the prominent place I first intended. I will reserve that for a beautiful believer in the Divinity of Christ.

"30th.—Scobell called. I said, 'I shall place you, Thompson, and the negro together.' Now an abolitionist on thorough principle would have gloried in being so placed. This was the touchstone. He sophisticated immediately on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have much greater effect.

"Now

PLATE X

THE MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION. By B. R.
HAYDON.

From the original painting in the National Portrait Gallery.



PLATE X.

[*From the original in the National Portrait Gallery.*]

"Now I, who have never troubled myself in this cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank. I'll do it, though. If I do not, d—— me.

"Scobell is a fine fellow, but he and Tredgold felt a little touched at the idea. If he has suffered for the cause, why object?

"Lloyd Garrison comes to-day. I'll try him, and this shall be my method of ascertaining the real heart.

"Garrison sat and I succeeded, and hit him. I asked him, and he met me at once directly. George Thompson said he saw no objection. But that was not enough. A man who wishes to place the negro on a level must no longer regard him as having been a slave and feel annoyed at sitting by his side.

"*July 3rd.*—Put in the negro's head, and the head of delegate from Hayti. Sketched Lady Byron and Lucretia Mott.

"With Lady Byron I was deeply interested. There is a lambent sorrow about her, bland and touching, but she was no more fit for him than a dove for a volcano. Poor Lady Byron! She looks as if she *saw* an inward sorrow. Perhaps his sublime head is always haunting her imagination, like the '*dira facies*' in Virgil.

"*14th.*—Put in Lady Byron. She brought Mrs Jameson and wished me to show her the drawings. I was anxious to do the head first, which was thoughtless. Mrs Jameson seemed annoyed, and found fault with the head. I thought I saw Lady Byron look knowing at Mrs Jameson. I said, 'Come, don't look criticism,' which annoyed her more. She took her leave, and thus with the most earnest desire to please her, I displeased her. Lady Byron was fidgety, I got fidgety, and the head turned out bad. Made a drawing of Garrison for the Duchess of Sutherland, and sketched Miss Knight.

"*19th.*—Hard at work and well advanced. The Americans are intruding and inquisitive. I have great trouble to parry them, except Garrison. Garrison sat to-day after calling and seeing the Duchess of Sutherland with whom he was delighted. Household and Duchess bewildered his republican faculties.

"*10th.*—Very hard at work. How delightful it is to have health, employers, and to work hard. I hope Hume won't bother me about the Academy question. If he do, I will not be distracted. O God, for Thy mercies accept my gratitude from my heart.

"*11th.*—Hard at work, and succeeded in Gurney's head. I perfectly agree that such a number of honest heads were never seen before. So said the Duchess of Sutherland, and so say I.

"*14th.*—Hard at work. Birney and Alexander, both fine heads,

heads, all good hearts. Birney said negro children are equal to whites till seven, when, perceiving the degradation of their parents, they felt degraded and cowed. Dreadful. Birney had discharged all his own slaves. These delegates are extraordinary men in head, feature and principle.

" 31st.—Worked hard after I began, but did not set my palette till after breakfast; did not begin till twelve. Read Rubens's *Life by Waagen*.

" Amelia Opie sat, and a very pleasant hour and a half we had. Mr Burritt, a keen clever fellow, sat too.

" Only one day's rest since the 12th June.

" *August 1st.*—Battle of the Nile, forty-two years ago.

" Amelia Opie sat, a delightful creature: she told me she heard Fuseli say of Northcote, 'He looks like a rat who has seen a cat.'

" 22nd.—Excessively and gloriously hard at work. Finished a head, hand, and figure in two days.

" Nothing astonishes me so much as my rapidity with this picture; it is truly the result of all my previous fagging for years.

" 28th.—Saw the three Giustiniani Caracci to-day. I was much struck by them, though it is extraordinary how little they understood the nature of Christ's character and expression. The idea of giving Christ such a skull is dreadful; none of the Italian painters except Raffaele had any notion of the right phrenological developement for such a being. But they are carefully executed, and very proper examples for young men. They ought to be bought; but I prefer, in my *Widow's Son*, my conception of the mother falling on the neck of her boy, and forgetting Christ in her maternal feelings.

" I am quite convinced the art of painting for great distance is curious.

" Domenichino's *St Cecilia*, near, is preposterous; afar off, it is the thing, and the manner of painting is expressly like Correggio's ceilings—holes for eyes, holes for nostrils, holes for all the dark parts of the features.

" *September 4th.*—Hard at work, and heard from dear Wordsworth, with a glorious sonnet on the Duke and Copenhagen. It is very fine, so I began a new *Journal* directly, and put in the sonnet. God bless him.

" ' My dear Haydon,

" ' We are all charmed with your etching. It is both poetically and pictorially conceived and finely executed. I should have written immediately to thank you for it and for your letter and the enclosed one, which is interesting, but I wished to gratify you

you by writing a sonnet. I now send it, but with an earnest request that it may not be put into circulation for some little time, as it is warm from the brain, and may require, in consequence, some little retouching. It has this, at least, remarkable attached to it—which will add to its value in your eyes—that it was actually composed while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday. My daughter and Mr Quillinan were with me; and she, which I believe had scarcely ever been done before, rode every inch of the way to the summit, and a magnificent day we had.

“ Sonnet suggested by Haydon’s Picture of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of Waterloo Twenty Years after the Battle.

“ First reading :—

“ ‘ By art’s bold privilege, warrior and war-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle’s wreck.
Let the steed glory, while his master’s hand
Lies, fixed for ages, on his conscious neck.
But, by the chieftain’s look, tho’ at his side.
Hangs that day’s treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph, and all human pride !
Yon trophied mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence. Since the mighty deed
Him years have brought far nearer the grave’s rest,
As shows that face time-worn. But he such seed
Has sowed that bears, we trust, the fruit of fame
In heaven ; hence no one blushes for *thy name*,
Conqueror ! ’mid some sad thoughts divinely *blest*.’

“ Composed while ascending Helvellyn, Monday, August 31st, 1840.

“ WM. WORDSWORTH.

“ My dear Mr Haydon,

“ Correct thus the two last lines towards the close of the sonnet—

“ ‘ As shows that time-worn face. But he such seed
Hath sown, as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
In heaven,’ etc.

“ You will see the reason of this alteration. It applies now to his life in general, and not to that particular act as before. You may print the sonnet where and when you will, if you think it will serve you ; only it may be well that I should hear from you first, as you may have something to suggest either as to the letter or the lines.

“ Yours in haste,

“ WM. WORDSWORTH.

“ Friday, Sept. 4th.”

“ I am

" I am quite ashamed to trouble you again, but after considering and reconsidering, changing and rechanging, it has been resolved that the troublesome passage shall stand thus :

" ' In his calm presence. Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face. But ¹ he such seed
Hath sown as yields, we trust,' etc.

" Faithfully yours,

" W. WORDSWORTH.

" Rydal Mount,

" Monday, Sept. 7th, 1840."

" My dear Haydon,

" I could not otherwise get rid of the prosaic declaration of the matter of fact that the hero was so much older. You will recollect that it at first stood,

" ' Since the mighty deed

Him years,' etc.

" I know not what to do with the passage if it be not well corrected as follows :

" ' Him the mighty deed

Elates not : neither doth a cloud find rest
Upon that time-worn face : for he such seed
Hath sown,' etc.

" I sent the sonnet as it was before corrected to Mr Lowndes, as you desired. When you print it, if it be in course of next week, pray send a copy to this house and another to me at Lowther Castle, whither I am going to-morrow.

" Very faithfully yours,

" WM. WORDSWORTH.

" Rydal Mount,

" Sept. 11th.²

" The space for alteration in this troublesome passage, you will observe, was very confined, as it was necessary to advert to the Duke being much older, which is yet done in the words ' time-worn face, but not so strongly as before.

" W. W."

These successive corrections, showing the poet's artist-like reverence for his work, suggest to Haydon the remark that he seems anxious to make the sonnet worthy of himself, the Duke and the painter (this last followed by a "hem!" of mock-humility).

¹ "For," in printed version of the sonnet.—ED.

² For an intermediate letter of the 10th of September, see Note at the end of the Memoirs.

All this while he was working away at the Anti-Slavery Convention picture. I find among the heads painted those of Knibb, Turnbull, Moorsom, Sir Eardly Wilmot, Dr Lushington and a Mr Crewdson, who came from Birmingham to sit three hours and go back the same day.

On the 10th of October, the anniversary of his wedding day, he writes: "Nineteen years this day I have been married, and I love my dear Mary better than ever. She has had great trouble and affliction, and I fear her health is now suffering. She has been to me a solace, a blessing, a salvation.

"I hope God will restore her to health, that we may both descend to the grave together—that we may see our children married and settled, and that we may keep our intellects and eyes to the last moment of life. Amen.

"22nd.—The Theseus and Fates are the true grand style; the Moses of Michel Angelo, the Gog style.

"24th.—I worked yesterday from half-past seven till ten at night; with half an hour at lunch, two hours' reading, five to seven, including dinner—fifteen hours; in reality, I had but half an hour's rest, for I never am more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour dining. I then read while dear Mary finishes, because it makes her ill to eat, as I do, at a gallop. Had my eyes lasted I could have gone on all night.

"November 3rd.—I saw to-day at the Duke of Sutherland's the original sketch for the crowning of Mary of Medici—the first thought before the introduction of the Genii, and side group above the heads of the princesses. This shows the complete progress of the conception.

"5th.—A sixth part of the month gone. 'Two days' work; two idle. Worked hard, and was perpetually interrupted, but stuck at it. Nothing but visitors; M—— called, fresh from Mehemet Ali. He told me Mehemet Ali could not get sleep, and would soon go. He said the French ships were ill-manned, and could not stand before ours, which delighted my soul. He spoke disrespectfully of Crémieux. M—— is of that Colonial Office class ready to go anywhere, in any way. What a peculiar class they are! I never go down near the Colonial Office but I meet anxious cadaverous faces fresh from the secretary's writing-room: victims preparing for the Cape, Sierra Leone, Cuba—West or East, North or South—not happy at home, not happy abroad, carrying English notions into military governments, provoking governors, exasperating colonial notions, sent home, sent out, and dying at last to the great relief of Lord John, or Lord Dick, or whoever happens to be the bored.

"9th.—Awoke with £39 to pay, and only eight sovereigns in my

my snuff-box, where I keep my money, never taking snuff. I trusted and prayed. Before twelve I received £20; then £15, 15s. more on a commission from Sir John Hanmer, and £4, 4s. came by post from Bath, for a proof after letters, making up the money.

"10th.—Had my picture extended on a new frame. As I walked along the streets to-day, and saw the general effect of objects, I could not help reflecting, how Art was true Art only when the leading objects were chosen.

"Supposing all nature open to us instead of the general effect only, we should not, and could not, bear existence; but Providence has wisely adapted our eyes to see nothing but what is necessary for comprehension and the purposes of life. Could we perceive we breathed nothing but animalculæ, drank snaky monsters in the purest water, and eat living masses in the freshest flesh, life would be insufferable: but see how wisely our powers of vision are limited. We see and recognise objects by the leading characteristics. The great painter does the same. And you recognise the nature of the things he paints on such principles better than if he laid open pores, hairs, dimples, pimples and wrinkles.

"13th.—Rubbed in a Napoleon for Sir John Hanmer, and worked at the Anti-Slavery picture. Their bringing me thirty-one heads more, after arranging for one hundred and three, is rather a joke; but if they like, they shall have heads all over, like a peacock's tail.

"17th.—Looked at, cleaned and put in order the Solomon. It has now been painted twenty-seven years. It has lately been in a warehouse where there was no fire, and the damp had seized on the robe and the crown on his head.

"The drapery was painted in oil, luckily, but being lake, an animal substance, the damp had fixed on and mildewed it; so on the crown, painted in Indian yellow, a vegetable. All the rest of the picture being in earths or minerals was not in the least affected, and Solomon's face was quite pure in the midst of the mildew. Had the drapery been painted in gum or rosin, the whole would have run or dissolved.

"In looking again, after a long absence, at this wonderful picture, painted at twenty-six and twenty-seven, and brought out at twenty-eight, I candidly acknowledge I am astonished. Turner said to a friend: 'Tell Haydon I am astonished'; and so he well might be. Taking into account all my difficulties, necessities, want of instruction from any master, my youth and the fact that I had only painted three pictures before, when I look at the execution, the manner and firmness of the touch, I no longer wonder at the uproar it made at its appearance. Good God! Ought I to fear comparison of it with the Duke of Sutherland's

Murillo

Murillo or any other picture? Certainly not. But I want humility, and it pleases God to humble my mind by neglect and obscurity and so fit me for another world. His will be done. In Him I trust, with all my heart and soul, and know it will please Him one day, that when I am dead it shall have fair play for the honour of my country. I await in patience and submit. Amen.

"23rd.—Gave my first lecture at Birmingham. Genteelly but not numerously attended, and coldly welcomed. In fact, no welcome at all. I was perfectly cool, and at last warmed them up, and made my bow amidst hearty applause.

"24th.—Dined at dear, honest John Sturge's, and spent a very pleasant evening. They were all teetotallers except me and John Sturge. We took a glass of sherry together; and after dinner, with fruit as usual, we chatted away so pleasantly, and the Quakers seemed to enjoy my stories so heartily, that in spite of their gravity they burst into roars of laughter. I could not have believed so pleasant a dessert could have passed without a glass of port. At the conclusion I took one glass, and that was all. How completely it is habit; but I felt weak on arriving home, and ordered my negus. I have no time to feel weak. If I was sure the feeling would go off I would try abstinence, but I fear the weakness of my eyes proceeds from scrofula, and alcohol is a necessary stimulus.

"25th to 30th.—Lecturing and visiting manufactories. If ever any town needed a School of Design, and if there is one where it would be more useful than another, it is Birmingham."

From Birmingham he proceeded to Liverpool, where his lectures were again attended by large and enthusiastic audiences.

The diplomatic out-generalling of the French by the Foreign Secretary in the Eastern entanglement this year delighted Haydon so, that he expressed his satisfaction in a long letter to Lord Palmerston, remarking, however: "The two great pivots of Whig policy were friendship with France and toleration of the Catholics. I disbelieve the character of the one and the instinct of the other. In the friendship with France they have been proved wrong, and so they will in their reliance on the changed character of Catholics."

At the close of the year he was at Manchester, whence he dates his usual summary of the twelvemonth.

"December 31st.—The last day of 1840. A year to me of great blessings, with bitter sorrow, because my dearest Mary, with her noble heart, tender nature and devoted love, has been prostrated in health. How grateful we ought to be that our daughter has been well and soundly educated, that our eldest youth is good and innocent, and our youngest boy unstained and religious, and that my stepson, Hyman, has ample provision by his

his classical talents and application at Wadham. In concluding the year I have indeed great mercies to be grateful for.

"With respect to the prospects of Art, my lectures continue to excite as much attention as ever. Fresh engagements pour in, and wherever I go the same enthusiasm is roused.

"I have lectured on the naked model in London, in Edinburgh and Manchester, and lately had wrestlers to struggle before 1500 people at Liverpool, with immense approbation. Fifty years ago such a thing would not have been possible. It is said Cornelius is coming to adorn the Lords. I shall feel it if I am not selected after what has passed with the Duke and Lord Melbourne and Mr Canning. But I am become a thorough Christian; and if this darling object of a long life be missed I shall consider it a proper check to my pride, and bow my head in submission. Let the will of my Creator be done. I shall not the less continue to do my duty to advance the taste of my country."

1841

During this year he brought his picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention to an end and exhibited it without much success. His lectures, too, went on, and sufficed, with his commissions from Sir John Hanmer and Mr Rogers, to keep him free from any great pecuniary harass.

This year, too, the Fine Arts Committee for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses; but Haydon was not summoned. He felt this severely, and it gave him, as it were, a presentiment of what was to follow on the appointment of the Fine Arts Commission. He set about experiments in fresco, trying all the while to make up his mind beforehand that he was not to be allowed to reap of the harvest which he had certainly done more than any of his brethren to sow. But it was hardly in human nature, certainly it was not in Haydon's, to console himself for the exclusion he foresaw, by the thought that at last the public claims of Art were recognised. A still severer blow this year was the death of David Wilkie, to whom, notwithstanding their complete antagonism of temperament, Haydon was warmly attached. When the year opened he was concluding his lectures at Liverpool.

"*January 1st.*—Lectured at the Royal Institution, and took my leave. Congratulated them on the success of the School of Design. The advance is extraordinary, and yet the prejudices in the manufacturers and society are not yet got rid of. Families reject drawing-masters because they, to improve themselves, attend

attend the school; whereas they ought to employ no drawing-master who does not.

"2nd.—Arrived at Sheffield by coach, and was more tired with this paltry forty miles than the thousand I have travelled by rail. But I saw the country, which is peculiarly Scotch and romantic after Staley Bridge.

"4th.—Heavy snow. The air is sharp and cutting at Sheffield. No wonder they are celebrated for knives. Lectured, but the audience the dullest I ever knew.

"5th.—Dined at Manchester with Turner, a pupil of Sir Astley Cooper. Cooper told him he had retired; but after two months, being miserable, he asked himself, 'What do I like best in the world?' 'My profession,' was the answer. 'Then,' said he, 'why the deuce should I leave off that employment which gives me the greatest delight?' and so he returned to practice.

"6th.—Lectured again. Audience impressed, but dull. I told them I had seen no casts in Sheffield, and they looked at each other."

On his return to town he resumed work on his Anti-Slavery picture, new heads presenting themselves every day, until at last the picture threatened to become nothing but heads, without room for bodies.

"February 2nd.—Worked fairly, after being out again in the morning on money matters. My dear landlord helped me as usual. What should I do without him? I have no right to complain of my employers, but they should prevent my losing my time about trifles when £100 would clear me.

"3rd.—If Providence always interfered free will would be over. But if required, or prayed to, He always interferes. If asked, He grants; if you knock, He opens, and He punishes. But He lets men act and often whispers to save them. Would men could *all* believe this as *I* do.

"9th.—Sketched O'Connell. I came at ten and he was asleep. I went at eleven and he came out as usual—rolling and good-natured. I went up to his breakfast-room; as he read his letters I sketched him. He then sat regularly, and when I said I was sorry to keep him so long, he said, 'I have used you so ill by lying a-bed, my conscience obliges me to give you a good sitting.' We talked of the Catholics and Protestants. He said, 'If you apply to a man's reason, you only apply to half of him, and the smallest half.'

"'You English,' said he, 'don't know what is going on in Ireland. Repeal will triumph.' He is grown older, considerably, but there is in his look inexpressible good-nature. He
told

told me he sat to Wilkie for his portrait, at the same time as the Duke, and he said such was the Duke's determination to be in proper costume, that he used to come for the Queen's picture of her First Council, to Kensington, in the coldest weather, in white duck trowsers.

"Felt unhappy in bed at my approaching difficulties. Just like the Jews, mistrusting my good Creator who had delivered me so often. I fell asleep, and awoke about three. Something whispered me, 'How can you despond? Did I not support thee in early life? Did I not say to thee "Fear not, I am with thee? Be not dismayed, for I am thy God!"' I replied 'Thou didst; I will despond no more.' My low spirits went. I arose confiding, and by post came a remittance from Sir John Hanmer, which prevented my being penniless, after matriculating my dear Frank at Caius. Gratitude—gratitude—gratitude! 'Knock and it shall be opened; ask and ye shall have.' Amen."

The most interesting circumstance in connection with the Anti-slavery Convention picture was the visit the painter paid to the venerable Thomas Clarkson, at Playford Hall.

"*April 8th.*—Left town on the 6th by steam: arrived at Ipswich at seven, and found Clarkson's carriage waiting. Got to Playford Hall at eight. Found the dear old man at tea with his niece and wife, looking much better than when in town. Playford is a fine old building: 1593 the last date, but must be much older, they say. It is surrounded by a moat with running water. Clarkson has a head like a patriarch, and in his prime must have been a noble figure. He was very happy to see me, but there is a nervous irritability which is peculiar. He lives too much with adorers, especially women.

"As he seemed impatient at my staying beyond a certain time I went to bed, and wished him good-night. I slept well, and the next morning walked in the garden and fields. He breakfasted on milk and bread (alone), and I breakfasted with Mrs T. Clarkson upstairs. I promised to sketch him at ten, and at ten I was ready.

"He seemed much pleased by a letter from Guizot, wherein he had said Soult and he meant to bring in Abolition next year. Dear old man! no praise seemed lost on him. He wanted to show me other letters, which I had not time to read.

"When all was ready, the windows fitted, he said, 'Call in the maids.' In came six servant girls, and washerwomen (it being washing day). 'I am determined they shall see the first stroke.' In they all crowded, timidly wondering. Clarkson said, 'There now, that is the first stroke; come again in an hour, and you shall see the last!'

"We

"We now began to talk: he said, 'When Christophe's wife and daughters, all accomplished women, were brought or introduced by him to Wilberforce, and others in high life, there was a sort of shrink at admitting them into society.' I told him I believed it, because when I resolved to place the African in front of the picture on the same level as the Europeans there was the same delicacy, but I got him and put him in at once. Shame prevented remonstrance.

"Clarkson showed no envy. He spoke of Granville Sharpe and Wilberforce with affection and respect; 'But,' said the patriarch, 'they thought of the *slave*, I of the *slave trade*.' I admired this distinction.

"I think Clarkson's intellects are unimpaired, and shine through his infirmities. He told the whole story of his vision. He said he was sleeping when a voice awoke him, and he heard distinctly the words, 'You have not done all your work. There is America.' Clarkson said it was vivid. He sat upright in his bed; he listened and heard no more. Then the whole subject of his last pamphlet came to his mind. Texts without end crowded in, and he got up in the morning, and began it, and worked eight hours a day till it was done, till he hoped he had not left the Americans a leg to stand on.

"Now come the causes of this belief. There is no doubt all men who devote their lives from boyhood to a great cause have the impression of being called or led by the Deity. Does this impression come from the mere physical exercise of the brain in one direction, so that imagination is excited, or does perpetual solitude engender the notion that what is merely imagined is actual? Clarkson says he was sleeping. Might he not have dreamt strongly? He heard a voice, and sat upright, neither asleep nor awake, and still heard the imagined sounds of the dream before his reason returned with his waking. This is the physical explanation, and is always more gratifying to the world than the supposition that any being is so favoured by God as to be called and selected. On the other hand, Clarkson has evidently been a great instrument for the abolition of a great curse. A whole species who have suffered for centuries have by his exertions, and those of others, been advanced in the scale of human beings to liberty and protection. Is such a cause unworthy the interference of the Deity? If not, is it improbable He would select for such a benevolent purpose a human being as His instrument? The men who do these great things *universally* have the impression they are so impelled. For instance, Columbus believed he heard a voice in the storm, encouraging him to persevere. Socrates believed in his attendant spirit; and

and, if it be allowed to refer to Christ, the Saviour always talked as of an immediate communication. I myself have believed in such impressions all my life. I believe I have been so acted on from seventeen to fifty-five, for the purpose of reforming and refining my great country in Art. I believe that my sufferings were meant, first, to correct me, and then, by rousing attention, to interest my nation. I know that I am corrected and a better man, and I know there exists a sympathy for me, and, by reflection, for my style and object, which, without such causes, would not have operated so soon. At seventeen I could not write a word intelligibly; who gave me the power to thunder out in one night, as if by inspiration, my thoughts on the Academic question? Who guided me as to the only sound system of education in an artist, in opposition to all the existing practice of the day in England? Who cheered me when all the world seemed adverse to desert? God, my great, my benevolent, my blessed Creator, by the influence—and the influence only—of His holy, holy, holy Spirit!

“Perhaps this is insanity as well as Clarkson’s, Columbus’s, Milton’s, and others. Perhaps we are all ‘drunk with new wine.’ No, no. We are all more alive to the supernatural and spiritual than the rest of our fellow-creatures. Where could I see the prototype of the head of Lazarus? I had never seen a man raised from the dead. Who was my inspirer? God, my blessed Creator.

“How often in prison, in want, in distress, in blindness, have I knelt in agony before Him, my forehead touching the ground, and prayed for His mercy. How often have I arisen with ‘*Go on,*’ so loud in my brain as to make me start. How often have I, in despair, opened the Scriptures and seen, as if in letters of fire, ‘Fear thou not. I am with thee.’ And have I ever had occasion but once to find the result did not answer the promises? And that one result will yet be accomplished.

“I believe Clarkson did hear a voice, like other selected beings before he was born.

“After finishing my drawing I started by mail, and was in town by eight the next morning.

“Why was I not so impressed as when I visited the Duke? Here was a man who in his Christian and peaceable object had shown equal perseverance, equal skill, equal courage, and yet I was not so affected.

“Clarkson has more weaknesses than the Duke. He is not so high bred. He makes a pride of his debilities. He boasts of his swollen legs, and his pills, as if they were so many claims to distinction. The Duke did not let you see him in his infirmities.

He

He was deaf, but he would not have let you see it if possible: he dined like others, ate like others and did everything like others; and what he did not do like others he did not do before others.

"Lord Grey and Clarkson have both that infirmity of asking questions about themselves, as if they had forgot the answers, that they may elicit again the answers, for the pleasure of hearing the repetition. The Duke—never. He is too much a man. Himself seems the last thing he remembers, except when others presume on his modesty. He never obtruded Waterloo, unless it was forced on him, or arose out of the conversation, nor did he shrink if the company seemed to press it.

"In fact, the Duke was a high-bred man. The want of this is never compensated for. Never.

"Though Clarkson is a gentleman by birth, and was educated like one, he is too natural for any artifice. He says what he thinks, does what he feels inclined, is impatient, childish, simple: hungry, and will eat; restless, and will let you see it; punctual, and will hurry; nervous, and won't be hurried; positive, and hates contradiction; charitable; speaks affectionately of all, even of Wilberforce's sons, whose conduct he lamented, more as if it cast a shadow over the father's tomb, than as if he felt wounded from what they had said of himself.

"Of the three venerable patriarchs of great causes—the Duke, Lord Grey and Clarkson—the Duke is the greatest character by far.

"27th.—There is always something to do. I inscribed the names of Wilberforce, Sharpe and Toussaint to-day, and that completes the undertaking.

"The moment a great canvas goes from my house I dread to look at my painting-room. When a great canvas is up I feel sheltered, though I have not one farthing in my pocket. How extraordinary is habit! Grant me, O God, a long life. The more pictures I paint, the more worthy my mind will be of another world. I know and feel it. But Thou knowest best. I humbly submit to Thy will, and will try to be always ready.

" ' 27 New Bond Street.

" ' 28th, 1841.

" ' Dear Haydon,

" ' I have just received thy note saying that "Wilberforce, Sharpe and Toussaint" are inscribed on the curtains. I am *exceedingly* sorry to hear it. They had *nothing whatever* to do with the *Convention*, and must *come out*. I shall be in Piccadilly at three o'clock.

" ' Thine truly,

" ' JOHN BEAUMONT.'

"The

"The gratitude of posterity! Without Wilberforce, Toussaint or Sharpe, no Convention would have been held on the subject. And here is my friend Beaumont insisting on their names (introduced merely in allusion to their services) being struck out.

"30th.—The last day of April. I have finished my great work, and this day ends the month.

"The delight I had in turning to one of my historical compositions after I had got rid of that dreadful collection of faces is not to be described."

On the 13th of May he records the failure of the Exhibition of this picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention.

"May 5th.—After the bustle of a work of portraits, the lassitude of mind which seizes one is extraordinary. Johnson, after completing his dictionary, passed two years doing little. Sir Joshua thought his mind would not recover. This was nothing but the overrelaxation of the string after constant tension.

"To a man like me, used to solitude, the worry of such a picture is dreadful, and nothing could keep an artist from being torn to pieces by 138 sitters but the utmost decision, by which they are made to perceive he is not to be trifled with.

"Spent the morning in studying my darling cartoons. Oh, what a blessing!

"The criticism of this picture has been absurd. Because it looks like mere nature, the critics think the art has been overlooked; whereas, there is as much, or more art, in this artless look than in many compositions of more profundity."

It was at this time that the news of Wilkie's death reached England. Haydon was deeply shaken by the loss of his old friend, for, despite rooted differences of character, and long estrangements, he had a true and deep regard for Wilkie, as I believe Wilkie had for him. The thought of this death dwelt in Haydon's mind for months, and hardly any entry of his Journal for the rest of the year but contains some allusion to it.

"12th.—Read prayers, and prayed for the soul of my dear old friend David Wilkie. The last week I have been at Dover, and one evening, at Warren's library, in the *Chronicle*, I read an account of the *Oriental's* arrival. I rapidly ran over the names, and did not see Wilkie's; I read on, my heart literally thumping against my side, till I came to 'Sir David Wilkie expired in the bay of Gibraltar.' A painful trembling seized me. I had begged and intreated him before he went to be cautious of such a journey. I begged him to read Madden, to understand the nature of the diseases, and consider his weakness of constitution. In fact, I all but predicted his death. In my mind, privately, I felt convinced he would not return, and said so to my family.

"Poor

“ Poor dear Wilkie! with all thy heartless timidities of character, —with thy shrinking, cowardly want of resolution, looking as if thou hadst sneaked through life pursued by the ghosts of forty Academicians,—thy great genius, our early friendship, our long attachment through thirty-six years, thy touching death and romantic burial, brought thy loss bitterly to my heart.

“ 15th.—I dreamt I was sleeping in the tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem, and awoke in a wild confusion, and thought, in the dim twilight of daybreak, the arch of my bed was the cold cave. Poor Wilkie! he seemed to look on me and to say, ‘ Did I ever give you cause of offence? Did I not bear and forbear? Did I not assist you with money? Was not our friendship unalloyed till you tried to destroy the Institution in which you were brought up? Then did I leave you? Did I not enjoy your genius, bear testimony to your great talents? My character was different from yours. You have no right to reproach me for not being willing to go to the extremes of your hatred, and involve myself in suspicions which I did not deserve. No, my dear Haydon, I loved you as much as, nay more than any man; and while we entertained the same views, saw each other daily, and pursued the same objects, nothing disturbed our happiness. When you did not fear ill-usage as I did; when worse treatment afflicted and nearly destroyed me, you ought not to blame me for wishing for that peace so natural to my nature.’

“ This passed through my imagination as I lay dozing; and I hugged my pillow and seemed to wish never again to wake.

“ ‘ But,’ I replied, ‘ you were a slave to the great and the world. You feared to show regard for a man the world had deserted. You shrank from an ardent heart, whose only fault was its excess of affection. You were not a Christian when the applause of men was concerned, and fell a victim to disappointment at Court, which you pursued with a mean adulation, till you were driven from its precincts. I acknowledge you bore and forbore—not from Christian duty, but because it was to your interests the less dangerous course of the two. You lent me money, but you talked of it with a gross want of delicacy. When the world complained, you abused me. You ridiculed the school I formed. You envied me in all my great successes—Jerusalem, Lazarus, Mock Election, pupils, drawings, lectures; and at all times tried to prove they were not successes, with a pale face and quivering lip—more pale and more quivering than usual. There was no occasion to join in the cry to prove you had no connection with me; our known friendship would have induced my bitterest enemies to pardon in you a delicate and affectionate silence.

“ ‘ These were frailties. Your virtues were great, your love
of

of art a passion, your industry unexampled, your decorum deserving imitation; but you might have had virtues, you might have loved your art, you might have been industrious, you might have been decorous, and yet not have deserted your sincere and affectionate old friend in the time of his sorrow—sorrow brought on by his disgust at your treatment by men whom *you* tried to conciliate, afterwards, by calumniating the man who defended you.’

“This is the way I went on till daybreak, and sprang up to dress, saying, ‘Poor Wilkie!’

“Yesterday I called on our old friend, Collins. Collins was an humble adorer. In his presence Wilkie felt all he said was listened to; with me it was contested. Collins was affected, and so was I. He came to the Academy in 1806, we in 1805; but he was one of the set who became a leader in his department. Collins, and Jackson, and Wilkie were all more violent against the Academy than I was; but all deserted me to suit their interest. Perhaps they got wiser; but at any rate I was firm, and suffered.

“Collins said, ‘If it were not for the Academy, depend upon it, artists would be treated like carpenters.’ There was some truth in that, but I fear *they* treat artists like carpenters, and keep all the respect paid to themselves. Wilkie is a loss indeed to me. His mildness soothed anger, checked violence, and rendered sarcasm a cruelty. I feel as if a part of my head had fallen from my shoulders; I miss something intellectual that I used to consult. Hail, and farewell!

“Poor fellow! He was coming home with new views, and a new style for sacred subjects, for which he was not fit. He could no more have painted Christ than he could have raised Lazarus.

“I offered Murray my own life, with all Wilkie’s and Sir George’s correspondence with me. Wilkie’s life I could not write.

“16th.—Another dear old friend gone—Thomas Kearsey, for whom I painted the first Napoleon. He died characteristically. He came to town to attend a meeting of directors of the Regent Canal; blew up the directors; dined with them; eat twice as much as he could digest, as usual; was seized with a vomiting of blood; died, and was buried in the corner of a field on his own farm, detesting the being herded with his own species after death.

“Poor Wilkie! I miss the consciousness of his existence. Our friendship began in a dispute, continued in long arguments, and ended in a sarcasm. Yet we were attached to each other.

“17th.—Nothing can compensate me for the loss of Wilkie in the art, though latterly, owing to my views about the Academy,
we

we were not together so much. We never met but we lingered, unwilling to separate.

"Old associations crowded on us. While he lived, there was always something natural, sound, and solid in the art. Now there is nothing—nobody. The loss to the Academy is irreparable.

"It comes over me fifty times a day.

"I feel as if marriage, children—all—had interrupted a series of feelings on art. I feel as if there was now no one to talk to, to consult: he was so pure, though so totally different in style.

"Poor Wilkie! Poor fellow! I looked over my prints, and remembered his doing so hundreds of times. I remember his remarks on many figures in Raffaele. He relished Raffaele as much as any man. I read some of his early letters, with his allusions to our pleasant fortnight at Sir George's, his remarks on various things; all of which brought crowds of thoughts to my mind.

"Poor Wilkie! Poor fellow! Could one have imagined he would have been flung in the depths of the ocean! When I think of his long illness in 1810; his patience, his meekness, and submission, it is impossible not to forgive his frailties.

"18th.—My only regret is that the thirty-nine Academicians were not flung after him, as they ought to have been, on the ancient principle of sacrificing to the names of a distinguished man!

"Poor Wilkie! I don't feel my heart beat so much to-day; I was frightened at its continuance yesterday, and last night. But now it's gone. Let me think of his virtues, and forget all his abject slavery to the world.

"Peace to his spirit!

"May we meet hereafter, cleansed of our earthly frailties; never to separate more!

"Wrote to Sir Robert Peel to relieve my thoughts.

"Every word Wilkie said on composition should be treasured up. Young men may study his rustic groups with as much certainty as Raffaele's.

"Poor fellow! I wonder what the fish think of him, with their large glassy eyes, in the gurgling deep.

"It is extraordinary the impression the man has made on my mind. His presence haunts me. I hear his voice fifty times a day. I kept a journal of our voyage into Devonshire, 1809, which I shall look out.

"Yet taking him as a man, he was not worthy of such interest.

"19th.—Declined signing the Address to Mrs Wilkie; as coming through the President and Council, it would, on my part, be acknowledging an authority I dispute.

"This was cunning. They thought my feelings would hurry me away to sign it without reflection or reading, and then they would have turned round and said, 'See! he acknowledges our authority.'

"A well-known model came to me, followed me, and said, 'Have you signed the paper? I advise you, sir, to make haste, as it will only lie this day.'

"A whole month have I been squandering my time: I could have painted a hundred-guinea picture. I could have earned five guineas a day. Wilkie's death and Mary's illness have fretted me, but those horrid fits of having no sense of duty sometimes lay hold of me.

"To church to-morrow. To the launch of the *Trafalgar*, Monday, and then to work.

"Like Johnson in hypochondria, there I sit, sluggish, staring, idle, gaping, with not one idea. Several times do these Journals record this condition of brain.

"Wilkie was as fine an example as I ever witnessed of love of art. Wherever he was it never left him. When a boy, the parishioners complained of Master David sketching them in church; as when I was at Honiton, the clerk complained to Haynes of my sketching him. When on intimate terms we used to excite each other. We used to go to church together for two years to hear Sydney Smith at London Street chapel. I used to call on him at 72 or 74 Great Portland Street on the way.

"The want now in the press is of editors independent of society. The Hunts on that point were noble characters. I should like to know the amount of the bribe which could have made them say what they did not think, or omit to say what they knew ought to have been said.

"There is not a journal now existing would have published my attack on the Academy, as first written, for fear of society. This was a paltry fear the Hunts disdained where truth was the object. And this is a tribute they deserve most heartily, though it would have been better for my worldly interest if I had never met them. Noble fellows!

"When Wilkie was alive there was always something existing stirring, sound, of high repute.

"There is now nothing sound or of high repute. He was as a guarantee in the Academy. There is now none, and every year they will get worse and worse. They must.

"He kept them right as far as he could. He had all the novelty and originality of genius. With a man of real genius, you know not what he is going to come out with next. He does not know himself. But with a man of no genius nothing comes. There is not a man of real genius left in the Academy.

"The

"The perfection of Wilkie's early compositions can only be accounted for by his careful study of the Cartoons, or some such standard works. The principles of repetition of line, of quantity, of groups, of action and repose, of light and dark, show deep reflection. But Graham must have been an excellent master to have sent a pupil abroad so admirably grounded.

"I never saw the picture he won the ten-guineas prize with at Graham's. It was Macduff, I think. I wonder who has it. From his own description of it, it must have been quite original. He entered his name as student, November 1805, twenty-one. I was entered March 9th, 1805, nineteen. I saw the book yesterday. If twenty-one was correct he was in his fifty-eighth year. I have written to Cults to know.

"Wilfully he would not make such a mistake, and yet he told me he was a month older than I."

Haydon now began his autobiography, in the intervals of his working at the picture of Mary Queen of Scots showing her infant son to the English ambassador.

"*June 24th.*—Wrote all the morning, and concluded the first chapter of my intended memoirs of myself, interleaving Wilkie's and Jackson's memoirs. Sent it to Murray as a specimen, and my messenger lost it in Portman Square. So much for the beginning—what will be the end, Heaven knows.

"*25th.*—My object will not be to paint us *en beau*. Of the three, Jackson, Wilkie, and myself, Wilkie's conduct is the safest to hold up as an example to the modest student, mine the noblest to the aspiring, and Jackson's the most warning to the patronised.

"I sent Murray the introductory chapter of my life, which the wife of my poor old Irishman, Fitz, lost in Portman Square. Some fellow picked it up and carried it to Murray. This was a romantic beginning. Success! Worked five hours and a half, pretty well. Dearest Mary sat.

"*30th.*—The last day of June, and only to-day have I worked as I ought since the great picture went. It has required all my energy to get over a dulness and lassitude I can only account for from the reaction after a picture of that sort, which has caused eight or ten months' perpetual excitement.

"Put in the Queen's two hands well; worked nearly seven hours heartily, but it ought to be eight.

"I have not recovered Wilkie's death.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Nulli flebilior quam tibi—B. R. Haydon.

"*July 2nd.*—As I painted all day I thought how we used to anticipate each seeing the other's work at conclusion; how we
used

used to dine, drink tea, and talk together for hours. Called on Hamilton, who gave me a letter to Barry.

"He said Eastlake had been examined, and that I had no chance of being employed to adorn either House.

"That if I had gone twenty years ago to Italy, it would have made all the difference.

"Where did Shakespeare go? Where Raffaele, Phidias, Michel Angelo? What absurdity!

"These journals show I first proposed in the House schools of design. I petitioned the Committee to adorn the House. Lord Morpeth presented that petition. It was seconded by T. Duncombe, and sent up to the Committee; and now, at the instigation of the Academy, Eastlake, my pupil, is to be chosen because being my pupil it may be more mortifying to my feelings. Good God! Such is irritated power. However, they know not the resting-place of my mind.

"I have nearly passed three twenties of my life. The life of man is but three score and ten, so fifteen years more may finish me. I have sacrificed myself always for the art and this is my reward. Thou, O Lord, knowest my heart, and that rather than the thing should not be done, I would grind the colours of others.

"But I foresee it will be a job, like the National Gallery.

"They are now talking of giving every artist a chance. A pretty *mêlée* of absurdity it will be, unless one mind has the entire lead. *Nous verrons*. I am prepared for every disgrace, and bow humbly to that Creator who seems to think I am not yet endowed with humility sufficient.

"8th.—Worked and advanced. Called on Napier, and was amazingly pleased with him. He put my boy's name third on his list, and said: 'You are bringing him up to a bad trade.' 'Never mind,' said I, 'if he be as distinguished as you are.' Heard last night from Lord Minto. Wrote to Lord John, Lord Palmerston, and William Cowper. Innes and Barrow are trying too. The deuce is in it if we do not get him off. Wrote to Sir C. Adam and Sir George Cockburn. Sir George's letter was straightforward:

"9th.—It may be laid down that self-destruction is the physical mode of relieving a diseased brain, because the first impression on a brain diseased, or diseased for a time, is the necessity for this horrid crime. There is no doubt of it.

"10th.—My eyes strained. Saw Barry on Thursday, with a letter from Hamilton. Am to see him to-day, and he promised me sections and plans of the Houses of Lords and Commons. We talked of it. He said whether anything were done or no, he

he would leave the Hall and House of Lords, so that they would be in a mess if painting was not introduced.

"It seems he travelled with Eastlake. I said: 'I hope you won't forget me, Mr Barry.' 'It will be a great shame if they do, Mr Haydon.' 'I hope *you* won't forget me, Mr Barry.' He blushed!

"27th.—Called on Macdonald, Wilkie's old friend, and got three valuable letters of Wilkie's to him (1804 and 1805), written just before he came to town. Went to church at the New Church¹ after twenty-seven years. I went there when first I came to town and prayed for all that has happened, and now went and thanked God. I felt as if I had opened the way for others, and might soon be done with: God knows. I was affected; Wilkie's death has broken a link in my life.

"Called on my dear old pupil Eastlake. He was affected at seeing me; he showed me a passage from a German author,² referring to my brochure twenty years ago on the Ilissus and Horse's head, which Goethe alluded to.

"We talked of the Houses of Commons and Lords, and of their probable ornament. He spoke of his evidence, and I told him that if I was not consulted I should come out as on the Elgin Marble question. The evidence is printing.

"28th.—Worked heartily, and nearly finished Agave for Sir John Hanmer. I hope I shall be able to keep from attacking or writing, though the Exhibition just closed, above the line, is a disgrace to the country.

"My mind is in such a beautiful tone! I work so delightfully: colours, ideas, brushes, flow like a river. How grateful I am.

"August 4th.—Worked hard; went to the Gallery to see Correggio, Reynolds and Rubens. I studied well and saw my own defects when I came home. No boy of eighteen is more eager to attain excellence than I am, or more alive to and desirous of discovering my own errors: I trust I shall always be so to the day of my death. I want to get that broad style of imitating nature I see in the great masters—not in Vandyke, but in Titian, Correggio, Angelo, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and Reynolds. Founded as I am I know I could improve on it; I'll try.

"2nd.—My boy's head looks little and very bad. How inferior to Correggio and Reynolds. God! I'll remedy this.

"Saw a Giorgione; deep-toned—gorgeous—glittering. What a lesson!

"I nauseate my own fresh-complexioned English look. Why? Is not the blooming *fraicheur* of England as beautiful, in its way,

¹ St Clement's, in the Strand.

² Rumohr's *Italienische Forschungen*, vol. i. p. 29.

as the *embruno* tint of Italy, or Spain, or Egypt? Sir Joshua looked by his side like milk and cream, but washy and faint.

"I had a delightful lesson, and I will try to profit by it. I flew at the arrangement of my picture and improved it wonderfully.

"The glazing of Giorgione is rich and gemmy, not liquid and yet not dry. In the head of a man with a helmet, the flesh is wonderfully kept down, to give effect to the armour, and yet not overdone. The subject is the Woman taken in Adultery.

"11th.—Wrote on adorning the House of Lords.

"English Art never stood higher than at the end of the war. Foreigners were astonished at our condition, and might well be. The reason was, blockading kept the rich from running over the Continent; our energies were compressed and devoted to ourselves, and we flourished accordingly. Wilkie was in his zenith; so was Lawrence; so was Flaxman; so were our water-colour painters; and so was I, for my Solomon was an English triumph, and Landseer was beginning to bud.

"We escaped the contagion of David's brick-dust which infected the Continent, and the frescoes are but a branch of the same Upas root grafted upon Albert Durer's hardness, Cimabue's Gothicism, and the gilt ground inanity of the middle age. All the vast comprehensiveness of Velasquez, Rubens, and Titian are to be set aside, and we are not to go on where they left off, but to begin where their predecessors began 300 years before.

"The great cause of this probable change is the pernicious popularity of an eminent and victorious painter, the exact sort of genius the Academy should have controlled.¹

"It is too late now; the evil is done; but the young student should be eternally cautioned to beware. Yet what a state the schools are in! The keeper is so amiable in private life that one dreads to find fault. A keeper so totally inadequate to his situation will throw the student back an age, now of all other times, when he ought to be advanced.

"If Government placed me at the head of a school, I would soon produce a race capable of meeting the emergency; but then comes the pride of the Academy, and the honour of England is not to be compared to that. Had I been perfectly supported, would this have been the condition of Art?

"Here are the Patrons—after having for fifty years suffered Barry to live in poverty and allowing me to go to prison four times; who permitted me to be for years without an order; who deserted me because I told them large works ought to be executed for the honour of the country; who have pressed down genius

¹ I presume, from other passages, the allusion here is to M'Clise.

by buying nothing but small works; and who allowed my school, which they applauded me for founding, to be destroyed for fear of the Academy—now in a great emergency turn round and say: ‘We want great works, but you can’t draw; we must call in the Germans,’ who for twenty years have been patronised by the King and kept at work, and you wish to bring them at once into a contest with us who have never painted fresco, and put us in competition with them out of our element, instead of employing us in our own!

“Shame on you, to trample down and desert, and calumniate, and ridicule a nature that ‘loved not wisely, but too well!’ Shame on you! And now you will reap the reward of your folly. To whom do I owe my salvation? To the people, who believed in my truth, sympathised with my sufferings, and gave my genius that fair play which you, with mortified pride, refused.

“We shall all meet hereafter stripped and without disguise. May you be able in the presence of your God to say you have done your duty as I have done mine.

“What youth did I ever turn away that wanted instruction? When did self-love stand in the way of my duty to art?

“‘Who would like to paint in fresco?’ says Eastlake. I do not know who would like. I know who would not.

“The fashionable portrait painter in silk stockings, and the president in cocked hat, how would they feel in mortar and lime? How would they like to exchange a cocked hat for a paper bonnet, and to stand up like men?

“13th.—Wrote Mr Labouchere my report on the report, in which I pointed out the necessity for a wall being devoted to fresco in the school of design at Somerset House.

“18th.—Got my first lesson in fresco from Latilla, a good-natured fellow. I saw him put in a head, and now I fear not. God bless my efforts.

“19th.—Prepared for my own attempt. Latilla’s cracked from his being in too great a hurry to begin, and not giving the lime time to mature.

“20th.—I began fresco to-day and have succeeded, and taken off all apprehension as to the process. I’ll take to it. God bless me in it. Amen.

“Latilla painted a head and mixed some cement—only one-third sand and two-thirds lime. I said, ‘I have painted always in the old way—in oil—and it never cracked.’ I let him do as he liked, and it began to crack before he was half through, and in the morning was blistered to atoms.

“To-day I followed.

“Where the other head had been no suction took place, and the
intonaco

intonaco remained soft, nor did it set till it was scraped off, and renewed with plaster.

"21st.—Eastlake called, and thought my fresco successful.

"It was interesting. I knelt down yesterday morning and prayed God with all my heart to bless my beginning and progression in fresco with all the ardour with which I knelt down on my arrival in London in 1804.

"25th.—Sir Robert Inglis called, and was much pleased with my fresco. Mr Banks called with Lady Spencer, his niece, and they were much pleased too. This is an advance. This is the genuine fresco on the wet mortar.

"What I suffered at first, lest some artist might get the start of me! My excitement has completely knocked me up—taken away my voice.

"26th.—Mr Hawes called, and was much pleased. He said: 'If they ask about fresco—there it is.' I wrote him to-night, and offered to give up my whole time to fresco for ten years for a certain income. That I would.

"27th.—The fresco is nearly dry; has got whiter, brighter, and more unearthly. Sir John Hanmer called, and spent an hour, and I showed him the whole system of study from dissection onwards. He made many inquiries. He was amazingly pleased with the fresco, and begged me to go on. I showed him the system, and painted an eye on the wet mortar before him. D—— called with the air of a master of the practice, saw and felt nothing of the poetry, but pointed out the colour of the lips, and said it would not stand, and that I had too much impasto, and that the colours ought to be like stained drawing, hatched, glazed, and thin. He said it was like Michel Angelo's style of fresco, and not like Raffaele's, and that he was a bungler with his tools. I replied that to be like him was at least something in a first attempt.

"This is the comfort of professional judgment.

"The upper part of the face is improved enormously.

"3rd.—Nothing could be better hit than the fresco. I took all the Committee before the division, so that every member was in town, and up they came, and were convinced it could be done. And now they are off into the country, where they will spread it.

"I have been compelled to sell the copyright of the Duke to fit out my boys—one for the navy, and the other for Cambridge. To be sure it is hard. I took several months about the picture when a portrait painter would have taken one. I went to Waterloo to be correct, which the portrait man never would have undertaken. It has been one year and a half engraving, and I can only get £200 for the result.

"I was

"I was engaged to paint the picture for 600 guineas, and they only could raise 400.

"And the publisher will make thousands. But then is it nothing to be able to do it? Are the repute, the delight, the sonnet of Wordsworth, nothing? They are an equivalent; but still I have thrown away a trump that might have been a property for life.

"4th.—Received the first £100, and made up my mind to the loss philosophically. At the beginning of this week I had hardly a shilling. I end it having received £171. Such is the result of 'seeing One who is invisible.' I close the week in gratitude.

"Sir,

"London, Sept. 20th, 1841.

"A great era in Art is coming which I always foresaw. Pray, pray, Sir Robert Peel, put yourself at the head of it. That which I begged Lord Liverpool, Canning, Lord Ripon, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne to begin is beginning. Let the glory be yours. Will you let it escape? Fear not the people. They will back you in everything. When the cartoons were moved up, twenty-five years ago, what was the universal insinuation? This. 'The people care nothing for the cartoons'; and yet the people crowded to such excess to see the cartoons and the copies of my pupils, that the doors of the gallery were obliged to be closed for fear of injury.

"Only do justice to the English people or the House. Their taste is in advance of our production. I know it. Was I not told if I exhibited the naked figure I should be hooted. I did, and was overwhelmed with shouts of applause.

"I again brought in two wrestlers, stripped above and below, and put them to wrestle. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm in London, in Liverpool, in Edinburgh.

"Do not have any doubt, Sir Robert Peel. Seize this great moment and carry it through. For my part, all my agitation and complaints are over. A great opportunity is come, and complaints must cease. I give all mine to the winds for ever."

"Oct. 30th.—Called on Eastlake, and spent a delightful half hour; he showed me a report by a pupil of Maratti on the state of the frescoes before he cleaned them. All the lower part of the school of Athens was invisible from scratches and dust. Eastlake saw Cornelius, who told him that lime of less than three years' slaking would fail, and that the lime for his Last Judgment was twelve years old.

"He told Eastlake that you should put lime in a bag and dip it in water, and if the lime dried instantly to dust, that was the lime fit for fresco.

"31st.—Called on Hamilton, who said it is not true that the
Germans

Germans revived fresco. That it was never extinct, but always practised in Italy, more or less. He said there was no intention of employing the Germans.

"Cornelius said to Eastlake: 'Titian and Rubens must be put aside!' Eastlake showed me the receipt of Michel Angelo for 500 gold crowns or ducats, paid to him for beginning the Sistine ceiling that day (*oggi*) in the June (I believe) of 1508.

"Thus ends October. I finished the Quaker picture in April; June and July I finished Infant and Mary Queen of Scots; August was passed in fresco; September in putting my boy to sea, and my eldest son to Caius College; and this month in writing Wilkie's life, and lecturing at Sheffield.

"*November 1st.*—Worked four hours; much interrupted, but got on. The calls to-day were incessant. The letters endless. It is extraordinary what people, of all descriptions, come to me for advice and information in Art. I care for nothing if Art is talked of; but when asses call, and waste my time, I get despotic.

"*6th.*—Dear Jeremiah Harman advanced me £1000 to carry me through Jerusalem and Lazarus.¹ I was ruined and he lost his money. He was angry with me, and it was just; but the moment he heard I was ruined, he sent over to Kearsy and Spurr, my solicitors, and released me from the debt. This is now twenty years ago. Eastlake told me he had a fresco. I wrote to him to see it, and concluded by saying: 'Are we to descend into the grave, my dear Mr Harman, without explanation, when I can give it?' He wrote to me immediately to come. I went; and on entering his library he held out his hand, and said: 'Haydon, I am glad to see you.' I was very much affected; he would not allow anything to be said, but remarked: 'It is twenty years ago. I believe you meant honourably, but you were ruined.' I replied: 'My dear Mr Harman, I did, and now you say that I can leave my name to my children with the only questionable thing of my whole life cleared up.'

"He showed me his exquisite collection. I never saw such gems. The Correggio, and Perino del Vaga, were of the most essential service; and after lunching, I took my leave of this dear and venerable man, so relieved of the burthen on my mind as cannot be expressed.

"*25th.*—I mixed to-day lime and marble-dust, and lime and sand equal parts. The marble-dust and lime become beautifully smooth. I then mixed cement and marble-dust, and cement alone, and placed all experiments on the wall against my next attempt, to see which cracks and which does not.

"*27th.*—November is nearly gone. I have done a good deal.

¹ See vol. i. p. 267, where, however, only £300 is mentioned.

Nearly finished Poitiers, and sketched, and invented, and lectured. To-morrow I go to Liverpool, and on the 6th to Birmingham.

" *December 3rd.*—Went to Liverpool, and was much delighted with my reception. Gave the lecture on Wilkie.

" *4th.*—Selected drawings and papers for Birmingham. Charles Eastlake elected Secretary to the Commission. No one living so fit.

" *10th.*—Eastlake's kindness, as can be seen, is great. He frankly writes me his continuous knowledge about fresco, as he gains it, as I communicated with him in early life about art. Now Wilkie is gone, his mind is the only one I think of.

" *17th.*—Walked to see Watt's monument at Wandsworth church. Bolton's was close to it. It is Chantrey's *chef-d'œuvre*. As I came home, the booming rattle of the train seemed like the spirit of Watt still animating inert matter.

" The statue is very fine, and contains the essence of Chantrey's peculiar power.

" *31st.*—Last day of 1841. I have had great prosperity and constant employment. The health of my dear love is much improved. I have planted one boy in the service, who promises well, and has obtained the approbation of his officers and captain. I have placed the other at Cambridge; he has got through his first term. I have paid for all with my own earnings. For all which blessings I thank God. For the watching over the well-being of human creatures who depend on you, and have been brought into the world by you, is after all the most important duty of man. Every boy I have educated (and I have brought out four and educated seven) was brought up in the fear of God, the love of truth, and the adoration of a stern morality. For all these blessings I thank God with all my heart, and I pray Him humbly that by this time twelvemonths I may be able to thank Him for a continuance of such mercies. Amen.

" As to the state of Art, it is dangerous. A great moment is come; and I do not believe anyone so capable of wielding it as myself, when, from circumstances, and the prejudices of all men, I have the least chance of any. Because:

" 1st. I have loved my Art always better than myself.

" 2nd. I dissected and drew two years before I painted.

" 3rd. My pictures of Solomon, Jerusalem and Lazarus are indisputable evidences of genius.

" 4th. I educated Eastlake, the Landseers, Harvey, Bewicke, Chatfield, Lance, and founded a school, the shattered fragments of which have reformed Art in England. Therefore I have no claim.

" 5th.

" 5th. I stood forth and defended the Elgin Marbles and demolished Knight.

" 6th. I have been imprisoned four times for persevering to improve the people.

" 7th. I first proposed to adorn the House of Lords.

" 8th. I have had a plan before every Ministry for twenty-five years.

" 9th. I first petitioned the House by Lord Brougham, 1823; by Lord Durham, 1824; by Lord Colborne, 1826; by Lord Dover, 1827; by Lord Morpeth, 1833 or '34, in favour of High Art, and the Building Committee in specific favour of this very object—the decoration of the House of Lords.

" 10th. I have lost all my property; have been refused the honours of my country; have had my talents denied, my character defamed, my property dissipated, my health injured, my mind distracted, for my invincible devotion to the great object now about to be carried. And therefore I cannot be, ought not to be, and have not any right to hope to be rewarded by having a share in its emolument, its honour, or its glory.

" But still I trust my merciful Creator will not let me leave this world without an opportunity to put forth, to the full extent of their capability, the talents with which He has blessed me, to promote by Art the cause of virtue, morality, patriotism, or religion. In Him I trust, as I have always done, and am sure these Journals, which have so often recorded His mercies, will not cease continuance till I have recorded in them the realisation, under His merciful blessing, of the great object of my being.

" I feel I shall realise this instinct in gratitude and shouts!

" O Lord, let not this be the presumption of imbecility, but the just confidence of anticipating inspiration.

" Amen, with all my soul.

" This year—1841—will be remembered in English Art as the year of Wilkie's death. Poor Wilkie! His loss is irreparable.

" I close 1841 in gratitude for the mercies bestowed during its progress, in hopes for their continuance in 1842, and in earnest prayer for that national employment which I am now again utterly without; so that I may be spared from a recurrence to those dreadful distresses which have before so often distracted my mind, harassed my spirit, and rendered life a struggle of sorrow, degradation and pain.

" Oh Lord, I earnestly call on Thee to avert so shocking an anticipation. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

1842

The Fine Arts Commission was sitting through this year, and towards the end of April issued a notice of the conditions for the cartoon-competition, intended to test the capacity of English artists for the style of Art suited to the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. The delight with which Haydon welcomed this first step towards achievement of the great effort of his life was damped by painful forebodings that he was not destined to share the fruits of the victory, after having so bravely borne the brunt of the battle. This fear, which had been working on him all the last year, seems to grow stronger and stronger through this. Still he continued to pursue his researches and experiments in fresco-painting, seeking information in all quarters, from students of the old frescoes in Italy, and workers in modern ones at Munich, and protesting all the while, with his usual vehemence, against any infection of English Art with Germanism. He also carried on this year a correspondence of considerable interest with Rumohr, the author of the *Italienische Forschungen*, one of the soundest contemporary German critics of Italian Art, from whose letters I have extracted freely, as they seem to me to convey in their quaint English theories and opinions upon Art in every way deserving of attention.

During the year he finished his pictures of Mary of Guise, and of the Battle of Poitiers, both of which he sent to the Academy Exhibition, besides painting a picture of the Maid of Saragossa, another of Curtius leaping into the Gulf, and another of a subject conceived many years before, Alexander the Great encountering and killing a Lion. He had also, before the year ended, finished a cartoon of the Curse pronounced against Adam and Eve, for the Westminster Hall competition, and had begun another of The Black Prince entering London in triumph with the French King prisoner. I think that even those who up to this point have felt little admiration for either the man or the painter Haydon, will hardly refuse him some sympathy at this moment of his life, when the goal was appearing just as his failing strength, which he too felt to be failing, in spite of his vehement assertion of unimpaired powers, whispered to him that the race was not to be for his winning; that he would have to stand by, while younger and fresher runners passed him to take the crown. Already the anticipation of this fate was working in his mind, let him strive as he might to keep it down; and his assurance that he bears a heart made up for either fortune will impose as little on those who read his Journals, as I believe it did on himself.

"January

"*January 2nd.*—Went to Hanover Square. Heard Dean of Carlisle, who is always earnest.

"Evans called, who made distemper copies of the Loggie for Nash, and he told me many useful things of Fresco.

"1st. Raffaele's heads are impastoed like oil.

"2nd. Tints are mixed.

"3rd. It is not perpetual glazing.

"4th. Raffaele's lights in foreheads are loaded.

"5th. Fresco never extinct in Italy. Always practised.

"6th. Students given a lunette in the Vatican to paint after they have got a medal.

"7th. Benvenuti mixed pots of tints, as I do in oil on my palette.

"4th.—Went to the Adelphi, and looked at Barry's pictures. Miss Corkings, the housekeeper, was a girl of twelve years old when Barry painted the work. She told me many anecdotes. She said his violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity. She said he carried virtue to a vice. His hatred of obligation was such he would accept nothing. Wherever he dined he left 1s. 2d. in the plate, and gentlemen indulged him. The servants were afraid to go near him; in summer he came to work at five, and worked till dark, when a lamp was lighted, and he went on etching till eleven at night.

"She said, when coaxed to talk, his conversation was sublime. She thought the want of early discipline was the cause of his defects. He began his work in 1780, and was seven years before he concluded it. She remembered Burke and Johnson calling once, but no artist. She really believed he would have shot anyone who had dared. He had tea boiled in a quart pot, and a penny roll for breakfast, dined in Porridge island, and had milk for supper, which was prepared in the house.

"There is a grasp of mind there nowhere else to be found, as Johnson said, but no colour, no surface, beauty, or correct drawing. Still, as the only work of the kind, it is an honour to the country.

"6th.—The obstructions in fresco do not deserve the name of difficulties. They are useless and petty annoyances. It is a nuisance to have a colour dry one thing when you mean it for another. It is a nuisance to have a seam in the flesh, and to have no depth in the shadow. It is a bore to copy your own cartoon when the fire of invention is over, and can never be recalled. If the difficulties be conquered, it is by luck, not by Art, or science, or skill.

"But I do not see they entitle fresco to any superiority over oil.

"The

"The execution of the great Venetian works in the Louvre was quite equal in power to any fresco, and they were a million times superior in tone.

"Called on D —, who is very amiable, and had an interesting conversation.

"He said the early frescoes were stained drawings, having the ground for the lights. (Not true. B. R. H.)

"After Giorgione the impasto of oil was copied in fresco, and that began the modern system of Raffaele. Massaccio and Pinturichio stained.

"I then saw Barry. He laid before me plans and sections, and the spaces where pictures could be introduced. He said nothing was fixed on, but as soon as the Committee met, the first question would be fresco or no fresco, and that then he would house lime in two or three vaults. He asked which lime I liked best. I said, chalk. He agreed with me.

"7th.—Lectured on the Elgin Marbles at Mechanics'. Wrote my Memoirs—hard. What a lesson they will be to young men!

"Barry procured me sections and tracings. I fear the spaces will not be large enough for fresco, the great beauty of which is light and space. Oil and fresco should not be mixed.

"Fresco will make oil look heavy, and oil will make fresco look mealy.

"9th.—I called on poor little Macdonald, Wilkie's early patron and friend, for he first gave him a commission, in Edinburgh, for the first Village Politicians. I found him ill and in poverty, with an early picture of Wilkie's to sell.¹

"There certainly seems at this moment a general conspiracy against British art, at the very time it requires all encouragement. I suppose foreigners are at the bottom of it, who want a piece of the cake now making.

"When Englishmen go abroad, they not only lose their heart and feeling for England, but they lose their common perception.

"Hezekiah was dying. He prayed, with tears, to live, and fifteen years were added to his life. Therefore prayer is available, and can alter the apparent destiny of a man.

"12th.—Wrote hard at my lecture on Fresco for the Royal Institution.

"13th.—No young man who is not independent should treat his superiors in rank, wealth, and station as if they were his equals.

"Men are all equal in the eye of the law and of God, but by the

¹ This early picture of Wilkie's is now in the possession of Dr Darling. Though clumsy in drawing, it is admirable in composition and colour—finer, perhaps, indeed, in this last quality than any of his later works.—Ed.

gift of God men are most unequal. Honesty, diligence, talent will accumulate wealth. A man's children enjoy it. Men of honourable station have a right to deference, and, even if ignorant, are entitled further to respectful expostulation, and not sarcastic exposure. Such deference to superiors in age and station is not servility, but good sense, and proceeds from a just modesty in your own pretensions. I might have saved myself much pain had this been inculcated on me.

"I passed an hour and a half with —.

"It is extraordinary the eternal disposition of the Academicians to see nothing in my character but what is wrong. It amounts to a morbid insanity, and is caused by the conscious conviction that all my calamities in life have arisen from their injustice. I press upon their imagination and disturb their tranquility. My name is never even spoken in their presence but a sneer follows.

"People are never charitable enough to think of my neglect of my own interests. They dwell only on the result; viz. my incapacity to attend to the interests of others. Is there anything worse than not to pay a tradesman? Yes (I did not reply), to take half-price from a Duke, and never begin his picture. This is the tone of society adopted towards me; and it is never told how many tradesmen I have paid off since my troubles, of the dividends I have shared on the receipt of any large sum. It is shocking!

"Whilst the Academy exists as the Royal Institution, whilst the President is by right a Trustee of the Museum and National Gallery, their influence will ever be in opposition to any plan which will endanger their supremacy; and no plan, however beneficial, will or can ever be adopted which, by giving a chance to the genius of the people, will place their portrait iniquity on the right ground. This scheme of Fresco will end in air, through their insinuations.

"'How many wish to paint in fresco?' said —. It is not what the artists wish. It is what the State wants. That is the question. In the press, now, I have hardly a friend, except the *Chronicle* and the *Spectator*. I have only to show a work to set the whole press in an uproar of abuse. I attribute this entirely to the students of the last twenty-five years having grown up with literary men of their own age; and the general tone the students imbibed at the Academy, as a pupil told me, was to consider me a monster. Their literary friends have issued out to their duties as reporters or critics, as editors or purveyors, and the moment Haydon comes before them he is denounced before the pen is dipped in ink. The last picture I exhibited was the Samson. All the sound principles of its composition, its colour, its story
it

its drawing, its light and shadow were utterly unnoticed, and the picture was held up as an abortion not to be tolerated.

"Had the student gone to it with modesty, and tried to find out what is good, his mind, his practice, and his hand would have been improved. The object was clear. I was beginning to get commissions in the country, and the Christians hoped to put a stop to them. They boasted, in fact, they would do so. All the principles I have advocated for thirty-eight years are now beginning to bud. They know I have been the most prominent man, and they cannot bear to dwell on the fact that, when the plant bursts into flower, the credit of watering the germ through frost and snow, and wind and rain, belongs to Haydon.

"Many years ago, on my knees, in an agony of pain, I prayed I might live to see the great principles of Art acknowledged—I cared not for tasting the fruits—and that I might not leave the world with the talents with which God had blessed me, cruelly ruined or wasted. Perhaps I shall be taken at my word.

"'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

"15th.—Half the month gone—wholly occupied in lecturing and writing a new lecture on Fresco, for the Royal Institution.

"16th.—After my mind exhausts itself in one direction, it flies off in another. I seized chalk all of a sudden as I was writing, and placed the leg and thigh of the angel Gabriel rightly, and immediately my mind teemed with thoughts of new subjects. Went to the National Gallery, and came back disgusted with the horny, oily, heavy, dull look of the finest works after fresco.

"17th.—My soul begins to yearn for something else. My attempt in fresco has opened my eyes so completely to a power I knew nothing of, that all Art here palls on my senses. Great and good and merciful Creator, spare me till I have realised what I now foresee I can do.

"20th.—There is no desire in the English for High Art. Fresco being immovable, is no property; and the commercial feeling connected with the aristocratical renders them insensible to any feeling for characters higher than themselves. I am very discontented all of a sudden, and cannot tell why. It is the agony of ungratified ambition; that is the reason. I could execute now a series of fresco foreshortenings with terrific power. Why don't you? No money.

"21st.—Set my palette. Then came on darkness visible, which lasted all day. Eastlake shall be my safety-valve. I told him he and Sir Robert would be baffled by the portrait influence, and that fresco would be turned to the right-about, and that the people, at last, disgusted with being the ridicule of the Continent for want of talent, would spontaneously get rid of the nuisance.

"As the time approached, the cowards shrink from fresco. I'll give it to them if they do. I shall make it a strong point against them; but for the present, as Eastlake says, mum. My large canvas is home, and up to-morrow. There is nothing like a large canvas. Let me be penniless, helpless, hungry, thirsty, croaking or fierce, the blank, even space of a large canvas restores me to happiness, to anticipations of glory, difficulty, danger, ruin or victory. My heart expands, and I stride my room like a Hercules.

"Three commissions are deferred, and I am again left penniless for the present; but I despair not. He who carried me through so many trials will carry me gloriously through this. I know it, I feel it, and rejoice at the trial. I glory in being tried. Amen.

"23rd.—Wrote my life all day. Did not go to church. Eastlake called. Hall of the *Athenæum* called. Eastlake was kind and affectionate, and begged me to be quiet. He said all my friends were in alarm, as it was a great moment in my life. I told him he need not fear.

"24th.—O Almighty God! It is now thirty years since I commenced my picture of Solomon; though deserted by the world, my family, father, friends, Thou knowest well that I trusted in Thee; that Thou didst inspire my spirit with a fiery confidence; that Thou didst whisper me to endure as seeing One who is invisible: Thou knowest I never doubted, though without money, though in debt, though oppressed.

"I prayed for Thy blessing on my commencing labours. Thou carriedst me through to victory, and triumph, and exultation.

"I am at this moment going to begin a grand work of Alexander and the Lion; bless its commencement, progression, and conclusion as thou blessedst Solomon. Grant, in spite of whatever obstruction, I may bring it to a grand and triumphant conclusion. Spare my intellect, my eyes, my health, my head, my strength. Confirm my piety, and grant, O Lord, that this work may advance the feeling of my great country for high and moral Art, and that I may not be taken till Art be on a firm foundation, never to recede, and that I may realise all my imagination hoped in my early youth, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"26th.—The mysterious influence under which I always begin a great work is hardly to be credited in my circumstances of necessity. Here was I with hardly money for the week—with commissions deferred, with a boy at Cambridge in want of money I could not send him, and a boy on board the — still owed £3 of his quarter (£10)—seized at daybreak with an irresistible impulse—a whisper audible, loud, startling—to begin a great work. The canvas was lying at the colourman's to be kept

kept till paid for. I could not pay. I wrote him and offered a bill at six months. He consented; the canvas comes home, and after prayer—ardent and sincere—I fly at it, and get the whole in, capitally arranged, in two days, about twelve hours' work owing to the season of the year. Good and merciful God, am I not reserved for great things? Surely I am. Surely at fifty-six to be more active than at twenty-six is extraordinary. Continue Thy blessings, and grant I may finish both Alexander and the Curtius.

"27th.—I rub in Curtius to-day. Oh God, bless me at beginning, progression, and conclusion.

"February 1st.—Sluggish—always—after lecturing. I really am tired of lecturing. Nothing but the wants of my boys induce me. When I am in that infernal humour, I feel disposed to stand still, think of nothing, do nothing, see nothing, speak nothing, hear nothing, and listen to nothing for hours. It is a sort of catalepsy of brain.

"Lord Melbourne was dining where Eastlake was present, when, after dinner, as Lord Melbourne was roosting, they began to discuss fresco. They thought he was asleep, when suddenly he said: 'Which is the lightest?' 'Fresco, my Lord.' 'Then, damme, I'm for fresco,' said Lord Melbourne.

"10th.—Worked hard, and painted hands right heartily from nature, better than I ever did. When Wilkie and I were young, after such a day of hands we should have had long discussions; holding the candle close, looking in, talking of touches, surface, tones—how to touch in, and take a body at the right time—and then drink tea with all our souls. These were the days of real delight. Poor Wilkie!

"11th.—My hands look capitally to-day. I declare my feelings about Art are as fresh as at sixteen.

"20th.—Lectured on Invention, at London Institution. Painted in the morning with facility a boy's head, and, I think, finished the Poitiers.

"24th.—Awoke at four, with two sublime conceptions. One of Nebuchadnezzar walking on the terrace, and saying, 'Is not this Great Babylon?' and the other of his spirit visiting the Euphrates now—'Was not this Great Babylon?'

"28th.—Last day of the month; not properly occupied, so as to make my conscience easy. Lecturing, travelling, want of money, losing commissions from manufacturing distress, have all in turns harassed and distressed me, and kept me running the gauntlet for money. I have worked, but how? By snatches as before. The reign of the Tories has always been a curse to me. I never get employed when they are uppermost. What I have

I have done shows improvement and power of hand and mind, which will come out yet greater than ever.

"*March 6th.*—I got up yesterday, after lying awake for several hours with all the old feelings of torture at want of money. My boy Frederick was unhappy on board the ——. A bill coming due of £44, 13s. for my boy Frank, at Caius (half of a tutor's bill). Three commissions for £700 put off till next year. My Poitiers half glazed. My dear Mary's health broken up. Good God! I thought, what are my hopes? A voice within said, God. I turned round in perfect confidence and fell asleep. I awoke and dressed at my usual time. Rushed out, longing to paint. Went to a man who held a bill for £7, 10s. I could not pay, and got a week. To another for £10, and got another. Called at the Admiralty, and stated my uneasiness at my son's being on board a ship in such a state, without schoolmaster, chaplain, and the captain a veteran lubber. Young Barrow immediately took particulars. Ascertained there were two vacancies in the *Impregnable*. Mr Innes came in, and both joined, and sent up a letter to Sir W. Gage, who before five appointed him to the *Impregnable*, and ordered him to go out in the *Formidable*. So that anxiety was over. I rushed home, and nearly glazed Poitiers. Yesterday, Sunday, I went to church (I seem, when I do not, to lose the countenance of my Creator), and prayed with all my heart and all my soul for relief. I knew if my debt to the Tutor of Caius was not paid, the mind of my son Frank would be destroyed, from his sensitiveness to honour and right. As he was now beating third year men, I dreaded any check, and I got up in a state of perfect reliance I should not be deserted.

"*7th.*—To-day I went early to John Beaumont the Quaker, and laid before him my situation. I offered the drawings of the Anti-Slavery meeting for £50, though £100 is less than their value. He gave faint hopes. I called on my publisher of the Duke, and requested an advance, as I had £200 coming in as soon as the print was out, which his delay retarded. He looked as publishers do when you want money. I came home without despair, hearing and believing the voice 'Trust in God.' At home I found £50 from ——. I had written a rich banker, a manufacturer, and a Duke; who assisted me? The Duke, of course. I'd lay my head on the block if I was sure a race of fearless designers would spring up from my blood, as the giants from the iron teeth of Cadmus; though, like them, I fear my progeny would cut each other's throats directly.

"*22nd.*—Out on business, and my dear old landlord Newton took the Poitiers, and struck off £525 of debt, reducing my balance, so now I hope to get clear, and give him equivalents,

so that in case of death he might not be a loser. What landlords I have had! Why? Because they knew my objects were public and honourable. But for my landlord Solomon would not have been done. But for my landlord I could not have been preserved through all my later troubles. God has indeed blessed me.

"Painted two hours; finished musket and bayonet. The musket fell down. I did not see it, and struck my foot against it, and ran the bayonet half an inch into my left foot. It bled copiously. As I wanted blood, I painted away on the ground of my Saragossa, whilst the surgeon was coming. Never lose an opportunity. Lord Lansdowne called soon after to see my pictures."

The following is from Rumohr's first letter of March 1st:

"You offer to send me your excellent treatise on the two horses, which, if I remember exactly, embraced likewise an analysis of the superior beauties of the statue believed to be the River God, Ilissus.¹ Nothing would or could be more agreeable to my wishes but (than) to read again a book, of which I had lost the notes I took in reading it many years ago at Florence. I was in quest of it everywhere, but wanting the exact copy of the title, nobody, neither the booksellers, neither the bibliothecaries (librarians), felt inclined to give themselves the trouble of finding it out. Yes, my dear sir, as you will give me leave to address you, it was in your work I first and perhaps lastly found out a striking likeness of my own way to look at objects of the fine arts, which are (with the only exception of architectonical decoration, whose principle is the style of geometrical harmony) nothing else but the expression of some inspired mind by way of the means and types of natural forms and combinations. The artist who knows nature the best will show the greatest ability in representing every object which strikes his mind or rises out of its depth or abundance. If the more ancient painters of the fourteenth century please, it is not for their ignorance of osteology and anatomy, nor for their want of a profound observation of the limbs usually covered in modern times. They please only because their ideas were extremely simple; such as might be made perceptible to others by the most simple kind of drawing, which, notwithstanding, rose out of a great attention to natural attitudes, and to the character and expression of human features. But a mind equally rich and deep like (as) Raffaele's would have been at a loss being confined to that simplest kind of study and observation of human nature peculiar to the early painters.

"I admit likewise all inspiration rising out of the beauty and interest of wholly natural apparitions (objects), and I doubt if Art in our times be capable to be inspired by any other way.

¹ See a note referring to the Tracts of Haydon, p. 29, vol. i. of Rumohr's *Italienische Forschungen*.

Even the love of our own country and its olden times, as far as I see, is unable to move the soul of a modern artist. Church picture (religious painting), is equally bad in the southern and Catholic countries as it would be and is in Protestant, where it is occasionally admitted. But in imitating natural visions (objects) modern Art, especially in drawing, often is excellent and surpasses many of the best paintings of better epochs. Modern portrait-painting I cannot ascribe to the enthusiastic imitations of nature."

From Rumohr's second letter of March 24th:

"If there be no misunderstanding on my side there is a great deal of real analogy between your principles and mine. In the two treatises, *On the Horseheads* and *Ilissus*, if you hold nature in form was no objection to ideal conception, and tasteful arrangement or high style, then must I conclude you seem to be in my way of thinking, and that Art is the expression of human mind through the means which nature offers to genius, breathing (inspiring) an infinity of types whose signification is clear and open to most men, and even to many animals—partly at least—as the temper and state of mind of their masters to dogs. I speak not here of decorative art, which is a mere subsidiary to architecture, and submits to its laws of tasteful linear disposition, but of representing (representative) art. So I think that the conceptions may be free, or if dependent at all, dependent only on the general impulse given to human mind by the spirit of nations and epochs: but that the forms, which in representing them are made use of by the artist, are positive, and predestined by law of nature, and any form beyond nature hideous, and without the least intelligible sense or expression. Beauty is not the source but the inevitable consequence of true Art; hence the fine arts have a nobler object than that principle of all mannered and insufferable modern schools, to refine and polish the shape and forms of natural things. Natural forms well disposed geometrically, and well adapted to the conceptions of a noble and elevated mind, may appear to be somewhat superior to nature, but they are not so by themselves. If I was in possession of the whole treasure of your lively language, I should propose here many things in order to have them answered.

"Since your last I understand your letter as far as your humorous disposition against portrait-painting. I like the portraits of the great historical painters, and I believe a portrait or two a year to be an excellent exercise for them, especially for colour's sake. But that manufactured kind in use is detestable, and as you tell me has become in your country a public nuisance. Your perseverance to maintain the right tone of Art does you great honour. I am of your opinion that local obstructions have the greatest share in what appears to the common observer a want of genius. But between (among) these local obstructions I am disposed to place the political greatness, the vast extent of
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the British Empire, the exertions of the British nation to obtain its present superiority, which began so early as the reign of Elizabeth. Never so far as historical knowledge reaches hath the thirst of wealth and power combined with the fine arts. Power more than once hath conquered them, made use of them, giving in every instance a false declination (direction) to talent as well as to genius. But to foster them in their youthful state, to give them a proper occupation in their upper stages, hath never been the merit of mighty peoples or sovereigns. Look at the Macedonian kings or to imperial Rome, or to the Popes, especially Leo X., who absorbed in a few years what had been created in two centuries by Florence and Assisi.

"British Art must be public and authoritative, and perhaps your New House might produce a new era."

"*April 4th.*—To-day I have sent Poitiers and Mary of Guise to the Academy. I do it on the principle that at such a crisis it is the duty of all to burke local differences, to support and stand by each other, or we shall be invaded by foreign troops. How far this is on my part a dereliction of duty, God only knows. I meant it not as such. I meant it to help and keep up an historical air in the Exhibition, and prevent the sneers of foreigners. It will be, and may be called *succumbing*, but my opinion of Academies as nuisances is the same."

From Rumohr's third letter of April 9th:

"I shall not deny that perfection of shape and form, or as you call it nature elevated, can be, and hath been effectually in the instance of true Greek Art, the very object of representation in Art. But even in that justly advanced work, in my opinion perfection of shape was an inevitable consequence of far-spread ideas, of a general turn of mind, of morals and habits far distant from ours. There existed in those happy times a general admiration of nature's most accomplished forms combined with multiplied occasions (opportunities) to look on them, to enjoy them, to notice them. Now, even a superficial acquaintance with the human frame is restricted to artists, and a very few dilettanti. Men who like yourself combine a natural genius with a scholar-like breeding may understand the immense superiority of Greek Art, and make it an object of general or partial representation, or may represent Greek objects to high-bred gentlemen. But such an art will never be a popular one; will never be deservedly appreciated by the great mass of the people, so as Art once hath been in Greece, and Catholic Christian Art in Italy, and in whole Europe. And so I beg your leave to conclude that perception of shape in our time, and perhaps for ever, hath ceased to be the prevalent object of representation. The head, the face, hath become more essential than what the Italian calls the "*ignudo*," and I feel some tendency to defend Cornelius so far as he denies that excellence of form in the sense of true Greek Art ever was to be combined with modern subjects

subjects, but his own forms are perhaps less able than Greek ones to express the noble conceptions of his own mind. He knows not an iota of nature. He wanted occasion (opportunity) in his youth and leisure in his advanced age to acquire a profound knowledge of the human frame, and he neglected, perhaps by a false principle, the study and constant observation of heads and characters, essential to a painter of Christian subjects. He is my friend, and I shall never cease to admire his superior intellect and the vast capacity of his mind. Overbeck at Rome hath less energy and invention, but far more acquired knowledge of the human frame. I saw a number of years past a transparent picture, poetry with many accessories ;—the invention was Cornelius's, the picture and the drawing on a larger scale executed by Overbeck. It was far the finest production of modern Art I ever saw in my life. The energy of the one was softened by the sober reflection of the other.

"Our German painters surely, at least those pretended admirers of the middle age, understand not the true merit of the old painters. They notice them superficially and have used them only to excuse and cover their own deficiencies. I have passed great part of my life in Italy, and have known some hundreds of that numerous class, but none of them spent much time in observing or studying the older pictures as they might have done, and pretend to do. I flatter myself that I know them somewhat better, and I have done my best to show their merits and their faults to my readers. I cannot help to continue an admirer of your nation, and perhaps its last misfortunes in the East may rouse a new set of feelings, and even a stronger feeling of the moral value of Art, which in a country like yours, will take a *political* or *no turn* at all. Your navy, your army, part of your statesmen are somewhat beyond the line of common merit. I cannot read the clear and intelligent speeches of Sir R. Peel in the present difficulties without emotion. He feels what he thinks, and thinks what he feels. And so did your great patron the Duke of Wellington in his glorious mid-career. I hope yet to expose to you what may be called my system, but leave it to my next."

"22nd.—Finally succeeded in composition of Saragossa, balancing both sides. Good heavens! when I think how my pictures are abused, and know the deep principles on which I arrange and paint every iota in them. The young men little know what they might learn if they would—as they will by and by—study them."

On the 25th of April appeared the notice of the Fine Arts Commission, setting out the conditions of the competition for cartoons intended as trial works of candidates for employment in the decorations of the New Houses of Parliament. Haydon naturally exulted in this consummation of hopes cherished for so many years.

"25th.

"25th.—This is indeed a glorious Report for me. Here is my pupil, Eastlake—whom I instructed, whose dissections I superintended, whose ambition I excited, whose principles of Art I formed—putting forth a code by my influence and the influence of his own sound understanding, which will entirely change the whole system of British Art.

"The whole of these Journals, petitions, and prayers and confidences will show how this Report must make my heart leap with gratitude and joy to the good and great Creator, who has blessed me through every variety of fortune to this first great accomplishment of my ardent hopes.

"O God! Bless me with life, and health, and intellect, and eyes to realise the wishes of the Commissioners. Bless my pupil Eastlake also, and grant we may both live to see the English school on a basis never to be shaken, and no longer liable to the unjust suspicion of some alive.

"Amen, O Almighty God; with all my heart and all my soul, Amen.

"May 1st.—Cartoons are a means and not an end, and wherever they have become an end instead of a means, they have been the ruin of the Art of a country.

"The German school at this moment makes them too much an end, so does the Italian; and the art, as an art of imitating nature by painting, may be said to be ruined in both countries.

"The great Italians always treated cartoon-drawing as a means. The model of all cartoons is the one for 'The School of Athens' at Milan, which I saw in the Louvre.

"From laziness, from want of genius, from incompetence of colour, lack of power of imitation, or ignorance of light and shadow, the modern Italians dwell for days, and months, and years over finished cartoons. There is nothing so delusive as this sleepy practice, and after all this 'trouble, this learned trouble,' said Lawrence, 'there comes a d——d bad picture.'"

From Rumohr's letter of April 23rd:

"I looked to Art and knew artists from my first youth, and I knew in that time many hundreds of fine talents, especially among the Germans of every part of that vast country. But nobody of them will fix much attention after a fifty years. Talent is not enough if not sustained by true enthusiasm and of a decided kind. I knew them Grecians in my first days, afterwards Michel Angelos, then Romanists and imitators of the second, and finally of the first period of the Italian middle-age picture (Art), and nowadays there is a new tendency in vogue, very flat, very sentimental. Wherefore are there so many talents lost, so many pictures which are merely toys for children—fashionable amusements? The only

only reason to be adduced is, the want of a decided tendency in the nation as such. The artists in modern Germany are obliged to invent first of all an object of representation, and such a one as may impose as new, or as in the fashion. Patriotic feelings are but feeble where a universal interest,¹ historical as well as geographical, hath subdued them more than even persecution. In England it is quite the contrary. To love your country is a merit not subject to suspicion. You may, more than ourselves, avoid that dangerous shallow and hidden shoal of the artists—learned distraction. And I cannot but applaud your country taking up the most memorable points of modern history."

"*Sunday, May 8th.*—Read prayers; but I am not content. I feel as if I had been slighted. After so many years of devotion as these Journals exhibit, never to be thought of in the examination, or given any status by official consultation, pains my heart.

"Perhaps it may be a proper punishment for having made Art so great a god of my idolatry. Perhaps God may bring me to a right appreciation of human fame by mortifying my pride and ambition. I bow; but I am pained.

"The press too—exactly as all my early aspirations are realising—turns round, and by the grossest abuse, and most unjust criticisms, endeavours to deny my pretensions and prevent my employment. One would think the press would congratulate the man they have supported all their lives. No; they are jealous of the very rank to which they helped to raise me. They now turn round, and blacken my fair repute.

"*13th.*—I begin to feel right. Finish Saragossa, and then to fresco and cartoons for the remainder of the year; and God bless me through them. Amen.

"In truth I have been much hurt that my services have not been acknowledged in the evidence, or otherwise. But I have recovered the balance of my mind again, and feel I am born for whatever is arduous, and that I must be actuated by higher feelings than trust in human gratitude.

"*17th.*—Worked gloriously at Saragossa, and finished the dead chasseur in six hours, outright. My model knocked up. I felt the old divine spark as powerfully as in 1822, in Lazarus. God be thanked for this happy day. I have £33, 11s. to pay Newton—£15 for schooling, £1, 1s. 8d., £10 and £6; and have only one sovereign. A lawyer has offered for 60 per cent. to help me! Good God!

"*18th.*—Borrowed £50 on £70 worth of chalk-studies, framed and glazed, and paid £7 for three months—60 per cent. Wa

¹ Where an interest in all countries has weakened the feeling for Germany in particular.

forced to do it. The reptile's mouth watered as he drawled over the sketches, longing for me not to pay, that he might keep them.

"Engaged a model for to-morrow, and at it again. Huzza!

"After thirty-eight years of bitter suffering, perpetual struggle, incessant industry, undaunted perseverance, four imprisonments, three ruins, and five petitions to the House—never letting the subject of State support rest, night or day, in prison or out; turning everything before the public, and hanging it on this necessity—the wants of his family, the agonies of his wife, the oppression of the Academy, directing all to the great cause,—it is curious to see that the man who has got hold of the public heart, who is listened to and hailed by the masses, who has been mainly instrumental in founding Schools of Design, and whose evidence before the Committee was followed by the institution of a head school in London, who fought the battle of the necessity of the figure to the mechanics as well as to the artist,—it is curious as a bit of human justice, to find chairman, committee, witnesses, pupils, avoid throughout the whole inquiry any thought, word, or deed, which could convey to a foreign nation or a native artist, a noble lord or an honourable member, that there was such a creature as Haydon on earth!

"And do they suppose that their unjust omission of me will make the British people forget me? No, no. I defy them. I am too deep in the hearts of the public, and the very omission will in all reason bring me more ardently to their minds.

"22nd.—Wordsworth called to-day, and we went to church together. There was no seat to be got at the chapel near us, belonging to the rectory of Paddington, and we sat among publicans and sinners. I determined to try him, so advised our staying, as we could hear more easily. He agreed like a Christian; and I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth. I jogged him at the Gospel, and he opened his eyes and read well. A preacher preached when we expected another, so it was a disappointment. We afterwards walked to Rogers's across the park. He had a party to lunch, so I went into the pictures, and sucked Rembrandt, Reynolds, Veronese, Raffaele, Bassan and Tintoretto. Wordsworth said, 'Haydon is downstairs.' 'Ah,' said Rogers, 'he is better employed than chattering nonsense upstairs.' As Wordsworth and I crossed the park, we said, 'Scott, Wilkie, Keats, Hazlitt, Beaumont, Jackson, Charles Lamb are all gone; we only are left.' He said, 'How old are you?' 'Fifty-six,' I replied. 'How old are you?' 'Seventy-three,' he said; 'in my seventy-third year. I was born in 1770.' 'And I in 1786.'

1786.' 'You have many years before you.' 'I trust I have; and you, too, I hope. Let us cut out Titian, who was ninety-nine.' 'Was he ninety-nine?' said Wordsworth. 'Yes,' said I, 'and his death was a moral; for as he lay dying of the plague, he was plundered, and could not help himself.' We got on Wakley's abuse. We laughed at him. I quoted his own beautiful address to the stock dove. He said, once in a wood, Mrs Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by said to herself, 'Oh, I do like stock doves!' Mrs Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart; 'but,' continued the old woman, 'Some like them in a pie; for my part there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'"

Wanting real cannon, shot, shell, etc., for his Saragossa, he goes to Woolwich.

"23rd.—Saw Colonel Cockburn, who gave me a letter to Colonel Paterson, at the Rotunda, and there I was provided with twenty-four pounders, shells, screws, ramrods, matches, and everything. Made most useful sketches, and returned ready for to-morrow. I flew about with all the vigour of my youth, and much more strength.

"How the real object clears your head. Some students said Wilkie had no imagination, because he could not do a particular thing without seeing it. What stuff! Imagination is not shown in a brass pan; a brass pan must be seen to be painted; and if painted without being seen, cannot be true. An artist may imagine everything, but will it be true? will it be like? Truth of imitation is the basis of all Art—imaginative or imitative. How untrue was my cannon before I went to Woolwich, and studied one, and drew one, and questioned artillerymen and officers, and got at the anatomy of the thing.

"I could now fire one myself, and direct the men."

From Rumohr's letter of May 12th:

"I am of your opinion in all that concerneth the pictures for the great Hall in your Parliament House. I hope, however, the subjects you indicated will be chosen in your own history, the richest in the world in picturesque, striking, and decisive facts. Examples and not allegories. Symbolic and allegorical figures may be disposed in the accessories and subordinated to the general disposition merely of architectonical facts, but fill not large spaces with cold reasoning. Allegories would be tedious even to those few able to understand their sense, if there be any. Allegory, being a kind of writing by emblems, is an agreeable thing interwoven in the architectonical divisions of large walls or ceilings. But the human mind likes not to read mere thought in characters of immense length or breadth; what is written to be understood abstractedly

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can be written down with a few tokens and signs sufficient for the intellect, and is graceful because subordinated. How amiable was Raffaele in anything of that kind. But as the most interesting and resulting (important in results) parts of your history are *very modern* facts, with broad and picturesque, not statuesque costumes, so I wish to know you free, in the execution, from any kind of middle-age, or Greek or Roman style. The Flemish or the Spanish school in their large picturesque way should be the models of the style. But of the style—not of the cold mannerism of Rubens, nor of the extravagancy of Murillo and some pictures of Velasquez."

"May 29th.—Went to church with dear Wordsworth, who is dearer than ever and more venerable, to hear a sermon by Mr Boone. He was much pleased. He had breakfasted with us. We afterwards called on L——. L—— is lively, handsome, malicious, and melancholy. He took us to the Zoological Gardens. During the walk we talked of some great defects in Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*. Wordsworth said, 'I could have told him of Gainsborough.' He then sat down and looked up like an apostle, and said, 'Gainsborough was at the house of a friend in Bath who was ill and very fond of his daughter; she was going to school. Gainsborough said to the child, "Can you keep a secret?"' "I don't know," said the little dear, "but I will try." Said he, "You are going to school. Your father loves you; I will paint your portrait." The child sat. When she was gone, the portrait was placed at the bottom of the bed of the sick father, who was affected and delighted.'

"Wordsworth told this in so beautiful and poetical a way that L—— for a moment forgot his sarcasm and his melancholy, his evil and his mischief, and in casting my eye I saw him leaning and looking at Wordsworth, and smiling at the purity of his nature with something like the look of the Devil at Adam and Eve. C—— N——'s eyes, L——'s melancholy, Byron's voluptuousness, Napoleon's mouth, Haydon's forehead, and Hazlitt's brows, will make a very fine devil.

"30th.—L—— told us Sydney Smith said he had got rid of the two great bores of society, invitation and introduction, and that he literally went to routs without either.

"31st.—End of May, 1842. The great cause is advanced. State support has been decided on. My dear pupil has been the manager, following my footsteps with more temper and prudence. There can be no doubt that my perpetual agitation of the principle kept it alive, but these Journals bear testimony I have never shrunk, and will, if not burned, bear evidence of my tenacity.

"June 1st.—O God, bless me through this month, and extricate me from its coming difficulties. Grant by the end my Saragossa
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may be nearly done, in spite of any obstruction, and relieve me in mercy from my pressure and the miseries which must come if I do not keep my pecuniary engagements. O Lord, Amen.

"9th.—Painted a Napoleon musing (front), and sold it for twenty guineas, all in six hours. A blessing. How I have struggled up under difficulties! I was out to-day to beg mercy of a lawyer for £8, 2s. 6d., who gave me till ten to-morrow. I then came home, and touched at Napoleon and completed it, ignorant how I was to keep the promise. At four I was out again to defer £25. Came home to dine. Dined; as I was promised peace to-morrow till half-past eight in the evening.

"My friend came in the evening, and paid me £10, half for Napoleon. Thus I clear off £8, 2s. 6d. How I am to manage the £25, or £56, 3s. 8d., for Frank's college bill, I know not.

"Lord Brougham has helped me for the last with half, £16 the balance of £87. Dear Mary raised £10 on her watch for Frank, and I £10 more, so we brought him clear home, crowned as first prizeman in mathematics at Jesus, first year, but were drained.

"11th.—Worked well and successfully till one—four hours. I then started on business to a money-lending old dog, to get renewals. Succeeded at the cost of £5 in getting peace for three months; I consider it well spent. Wrote Hope and Sir John Hanmer for help. College bills are coming in. The Duke of Sutherland helped me with one, Lord Brougham with the other; and all this is owing to putting out both boys relying on three commissions which were deferred. In God I trust by hard work and good conduct to get through. Saragossa nearly done through all of it.

"14th.—Out on business. Saw dear Wordsworth, who promised to sit at three. Wordsworth sat and looked venerable, but I was tired with the heat and very heavy, and he had an inflamed lid and could only sit in one light, a light I detest, for it hurts my eyes. I made a successful sketch. He comes again to-morrow.

"We talked of our merry dinner with C. Lamb and John Keats. He then fell asleep, and so did I nearly, it was so hot; but I suppose we are getting dozy.

"16th.—Wordsworth breakfasted early with me, and we had a good sitting. He was remarkably well, and in better spirits, and we had a good set-to.

"I had told him Canova said of Fuseli, '*Ve ne sono in gli arte due cose, il fuoco e la fiamma.*' 'He forgot the third,' said Wordsworth, 'and that is *il fumo*, of which Fuseli had plenty.'

"His knowledge of Art is extraordinary. He detects errors

in hands like a connoisseur or artist. We spent a very pleasant morning. We talked again of our old friends, and to ascertain his real height I measured him, and found him, to my wonder, eight heads high, or 5 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ in., and of very fine, heroic proportions. He made me write them down, in order, he said, to show Mrs Wordsworth my opinion of his proportions.

"The time came and he went, wishing me prosperity, and blessing me with all his honest heart.

"Perhaps I may never see him again. God bless him!

"21st.—Longest day; and thus ends the first half of 1842. I have worked well and advanced, and I think that my exhibiting again has not done harm but good.

"The Commissioners are a long time making their report. I hope it will be a good one. At present all is mystery, but I will not be trifled with, and I keep myself quiet to be effective at the right time, only when it arrives!

"Went to Windsor Castle; a fine, gloomy, old Gothic palace, but I was disappointed with the inside.

"The Waterloo Gallery, from not being arranged as a gallery, is a disjointed failure. No one portrait has reference to any other; there is no composition as a whole; they are separate pictures, painted as separate pictures, and it is melancholy to see so total an absence in king and painter of all comprehension of mind.

"The rapidity of railroad communication destroys the poetry and mystery of distant places. You went to Windsor as an exploit for two days. Now, down you go in an hour, see it in another, and home in a third. It is painfully attainable, and therefore to be despised.

"The way to visit a palace is to take a Testament, and read the Epistles as you walk about. Never does the insignificance of all human splendour diminish to such a degree as at such a time.

"The view over Eton is splendid, and the whole Castle has a fine gloomy barbarism; but the public rooms disappointed me. The ceilings by Verrio, the Gobelin Tapestry from Coypel, and the paltry ceilings with gilt tridents are ludicrous. The finest portrait is Wilkie's William IV., in the Waterloo Room.

"26th.—They must not, they cannot, do justice to me. I offended, assaulted, and refuted the aristocratical principle in my Art, and the aristocracy out of the Art feel it a duty to withhold all support from me. This is the secret of all the neglect and opposition I have met with; added to this, that the aristocracy have no judgment, and are always putting off making a selection or coming to a judgment. It is all 'prizes next year,' or 'competition the year after.'"

From

From Rumohr's letter, 8th June:

"I am in opposition to the artists of these modern times in that one and single point that whatever may be the taste, manner, opinions of the different schools prevailing actually, there is no artist in the present world who does not hope to acquire that divine and primitive inspiration, which conduces to what you call High Art, by imitation of some period of ancient and old Art. Yourself, you hope in the true Greek Art (your pure feeling of its excellence hath been, to my great advantage, the origin of our warm and frequent active correspondence); others in the Dutch or the mediæval Art. It is all the same: artists may form their tastes, clear up their ideas, acquire many technical accomplishments by admiring, observing, studying excellent works of any kind. But that mental principle—that genuine inspiration not personal, but natural and coeval—cannot be acquired intentionally, and without it there is but one kind possible, the imitation of nature's infinite beauties; and I fear that in our times, and in every part of the world, there is (with very few exceptions) not much inspiration left, besides that strong feeling for nature characterising our epoch.

"One of these exceptions may be found in the strong sensation of a British heart for political and patriotic subjects."

"29th.—Nearly the last day. For the last fortnight it is extraordinary how harass, anxieties, and distractions have interrupted my studies. Saturday week was the last day I put a touch to Saragossa; since then all has been begging friends for help, dwelling in agony (when my family thought I was sleeping) on the certainty of ruin at the end of my great cartoon, and yet, with that pertinacity which has been the characteristic of my whole life, ordering the paper, canvas, frame 13 feet by 10½, to begin as soon as possible, though ruin will follow.

"I confess I feel it cruel, after thirty-eight years of devotion, to be tried again before I am employed.

"Burke said, there was hardly a point of pride which was not injurious to a man's interests.

"I say there is no point of pride which is not whispered by the devil.

"July 1st.—Worked in great anxiety. Three bills due this month and no funds. Called on William Woodburn, and, as the subject was comparatively new, he gave me a touching account of Wilkie's last journey and death. Poor fellow! Woodburn said he quacked himself to death; his only anxiety wherever he went was, if there were a medical man in the town; and if there were none, he bought medicines of his own.

"At Jerusalem he was delighted like a child, believing everything told him. They embarked at Jaffa on board a Greek vessel

PLATE XI

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By B. R. HAYDON.

From the original painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

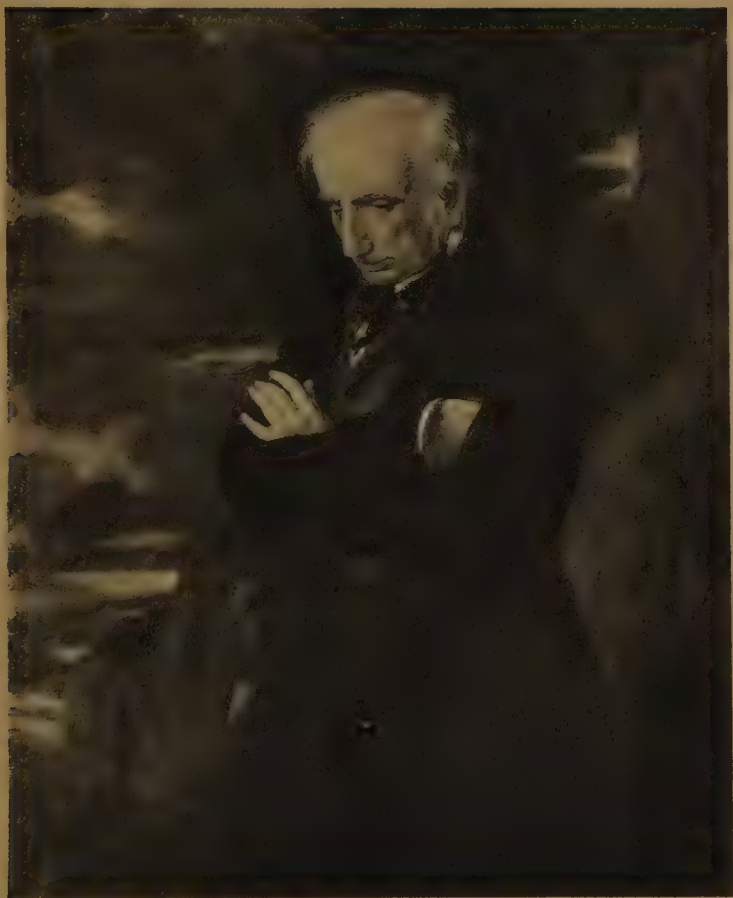


PLATE XI.

[*From the original in the National Portrait Gallery.*]

vessel laden with soap, and encountered a terrific gale. Neither of them spoke to each other the whole night: however, they got safe to Damietta and to Alexandria.

"Mehemet Ali Woodburn spoke of with a sort of pleasure and respect: he appointed them at eight in the morning; they went and had pipes and coffee. Woodburn told him, through his dragoman, it was early for European manners. He said, 'I have been an early riser all my life, and shall be ever so.'

"When they embarked on board the *Oriental*, Woodburn said, 'Now, my dear Wilkie, I consider you safe in England; I will go to Cairo.' Wilkie became so alarmed at being left alone, and begged so hard, that Woodburn agreed to go home with him. Woodburn said he often talked of me, and alluded to our journey to Paris, 1814.

"As they entered the bay Woodburn went down to call him, and found him up with his pantaloons on. Woodburn said, 'It is a beautiful morning; join us at breakfast?' He replied, 'I should wish to see the doctor first.'

"The doctor was sent for, and shortly came up to Woodburn, and said, 'Your friend is in considerable danger.' They then resolved to call up the medical attendant of Sir James Carnac (I think), and after going in he came out, and said, 'Has your friend made his will?'

"Woodburn said he lost his faculties; he went in and found Wilkie stretched on his back, his eyes fixed, his hand hanging by his side. The medical man put a towel on his breast, leant down and listened to his heart, and after a minute or two said, 'Your friend is gone.' Woodburn said he looked at his hand, and thought, 'Good God! what that hand has done!'

"Poor Wilkie!

"Woodburn then went to the captain, after trying to get the body ashore and delaying a few hours, and begged a coffin might be made. He replied that one was nearly done. The body was stripped and placed in the coffin in a clean sheet; iron and weights were placed in; a clergyman read the service, and David Wilkie was lowered to his last refuge from worldly anxiety in the depths of Trafalgar Bay.

"I envy him his entombment, and I hope I may follow him in some way equally extraordinary and romantic. Peace to his spirit!

"He had endeared himself to the crew, the captain, and passengers.

"6th.—Called in to see my dear old painting-room, at 41 Great Marlborough Street, where I painted my *Dentatus*, *Macbeth*, *Solomon*, and a part of *Jerusalem*. Perkins, my dear

old landlord (who behaved so nobly through Solomon, and whom I paid off after, but who lost in the end) was dead.

"The house was bought and undergoing repair; the rooms stripped and desolate; the cupboard, the little room where I slept, and the plaster-room, with all their associations, crowded on me. Watson Taylor lodged there before me, with his mother. Farquhar lived near. I thought once of putting up a brass plate, 'Here Haydon painted his Solomon, 1813.' For want of engraving, the picture is now forgotten, and the surgeon who has bought the house would perhaps have papered it up. So much for the brass plate.

"Just as I had really brought the whole country to see the value of the figure, come these Gothic ferocities, which stop the whole, but I hope not.

"*9th.*—How delightfully time flies when one paints. Delicious art—the bane and blessing of my life!

"Painted in delicious and exquisite misery. A bill due and no money. Went out for it last night, and came home wet, weary, and disappointed. Succeeded in the head of the Heroine of Saragossa. I made it a splendid head.

"The greatest curse that can befall a father in England is to have a son gifted with a passion and a genius for High Art. Thank God with all my soul and all my nature, my children have witnessed the harassing agonies under which I have ever painted; and the very name of painting, the very name of High Art, the very thought of a picture, gives them a hideous and disgusting taste in their mouths. Thank God, not one of my boys, nor my girl, can draw a straight line, even with a ruler, much less without one. And I pray God, on my knees, with my forehead bent to the earth, and my lips to the dust, that He will, in His mercy, afflict them with every other passion, appetite, or misery, with wretchedness, disease, insanity, or gabbling idiotism, rather than a longing for painting—that scorned, miserable art, that greater imposture than the human species it imitates.

"*10th.*—At church, and prayed from my heart. As I prayed, I felt uneasy at risking labour on a cartoon, with the uncertainty of reward and with my family, however much my duty may involve my executing such a cartoon; when suddenly a ray of light seemed to pass into my heart, and I felt inexpressible joy and encouragement to go on. Go on I will, and from this instant all doubt has vanished. I shall proceed with the certainty of success; reward and employment will follow, as surely as if it were announced.

"I put this impression down to judge of results, believing and trusting in God with all my heart.

"*11th.*

"11th.—I finished the Saragossa as far as figures go on Saturday. Thus I have painted it in four months, deducting one for my foot and its consequences, leaving three for actual work; and grateful I ought to be, and grateful I am. Now for my cartoon. Edward the Black Prince entering London with John—Conqueror and Captive—or the Curse; which? The one is suitable to the building, the other is interesting to the world.

"13th.—Huzza—huzza—huzza; and one cheer more!

"My cartoon is up, and makes my heart beat, as all large bare spaces do, and ever have done. Difficulties to conquer. Victories to win. Enemies to beat. The nation to please. The honour of England to be kept up.

"Huzza—huzza—huzza; and one cheer more!

"22nd.—Began my cartoon in reality. Tried a bit first, and steamed at it most successfully, so that the sized part is all right. I got the whole in, feeling extreme agony of mind at my necessities at intervals. I sent out my portrait of Raffaele and poor dear Wilkie, to raise something for the day. It is dreadful; but it can't be helped. After what I have suffered, it is cruel of —— and Sir Robert Peel thus to put me to the test again. Darling called (one of my oldest friends) and lent me £5.

"25th.—Began Adam's head to-day. I hope God will bless me through it, and through the week. Amen.

"I have a £15, 8s. 8d. bill I promised on Saturday and could not pay it; and £7 due to-day at four. Can't pay it. And these are the agreeable sensations I must abstract my mind from before I can invent and execute the grandest and weakest of human beings. Yet, under God's blessing, I'll succeed.

"Eight o'clock. Got on capitally, and arranged the £7 by paying 5s. for a month's renewal, after drawing six hours and three-quarters, and allowing a quarter for lunch.

"29th.—Lockhart liked my Adam, and I think it good. In how extraordinary a way was it produced. Good heavens! But I conscientiously believe, under the blessing of God, that all this row about Art will be a working up of glory for me. I feel it, and know it. In Him I trust.

"August 1st.—Worked hard and well advanced. Tortured by having only 7s. in my pocket, and 4s. of that raised on one of my two pairs of spectacles. Lord Grey says he can't help me. Lord Colborne won't double his raffle money. Leader has not replied. Under all these torments my landlord forbears and helps; but it is painful to be in such a situation again. However, let God grant me health, intellect, and eyes, and eight hours free, and I'll do it.

"4th.—My eyes strained dreadfully. In great distress of mind,
having

having only 10s. Called on an old friend, and told him the truth—that owing to the quarrel of engraver and publisher I was kept out of my money for the Duke's print. He was distressed, but he and his wife squeezed out £5 for a month. His name is Illidge—a good mild creature. I hope I shall be able to repay it. My bill of £15, 8s. 8d. went back. As I came along in anxiety I thought it would improve my composition to lower Christ in the design. But for this internal delight I should have gone mad long ago.

“5th.—Having finished, steamed, and settled Adam, my principal figure, I see my way in cartoons. And I now see why Europe has produced no colourist or great executor with the brush since the great Flemish eras of Rubens and Rembrandt.

“Cartoon pictures in chalk are the abuse of a noble principle,—a modern lassitude.

“Cartoons are a *means*, and not an *end*. When they become an end they ruin the artist and the art, and the great cartoon drawer becomes a helpless infant with the brush.

“To-morrow a rowing letter about my bill, £15, 8s. 8d. In the meanwhile I have finished Adam, and placed Eve in a better position, and improved the whole thing. I never answer letters till four. I will work seven hours in delight, and then answer about my bill. Pay it I shall as a point of honour, as it is my last bill of education (a sacred debt) for dear Fred. But I must and will have time. All this would make a bill-broker (S. Gurney for instance) look grave. It is irregular; but what is a man to do who has 700 guineas deferred till next year, and owing to the squabbling of publisher and engraver can't touch £125 due on the Duke's print?

“9th.—Put in the head of Eve; but instead of shutting the eyes as I first conceived, I opened them to show her beauty, and made a common *ad captandum vulgus* thing. Obligated to go out as I put in the eyes to arrange about a £50 bill. Came home in the heat, and finished the head, my model, a sweet girl, wondering what I was doing.

“In the midst of the grossest misery my landlord called and gave me £3. £1, 15s. 10d. I paid my rates with in the evening; the rest left for necessities.

“20th.—Completed Adam and Eve. Now for Satan on Monday, with only 1s. 6d. in my pocket. Huzza!

“22nd.—My want of money, and want of means of raising money, is dreadful. I have now got Satan's head to do. In the middle of the night I saw his large, fiery, cruel, rimmed eye, and kept staring at the dark, where nothing was, for an hour.

“24th.—Worked very hard, and got the Devil's figure in.

Wrote

Wrote the Dukes of Devonshire and Richmond about my necessities. Made an accurate study first from life.

"27th.—Very hard run for cash, so I sent out to Woodburn's a frame containing the first sketch in chalk of Rent Day, Distraint for Rent, and two more. I asked him fifteen guineas, but he would only give me five, so relieved at any rate for a day, I hurried away to Wilkie's Exhibition, and spent three hours. This is the last time we shall ever see Wilkie's works together again. Hail and farewell, the only friend of my youth! A higher and deeper Art is breeding in England, but full justice has been done to thee.

"31st.—Woodburn had just received £7000 from Oxford for Raffaele's drawings. Last day of August. I have worked not as I ought, but as well as I could, considering my dreadful necessities. I borrowed £4 last night of my landlord to pay a servant, £10 to-day of my butlerman, Webb, an old pupil, recommended me by Sir George Beaumont twenty-five years ago, but who wisely, after drawing hands, set up a butter shop, and was enabled to send his master £10 in his necessities.

"'Webb,' said I, 'when you were a poor youth I gave my time to you for nothing.' 'You did.' 'I want £10.' 'You shall have it, Mr Haydon. I shall ever feel grateful.'

"I paid £7 out of the £10, and borrowed £10 of the man I paid £7 to, to meet my son's bill on board *Impregnable*, due at Coutts' to-morrow. Came home, took out our Saviour, and tried Him walking in the garden. He would not do, so put Him in again sitting and reposing. Better than ever. Satan looked powerfully. It is a blessing to get ease for twenty-four hours, which Webb's £10 has caused to my mind.

"Thus ends August."

From Rumohr's letter of August 22nd:

"I have been struck by what you observe on the consequences of cartoons, and find it just, in as far as the last and present century are concerned in the question; modern cartoons with few exceptions are licked (smoothed) and polished intentionally, and modern artists would rather subject themselves to some heavy fine than to stray one line of (from) their precious and beloved preparations on paper or cartoon. Their tenderness for paper drawings, or rather paper itself, is in great part the occasion of certain distortions peculiar to modern Art. They fear to become unclean, to miss that delicious Chinese neatness, by correcting any line of chalk (?) most evidently incorrect, ugly, detestable. Wherefore should they swerve in painting from such perfectly clean and neat models?"

"Notwithstanding this coincidence, I must needs object to the application you made of that remark to objects of the noble period of Raffaele, and especially on that celebrated piece of
cartoon

cartoon containing the middle group of the school of Athens. You did not observe, or forgot after so many years past, that yonder admirable piece of masterly hand (handiwork) arrived at Paris in but indifferent state of preservation, and truly unfit to be exposed to a northern eye, inasmuch as (insomuch that) the judicious French found it convenient to be retouched by some clever Academicians, who had appropriated to themselves that wondrously perfect kind of drawing with prolonged large parallel strokes, imitated from the fine metallic-lustre-looking manner of the best modern engravers. To arrive at perfection they chose to recopy some of the numerous copies existing at Paris of the original picture at Rome, and in that way the cartoon was made to look like the picture, and the picture might appear to yourself to be a mere copy of the cartoon, viz. in its present adulterated state.

"I have seen a great deal of ancient studies, drawings, cartoons, and sketches of such. The outline and the masses of light were everywhere defined with great exactitude, viz. if predestined for the fresco execution; but there was left in the spaces between the outlines and masses an infinity of points still to decide (open for decision), with exception of such cartoons as were worked to guide the hand of scholars and manuals (handicraftsmen). The great painters in Raffaele's period chose when drawing everywhere the materials and the manner that suited best their ends. They were wild or collected, rough or delicate. Since a century drawing is become a manner; intelligence, beauty, sense, vivacity of conception have been subjected to that idle and tedious, neat and soft manner. And so no doubt what hath become insipid in the cartoon ought to become intolerable in its pictorial copy.

"The most perfect painter of fresco (though not the best of all painters) hath been Domenico Ghirlandajo, a Florentine. He used to light up his pictures in the afternoon, when the local tints began to dry, being still wet enough to assimilate those last *pastose* (fat) touches, somewhat like to the oil manner of Paolo Veronese. But Raffaele, in his Mass of Bolsena and in some parts of the Heliodorus, was likewise admirable by the intelligence, hardihood and taste of his colouring in fresco."

"*September 13th.*—Called in Lombard Street on Gurney, who broke his word after giving me an order. I told him I wanted £56, 2s. 10d., to pay my son's bill at Cambridge. I asked his help. He refused. I asked Lord Melbourne. I asked Lords Shrewsbury, Digby, and Carlisle to take shares in Saragossa. Lord Carlisle only did. I was harassed to death, and came home exhausted. I then set my drapery for Christ by putting up two plaster legs, my lay-figure being in pawn, and sallied forth again to put off £11, 10s., which I could not pay. Yet I will finish Christ this week, and I trust in God pay my dear Frank's bill too. The moment a disappointment takes place, my mind springs to
a new

a new hope. It is this elasticity which supports me. In God I know I shall not trust in vain, as this week will show.

“ ‘Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.’

“ Most cordially do I believe it.

“ 17th.—Thus I have, by the blessing of God, accomplished my cartoon figures, four in two months. Had my mind been at rest I could have done all four in a month, or had I wanted them, in less time. When I look back and think under what miseries and distress I began the cartoon, without money or employment, I must believe nothing but the Almighty blessing me throughout, with friends to help and aid me, could have accomplished it.

“ Grateful I am beyond expression, and I trust to go on to a triumphant conclusion, and that I may be ultimately victorious in my great object, which has been so long my hope and prayer.

“ Think of my influence with my species to induce them to trust me for papers, canvas, chalk, labour, rent, models, to get collectors to pay my taxes, and landlords to abstain from rent; but I always show them my work, and they acquiesce. I then work away in ecstasy till some other dun comes, who is shown in, and equally vanquished. A woman came, and on seeing the cartoon, lifted up her hands and eyes, and said: ‘Oh! what a sublime *genus*.’

“ But it is not *my* influence. It is not *human*.

“ 23rd.—Worked, steamed, and splashed oil-colour over Adam’s leg. It was evidently too short, and being nicely worked, I hesitated, with that lazy apathy which comes over one, to alter it as I ought. The splash of oil decided it, so I pasted paper over it, and on Monday a *new* leg. Now the short one is gone, the figure looks right.

“ 27th.—Worked hard, and put in the new leg, and the whole figure fell into proportion and fitness; but for the oil splash I should perhaps have sullenly risked public disapprobation of a short leg. It was out of perspective. Is it not extraordinary a man of my experience should conceitedly suspect he need not take so much trouble as when young, and is it not proper to find he requires it as much as ever? Why did I not put my model thirty feet off, as I did in Lazarus when I made my first drawing? I did it yesterday, but why did I not do it at first? Impudent conceit. And the oil splash brought me to my senses.

“ October 2nd.—Finished my letter to the *Sheffield Mercury*, on a school of design. It is my conviction, if sound Art be not combined with practical science at the schools of design, from the facilities given by them both to artists and mechanics, the art will be seriously injured in the next three years—which I hope to prevent.

“ 5th.

"5th.—The cartoon is laid aside, and now my mind begins to fret. I can't sleep for want of another overwhelming subject. Which shall I fly at—Alexander killing an enormous Lion, or Curtius? A single head is misery to me. I get sick. My imagination aches. Worked at a head—a sketch—all trifles.

"11th.—Collins called to-day, and in course of conversation, said: '*I really think you ought to join us!*' I said nothing.

"The state of the question is this. All the objects I have fought for are coming. If they are realised without the Academy claiming me as a member, I am victorious, isolated, unsanctioned by rank or station. If they induce me to join them, and the victory comes after, they will claim a share in the honour of an achievement they have always tried to oppose. So if I am quiet, and let things take their course, whether I benefit or not individually, my character is consistent before the country. I would not lose that character in dear old England for all the treasures of the earth.

"My dear old friend and fellow-student Collins is anxious for me to join the Academy. But how can I? It is too late. After having brought up my family through every species of misery to distinction and honour, am I now to show that, after all, *their* honours were necessary? Oh no, no—the compromise of principle would be dreadful. Let me die as I have lived, O God, and give me strength of mind to resist temptation, for I see it's coming. And let me live in the hearts of my countrymen, like John Milton and William Shakespeare! Ah! may I be worthy! May I be worthy! Amen."

His first cartoon being now complete, he next began his picture of Curtius leaping into the Gulf.¹ He sent his sketch for the picture at the request, I presume, of Miss Mitford, to her friend Miss E. B. Barrett (now Mrs Browning), together with the portrait of Wordsworth on Helvellyn, painted this year. The portrait inspired this sonnet:

"Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thoughts of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place, as poet-priest,
By the high altar, singing praise and prayer

¹ This picture is now in the possession of Mr Barrett, a dealer in the Strand.

To the yet higher heavens. A vision free
 And noble, Haydon, hath thine art released.
 No portrait this with academic air,
 This is the poet and his poetry."

"October 25th.—Out to National Gallery. After dwelling on the rawness of fresco, the tone of Titian went into my soul like the tone of an organ. How I gloried in the Bacchus and Ariadne! How I tasted the Ganymede with its fleshiness, its black eagle against a clear sky. Nothing in fresco can equal these—their juicy richness, their delicious harmony. Oh I shall get sick of lime, but duty calls."

From Rumohr's letter of December 4th:

"Germany is a *terra incognita* to you as to most of your countrymen. You have lived so many centuries in a compact political union, you will, even when present, find it difficult to think clearly of German things. Here is no centralisation of any but an ideal kind, not existing in reality, but merely in mind. There are epidemical infections of errors which appear to become tolerably universal, but not so much as to destroy every particular turn of mind. I have outlived in Art at least five different periods of that kind. Firstly, the passage of (from) Winckelman's and Mengs' theory to a determined predilection for old Grecian things, which then, in want of the Athenian Marbles, not yet known or brought into a European place, were chosen amongst the ancient vases and potteries. Then they went admiring Leonardo and Raffaele, doing their best to imitate them. After these models a passage to the elder Italian, and finally to the Germans, until Durer. Artists generally *spoke* much of ancient painters; I observed mostly a singular aversion from studying and observing them with some attention; all this ended with the superficiality of the new, pleasing, Dusseldorf school manner. But neither sculpture nor landscape nor Genre-painting shared all these passages. So that you may find in every corner of Germany individuals of great merit in their way who acquired their art and knowledge in perfect independence of the prevailing epidemic. These very generally will preserve their credit in a future period: their studies after natural subjects are truly interesting, and superior perhaps to everything produced with an ideal tendency.

"The reason of that (this) superiority of naturalism is this. There hath not been existing in Germany during the last thirty-five years, neither a patriotic, nor a religious, nor even an intellectual want of pictures and statues; there hath not been, for the same reason, any uninterrupted flow of a rich and irresistible inspiration among artists. Your British artists, beginning a new era in the new Parliament House, might obtain such a flow of inspiration, by their object being a patriotic one, and their minds susceptible, so I hope, of an exalted feeling for their country and for its history, for its polish, its importance, and *avenir*. I
 cannot

cannot endure the thought of such a work executed by foreigners, even if Raffaeles and Leonardos were to be procured. Notwithstanding, I must acknowledge the modern German painters, and especially Cornelius, to have had the first hand in historical and monumental fresco-painting,—to have acquired a vast deal of experience in conception, disposition, and execution of such things, not to be neglected by your countrymen. You may learn even by their errors."

"*December 15th.*—I have this moment completed Curtius before I put out and proceed with Alexander. I humbly and gratefully return thanks to Almighty God for enabling me to bring another picture to conclusion; that He hath blessed me with eyes, intellect, health, strength, and piety to get through with it in spite of many pecuniary difficulties deep and harassing. Grant, O Lord, it may be purchased and add to the fame of my great country, and help me to discharge the debts incurred during its progress, and to maintain my dear family in respectability and virtue. Amen.

"*25th.*—In the middle of the night I awoke rather depressed from the multiplicity of anxieties. I put my hand on the Testament I always sleep with, and opened a passage in the dark, folded down the leaf, and at daylight found this blessed consolation: 'and our hope of you is steadfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the *sufferings* so shall ye be also of the *consolation*.'

"*29th.*—My canvas up for my new cartoon. O God, bless its beginning, progression, and conclusion. O God, enable me, aided but by Thee, to bring it to a grand and triumphant conclusion, that it may elevate the honour of the country, and enable me to support my family with honour. Grant that no difficulties may daunt or obstruct me, but that under Thy blessing I may vanquish them all; and grant these things, and above all health of body and mind, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"*31st.*—On reviewing the past year it is wonderful to think how I have been assisted by my Creator in the most trying situations. January, I wrote my lecture on Fresco. February, I began to prepare to do something, having had three commissions deferred amounting to 700 guineas. I plunged at the Saragossa and got it done. I then in July began a cartoon in appalling necessities, and by His blessing who always blesses me I got through that. I flew at Curtius and finished that, and this day began to sketch the arrangement of a second cartoon; so that I have worked well, happily, and gloriously.

"I have finished two great works, one cartoon, one small picture of the Duke, half done a humorous picture of The First Child and sketched in The Black Prince.

"I have

"I have lived to see a vote by the State for High Art, for which I have laboured. I have lived to find myself, though the very cause of the movement, utterly forgotten, as if I had never existed at all. Such is human gratitude. The first victim in all revolutions is he who caused them.

"In Him I trust who has always blessed me when I deserved it, and who has punished me when I wanted correction.

"For all the mercies of the year past accept my deepest gratitude, O God! and grant in concluding the year 1843, I may have less to complain of, more to be grateful for, and in every way have proved myself worthy of the continuance of thy advice, protection and help. Amen."

1843

In no year of Haydon's life had he severer distresses to encounter than in this of 1843. It brought the consummation of what he had so earnestly fought for—a competition of native artists to prove their capability of executing great monumental and decorative works, but with this came his own bitter disappointment at not being among the successful competitors.

In all his struggles up to this point Haydon had the consolation of hope that better times were coming. But now the good time for Art was come, and *he* was passed over. The blow fell heavily—indeed, I may say, was mortal. He tried to cheat himself into the belief that the old hostile influences to which he attributed all his misfortunes and difficulties had been working here also, and that he should yet rise superior to their malice. But the anticipation that had led him on thus far was, in truth, henceforth impossible. He would not admit to himself that his powers were impaired—that he was less fit for great achievements in his art now than when he painted Solomon and Lazarus. But if he held this opinion himself, he held it alone. It was apparent to all, and to none more than to his warmest and truest friends, that years of harass, humiliation, distraction, and conflict had enfeebled his energies, and led him to seek in exaggeration (to which even in his best days he had been prone) the effect he could no longer attain by well-measured force. His restless desire to have a hand in all that was projected for Art had wearied those in authority, and even his old and sincere friend, the secretary of the commission, was unable to put forward his name without the chance of doing him more injury than service. He had shown himself too intractable to follow, and he had not inspired that confidence which might have given him a right to lead.

And thus the cloud settled about him, and grew darker and denser every month of his few remaining years of life. It is so painful

painful to follow day by day his struggles with disappointment, despondency, and embarrassment that I feel it due to the reader to be as brief, in my extracts from the Journals of these last years, as I can be, consistently with distinctness. The last two volumes of the Journals are little more than a record of desperate struggles, alternating with despondency and angry protestations—all pointing to the sad catastrophe which brought this stormy career to a close.

He began with the year his second cartoon of The Black Prince entering London with the French King Prisoner.

"*January 4th.*—Full of anxiety on money. Two-thirds of my income diminished. Last year, no commission. Curtius, Saragossa, and cartoon done without order or return, except four or five shares, and now I have prepared a fresh cartoon, and am to begin it to-morrow—as I began Solomon—without a shilling. Fifty-seven years old on the 25th.

"In God I trust as before. Amen.

"*5th.*—Got my cartoon in, grumbling all the time at what I consider the loss of brush power which must accrue, but yet going on, as I always do, trusting in my Protector.

"I had exactly 13s. 6d.—all the ready money I have in the world—in my pocket. So I was 13s. 6d. better than when I began Solomon thirty years ago.

"*9th.*—What I fear is that my thinking always under the harrow of pecuniary necessity will at last affect my understanding. I trust in God; but to-day I had a dulness of brain and torpor of thought quite frightful.

"*10th.*—What is High Art in England but a long Khyber Pass, with the misery of a passage in, but no passage out? Thirty-nine years have I struggled to raise my country's tastes, and thirty-two have I been utterly without employment.

"Went to the Tower to get armour, which I selected, but when (after an order from the Ordnance had been issued) I was told I must deposit the amount, I refused to do so. After having had armour from the Tower for thirty-five years, and always returned it, I considered this a dirty resolution as applicable to myself. I had no objection, had I been informed of it; but to come down and be taken by surprise was disgusting. I told them it was worthy of a nation of shopkeepers. I was in a passion and poured forth.

"*11th.*—Got my order from the Ordnance to get my armour, and I go down to-morrow and bully the storekeepers.

"*12th.*—Went and got my armour, and brought it home in victory. I asked them if it was the *last* act of the Whigs, or the *first* of the Tories. They were as polite as before they were insolent. Mr Byam of the Ordnance, who has known me thirty-five

five years, brought it before the Board, and they accepted me and granted my wish. Lord Colborne took a second share in Saragossa and my dear Talfourd sent me effective help; so I return thanks to God I have escaped ruin at present.

"28th.—Worked very hard and got on powerfully. Worked the whole week gloriously, with all the fury, constancy, and vigour of earlier days, and to-morrow must pay the penalty of having deferred all pecuniary matters till I have not 2s. 6d. in the house. My dearest Mary bears it pretty well—very well—but it tries her. I only hope she will hold out like me."

He exhibited his Curtius at the British Institution.

"February 3rd.—Out early in the morning to glaze my picture of Curtius. Found Etty in the hall waiting like myself to go up. Chatted with Etty, who said my example and Hilton's, in early life, had greatly influenced him. At the time I mounted to go up and was looking at the Curtius, I felt somebody pat my shoulder, saying: 'Well done.' I turned round and found Etty. I toned the picture like lightning. In one hour and a half I had £10 to pay upon my honour and only £2, 15s. in my pocket. I drove away to Newton, paid him £2, 15s., and borrowed £10. I then drove away to my friend, and paid him the £10, and borrowed £5 more, but felt relieved I had not broke my honour. Then home, took out all my proofs, called on my subscribers, and saw them left.

"Thus I have done my duty to everybody to-day; and what is life but a struggle of duty to your God, your country, and your species, day and night, till death?

"March 1st.¹—Bless me, O Lord, through this month, in spite of its awful pecuniary necessities. But I trust in Thee. Grant I may get through my cartoon, and fit Saragossa for the public, and keep my health, and never lose my confidence in Thee, Thou great and beneficent Creator. Amen.

"10th.—Went out and paid in £10 for Coutts for my dear Fred. Came home and flew at the Saragossa. Glazed it beautifully. At one flew out and raised £15 of a draper whom I dealt with (taking £4 in goods). Drove home, and by three Saragossa was done. Rushed up and paid my rates; a warrant would have been issued to-morrow. This is the life of High Art in England. Refused by my Prince,² to whose income I contribute, threatened

¹ The twenty-fifth volume of the Journal begins at February 15th, 1843, with motto from Amos ix. v. 15, and from the 78th Psalm: "But He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not; yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath."

² Alluding to an unsuccessful application to H.R.H. Prince Albert just before,

by a collector, helped by a draper, and two judge's orders to pay on Saturday, with only 2s. to meet £32. Yet do I cheerfully rely it will be done, and this book will prove it."

From a letter to Eastlake, March 13th:

" My dear Eastlake,

" I am delighted, because being a permanent plan it has broken the ice, and will ultimately end in decoration. I depend on your's and the commissioners' judgments ; it was doing the thing rightly and with energy ; no mincing the matter. Go on, and God prosper us all.

" I appeal to the Royal Commission, to the First Lord, to you the secretary, to Barry the architect, if I ought not to be indulged in my hereditary right to do this, viz. that when the houses are ready, cartoons done, colours mixed, and all at their posts, I shall be allowed, *employed* or *not employed*, to take the *first* brush and dip into the *first* colour, and put the *first* touch on the *first* intonaco. If that is not granted I'll haunt every noble Lord and you, till you join my disturbed spirit on the banks of the Styx. Keep that in view if you regard my peace of mind, my ambition, my pride and my glory.

" Ever yours,

" B. R. HAYDON "

" 15th.—Hard at work, and got through my second cartoon. O God, I bless Thee with all my heart and soul for Thy mercies in thus bringing me through the difficulties and troubles which have pursued me up to this moment. O God, still protect and support me, and carry me through to the full realisation of all the consequences of these attempts. O God, spare, protect and bless me to the end, and accept my deepest gratitude.

" 24th.—Dined at Lupton's with Carew and Clint, and had a very pleasant night. Carew told us a capital story of the Duke. The Duke was at the Marchioness of Downshire's, and the ladies plagued him for some of his stories. For some time he declared all his stories were in print. At last he said, ' Well, I'll tell you one that has not been printed.' In the middle of the battle of Waterloo he saw a man in plain clothes riding about on a cob in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull the Duke beckoned him, and he rode over. He asked him who he was, and what business he had there. He replied he was an Englishman accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight and wanted to see one. The Duke told him he was in instant danger of his life ; he said, ' Not more than your Grace,' and they parted. But every now and then he saw the Cob-man riding about in the smoke, and at last having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow, and told him to go up to that regiment and order them to charge, giving him some mark of authority the
colonel

colonel would recognise. Away he galloped, and in a few minutes the Duke saw his order obeyed. The Duke asked him for his card, and found in the evening, when the card fell out of his sash, that he lived at Birmingham, and was a button manufacturer! When at Birmingham the Duke inquired of the firm and found he was their traveller and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the Duke's request he called on him in London. The Duke was happy to see him and said he had a vacancy in the Mint of £800 a year, where accounts were wanted. The little Cob-man said it would be exactly the thing and the Duke installed him.

"I will ascertain if the facts are correct. If true, it redounds much to his Grace's honour.

"25th.—Two months more would not keep me too long from painting; so to-day, under that mysterious influence, I took out my cartoon, and before I was aware had got in a Virgin and Child. So I have begun; but I was in miserable want of money, as usual. I had money to send to my son at Cambridge, and out I went, feeling a culprit. Is it not better to paint things of five guineas a head than go on in this condition? It is certainly; and if this stake fail, I'll astonish my friends at the ease with which I'll come to do things for subsistence and to save a competence for old age.

"27th.—The moment I touch a great canvas I think I see my Creator smiling on all my efforts. The moment I do mean things for subsistence I feel as if He had turned His back, and what's more, I believe it.

"31st.—Last day of March. I have worked well, have suffered great necessity, but here I am by God's blessing, with my cartoons both done, and effectually done. I am now preparing for a new work, but have not yet decided whether it shall be fresco or not. I hanker after lime and have begun my third cartoon for it, and have to-day been busy preparing lime.

"If ever artist was fit for fresco I am. I have always done everything at once. For all Thy mercies and trials this month I bless Thee, O God, with all my soul. Amen.

"April 14th, Good Friday.—After thirty-one years I this day received the Sacrament, sincerely asked pardon and promised a new life. The Dean of Carlisle administered, an old friend and admirer, after an admirable, nay, beautiful sermon. It was interesting, because to him I wrote, years since, in an agony of doubt and apprehension. I had one sovereign (all in money I possess), and no silver, when the churchwarden (an old friend, Stanley) held out the plate: I gave *nothing*; ought I not to have given *all*, and have trusted in God? Surely. But in the dread of being without any at all, and in the belief that a sovereign was
more

more than my necessitous condition warranted, I gave nothing. This tormented me. It proved the devil had power yet. I will make amends. I reviewed my life for thirty-one years. I had married and brought up a family. I had been four times in prison. I had injured friends by not paying their loans. I had been swallowed up by ambition, but not on selfish principles. All these things were crimes, and I repented.

"I had educated and planted four boys, and will educate a dear girl. I had not made an improper use of the money borrowed; but what right had I to borrow at all, if not to repay? I had paid £1000, but there was more yet, and one good man had lost some hundreds.

"All these things came across me, and I felt as if my soul was blackened; but a ray of brilliant hope supported me, and I went up in quiet self-possession, believing that if I believed, the atonement would reconcile me to God, and I trust it may. I never wilfully injured either man or woman.

"This day is a remarkable day in my life, and on this great sacrificial day I will, as long as I live, repeat this act. God bless my resolution. Amen."

Wilkie's Life by Allan Cunningham appeared about this time.

"16th.—Prayed in private, and arranged papers to collect my life, as Wilkie's memoirs have roused me again.

"17th.—Made a study for Alexander's head from life. Borne down by necessity—apprehensive of an execution for £1, 11s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. costs. Wrote ten pages of my Life and copied two letters of Wilkie's.

"18th.—In the city and deferred a payment, but suffered excruciating agony for want of money.

"20th.—Went out in great misery to raise £6, 10s., the balance of a judge's order. Dr Darling, my old friend, helped me. Just as I was going to set my palette I was served with a copy of a writ for another debt. I came home and corrected my figure, and prepared for the model to-morrow.

"21st.—Awoke in the night, my heart beating and my head aching from my anxieties; but in God I trust, as I have always done and always will; and this Journal will again bear testimony I do not trust in vain.

"22nd.—Now reader, whoever thou art, young and thoughtless, or old and reflecting, was I not right to trust in God? Was it vanity? Was it presumption? Was it weakness? To-day, this very day, I have sold my Curtius, when only yesterday I had no hope; and my heart beat, and my head whirled, and my hand shook at my distress. I had taken the butter-knife off the table to raise 3s.

" "Then

“ ‘Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.’—Psalm cvii., v. 13.

“ How often have I occasion to write this!

“ 27th.—Would any man believe that for the thirty-five years I was intimate with Wilkie, for twenty of them most intimate, I never knew he kept a Journal of the weaknesses, follies, and habits of his friends?

“ May 3rd.—Out the whole day on money. Sold Curtius, but got a bill at six months, which in the city is awful. Came home, weary, hot, penniless; lunched and fell asleep: awoke by the servants fighting in the kitchen; went to my painting-room and looked at Alexander, and remembered a beautiful day lost. Brunskill, my model, obliged to go, as I could not attend to him. Called on a lawyer and begged for mercy for £27 till Saturday; refused. At dinner, Bishop came and sent in a note. I came out and was served with a writ. As I came down Chancery Lane, a cab wheel came off and down came horse. The horse, in his struggles, put himself in the action of Bucephalus. I studied him gloriously. The very thing, and shall try it at once.

“ 8th.—Monday, Exhibition opened. Went down, and found Saragossa placed so disgracefully high that its execution, expression and tone were utterly lost. This will be the last malicious bite of my bitter enemies, early and late, even to the grave. Felt great agony at my necessities. I have every chance of my cartoons being laid hold of after all my necessities and struggles.

“ 10th.—Called on Leslie to-day and was much amused at his accounts of Wilkie. Leslie said capitally, ‘Wilkie was so anxious to do everything exactly like other people, he made himself odd in trying to be natural.’ At Lawrence’s funeral Constable was his pendant. Cope, the city marshal, stood before them in a splendid cocked hat and black scarf. Wilkie was fond of painting cocked hats; and while looking down with all the semblance of woe said to Constable, ‘Just look at that cocked hat. It’s grand!’

“ 18th.—A young pupil came to-day and paid me £100, part of £200 premium. *To Pæan!* was I not right to endure as seeing One who is invisible?

“ Made a capital sketch of Nelson at Copenhagen.

“ 20th.—Laid up with a burnt foot from steaming the cartoons the last time. Another blessing attending on £100. Could not stand to paint, so I wrote my memoirs, eight hours.

“ 22nd.—Laid up; wrote all day. I really am astonished at my *thinking* at twenty-six, now I extract from my Journal.

“ June 1st.—O God, I thank Thee that this day I have safely placed my cartoons in Westminster Hall. Prosper them! It is a great day on my mind and soul. I bless thee I have lived to

see this day. Spare my life, O Lord, until I have shown Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power unto that which is to come. Am in deep gratitude to have lived to such a day.

"I found Eastlake, my pupil, walking about. He was most happy to see me. I said, 'Do you recollect drinking tea with me in 1808, and telling me my conversation had made you a painter?' 'I do,' said he, 'and there is no doubt of it.' And 'Do you remember,' said he, 'coming with me into Westminster Hall, and drawing a gigantic limb on the wall with the end of your umbrella, saying, "This is the place for Art"?' I did not. He said I actually did so, thirty years ago; and he remembered my jumping up to reach high. Now here we were, master and pupil, marching about, and the first act of this great drama of Art just beginning. O God! when I reflect on Thy leading me on so many years from the beginning, I must believe I ever have been, and ever shall be, protected by Thee.

"How interesting that we were both from Devon; both having finished our schooling at Plympton Grammar School, where Reynolds was educated.

"7th.—Wrote my Life—vol. ii. Three weeks of nothing but thinking. Dead thinking without the excitement of painting fatigues me. I hope soon to get to work; painting is such a delight. Since March 15th, when I finished my cartoon, I have advanced and rubbed in Alexander and prepared for my fresco, but have not done much else. My foot better."

The day for the opening of the Cartoon Exhibition was now approaching.

"10th.—Wyse said the exhibition (at Westminster Hall) would honour the school. I thank God for it. These Journals bear testimony to my belief in British genius. I have never spared any instruction or expense to advance it. Another pupil for a short time paid £25 to-day. God be thanked for it! Things are looking well, and I shall live to see my dear country's glory yet, as I always predicted.

"15th.—Six months of the year gone! I have done one cartoon, one sketch of Curtius, one sketch of Nelson, advanced Alexander, which ought to have been done; and have finished my first volume of memoirs. For three months, since March 15th, I have not exerted myself as I ought, and for the last month I have been lame. Truly have I been wounded in the service. Last year I ran a bayonet through my foot while painting Saragossa; and this, I burnt my other foot while steaming my cartoon.

"17th.—Perhaps God may punish me, as he did Napoleon, as an example, for pursuing a great object with less regard to
moral

moral principle than became a Christian,—that is, raising money to get through, careless of the means of repaying, though I had reason to hope the aristocracy would have helped me by purchase to keep my word. The decision will take place in a few days. What ought I to have done? Kept my cartoons, and showed them alone? It would have been a wiser plan; but it would have been shrinking from a contest with my brothers, which might have turned to my disadvantage. It is my policy to go through without complaint all the steps degradation points to, to give them no excuse for not employing me, and what then? Shall I be employed? No, indeed; but have the door slammed in my face, while my enemies will chuckle at my degradation and submission.

“This is the last time, I think, I will compete.

“I have made up my mind to a reverse. Though I trust in God with confidence, yet I am not sure I am yet sufficiently cleansed by adversity not to need more of it. For the sake of my boys, and only daughter, and, above all, for the sake of my dear Mary, I hope not. To have exhibited cartoons alone would have been an act of defiance to the Royal Commission and of mistrust. But would I not have been justified when there were Academicians amongst the judges, though the Prince has the casting vote?

“18th.—Went to church at St George’s, Hanover Square, and felt the most refreshing assurance of protection and victory. The last time I was there I received the Sacrament and did not give my only sovereign in charity as I ought, which gave me great pain. To-day, when the Dean of Carlisle implored assistance for the Church Fund, saying 550,000 persons by it had been provided with seats where none had been erected before, I thought I’d give 1s., then 2s. 6d., 10s. 6d. At last said a voice within me, ‘That sovereign you ought to have given.’ ‘I will,’ I felt, and took it out and gave it to the plate with as pure a feeling as ever animated a human breast. O God, prosper it! Thus have I expiated my neglect.

“26th.—In great money distress, having paid away all my receipts—£125 in five weeks. I have now £21, £11, 3s, £10 to pay this week, and not a pound. How I am neglected in employment large or small!”

The opening of the Cartoon Exhibition was fixed for the 3rd of July. On the 27th of June Haydon received intelligence from Eastlake that his cartoons were not included among those selected for reward!

The next entry in the Journal is three days later:

“30th.—I went to bed in a decent state of anxiety. It has given

given a great shock to my family, especially to my dear boy, Frank, and revived all the old horrors of arrest, execution, and debt. It is exactly what I predicted, and it is, I think, intentional. I called on William Hamilton, and found he had adopted, with exquisite tact, the tone of society. He told me Sir Robert felt annoyed at my restless activity about the arts; that I interfered in everything I had no business to do. I said, I had; that the School of Design had gone to ruin as I predicted, and that they had been obliged to adopt the figure, which they never would have done but for my repeated interference. He said, 'You wrote about the Arabesques: now we had settled to buy them before; and it was intrusion!' Good heavens! no feeling for my enthusiasm for Art; but such is Sir Robert's dignity, a natural impulse is an offence. Hamilton said, if he mentioned my name it was an insult. He really gives me up. He stuck to me to the last, but this decision has proved to him the hopelessness of defending me any longer. Hamilton had no objection to my *intrusion* on the Elgin Marble question, and gave me the motto. He said, 'You should write to Sir Robert Peel.' Yes—'We did not give him a prize, but, poor fellow, we relieved him.' That won't do.

"I am wounded, and being ill from confinement it shook me; but not more than the decision of the Gallery at twenty-six (in 1812).

"*July 1st.*—A day of great misery. I said to my dear love, 'I am not included.' Her expression was a study. She said, 'We shall be ruined.' I looked up my lectures, papers and journals, and sent them to my dear Æschylus Barrett, with two jars of oil (1816), twenty-seven years old. I burnt loads of private letters, and prepared for executions. Lords Alford and Northampton and William Hamilton took additional shares in Saragossa. £7 was raised on my daughter's and Mary's dresses.

"On Monday I went down and was astonished at the power displayed. There are cartoons equal to any school. My own looked grand, like the effusion of a master, soft and natural, but not hard and definite; too much shadow for fresco; fit for oil; but there were disproportions. I gained great knowledge. The Death of Lear, Alfred in the Danish Camp, Constance, were never exceeded. But the great mistake—and it has been a tremendous one—is the selection of a pupil of De la Roche's for *the* prize.¹ The injury it will do is incalculable, for, instead

¹ This is an error. Mr Armitage, who is here referred to, obtained one of the highest premiums, Mr Cope and Mr Watts carrying off the others, and all three being equal.

of destroying the prejudices against British genius, it will root them deeper than ever. For what has the Commission done? It has unjustly preferred a foreign production to the splendid productions of natives, and thus excited the power of Britain only to mock it and expose it to more ridicule than ever insulted it before. Thus this Royal Commission has backed Winkleman and Du Bos, and done more injury than was ever done by the bitterest enemy. I was introduced to the young artist and his father, and had a long and interesting talk. I found out the system of De la Roche and do not wonder at the bad drawing of his school.

"13th.—Worked a little; the only day I have been able to stand for two months. Began Nelson Sealing the Letter at Copenhagen and improved Alexander. God be thanked!

"15th.—Worked, but unhappily. I am ashamed to own how the attacks of the press wound me. Curious that now the press sees all that I fought for is coming to pass, they seem to have particular pleasure in preventing my tasting any of its fruits. How cruel it is! What a pleasure they seem to take in preventing people from accomplishing the darling object of their existence.

"16th.—Prayed, but felt harassed. One struggles still to trust in God, but I am afraid to do so any longer, from my own unworthiness. 'Ask,' Christ has said, 'and it shall be given; knock and it shall be opened.'

"'If a child asked a father for food, would he give him a serpent? How much more would your heavenly Father?'

"I ask from my heart, Thou good Being, to be saved, with my family, from the fatal ruin which must overwhelm me and them without Thy interference, promising repentance sincere and intense.

"22nd.—'I sought the Lord, and He helped me, and delivered me from all my fears.' It is indeed cruel of Sir Robert Peel to have sanctioned such decisions, and to have left out my cartoons, deserving as they are, after the battle I have fought for so many years. It is a blow at me, and a warning to others how they presume to tell truth, to fight for truth, or persevere for truth's sake.

"23rd.—I knelt down and thanked God for His merciful blessing this week. I have got through its difficulties up to this instant, eleven o'clock, Saturday, as I prayed. Ought I not to be grateful? Indeed I am. £25 I received from a pupil, £15 was lent me, and £13 to-day our dear Mary had from our sons—£53; £48 of which I have paid away, and saved myself up to to-night. O God! accept my gratitude. Amen.

"28th.—With my experience of the world, with my knowledge
of

of the aristocracy, connoisseurs, and Academicians,—the aristocracy angry because I told them at Oxford they went out knowing as little of Art as they came in; the connoisseurs angry because I proved them fools on the Elgin Marbles; the Academicians thirsty for revenge because I brought them before a committee,—how could I be so weak as to give these three classes an opportunity of inflicting a blow, in hopes that my age would not be able to bear it so well as at twenty-six? O Haydon, Haydon! Your love of Art, and your willingness at fifty-seven to think better than you knew of your species, got the better of your common sense. I imagined at such a bright epoch all hearts would unite, all hearts rejoice, all hearts forget and forgive for the sake of the great object of advancing the standard taste of the country. What was there to forgive? A too ardent zeal and over-anxious ardour for the principles of High Art, offensive to the authorities who wished to check it. Shocking, but true! Three times did Sir Charles Bell struggle to get appointed lecturer to the Academy, and failed; three times did I, and failed likewise. Bell said he was convinced the old members wished to obstruct.

“Made a sketch of Lord Willoughby’s head for ten guineas, and got another order for £20; so that I have escaped, so far, the executions I dreaded. I have been blessed this week: God be thanked heartily. Amen. I have been humiliated by this disappointment, but corrected. We were all too high. I bow.

“*Aug. 5th.*—Finished my lecture, but much harassed in money matters. Went out in all the horrors of an execution, which I got delayed till Tuesday. Came home and finished my lecture. Yet I trust in God. He will carry me through.

“*7th.*—Occupied all day with preparations for lecture, God grant it success. Heard of Rumohr’s death.

“*8th.*—Thank God, my lecture was the most brilliant success. How mysteriously am I influenced! O God, accept my deepest gratitude. Amen. Many members were there and cheered me much. It was the completest success in a lecture I ever had.

“*11th.*—Hankered after my divine art, but feel oppressed by my ill-treatment. I hope in God I shall recover my enthusiasm, but at present I am exceedingly shocked, though my lecture proved I still stood in the public feeling higher than ever.

“*14th.*—Another day to go through. Stale, flat and unprofitable are days to me. I want change. A fortnight by the sea would restore me. My wife and daughter want it too; but we have little hope. I am waiting for sitters I detest, and could vomit over. As poor Ingres said, ‘*Je vomirais pour trois jours,*’ I say, ‘*Pour toujours.*’ All this is wicked, for I trust in God.

My

My sitters came, but I was so nervously disgusted I told them frankly it was not my *forte*. I presented them with a drawing, and begged them to let me off. They were so kind, they saw the propriety. They shook hands; and when they were gone I hurried away throne and chairs, and felt as if I had got out of a thundercloud that oppressed me. I breathed and looked up at Alexander with glory. Huzza! huzza!

"15th.—I went to Southwell to-day to get lodgings at a farmhouse for my daughter, and was so delighted with the air and freshness I sucked it in like nectar.

"It was a long time before the turbulent ambition of my mind could relish it; but at last I was fairly vanquished, and this day's air has completely revived me. The buds, the sun, the meadows, all have sunk deep into my nature, and made me a new being. Thanks to God!

"16th.—I felt yesterday exactly as Satan felt when he entered Paradise—'Saw undelighted all delight.'

"31st.—Last day of August. Sir George Cockburn sat three-quarters of an hour at the Admiralty. I was determined to bring him out about Napoleon; so, after a little preliminary chat, I said, 'Sir George, this is an opportunity which may never occur again. May I ask you one or two questions?' 'You may.' 'Why did you think meanly of Napoleon?' 'I'll tell you,' said he. 'When I went to him with Lord Keith, I went prepared to admire him. He behaved violently; said I should pass over his *cadavre*, that he would not go to St Helena, and so forth. Not caring for all this, I said, "At what hour shall I send the boat?"' I forget Sir George's continuation, for the servant came in. After answering the servant, rather nettled at the interruption, he went on to say, 'I came at the hour next day to take him on board the *Bellerophon*, prepared to use force and ready even for bloodshed. To my utter wonder he skipped away, and went on board without a word. After all those threats, what do you think of that? At dinner he talked indecently before women, and burst forth and gave me a whole history of his Egyptian campaign, puffing himself grossly—in fact, he would talk of nothing but himself. When we got to St Helena we rode out to choose a situation. He wished to have the house in which a family were, *instantly*. I explained that a week's notice was only decent. He said he could sleep under a tent. As they rode down the hill I showed him the room I meant to occupy. Napoleon said, "That is the very room I should like"; so it was given up to him. Then he complained of the sentries. They were withdrawn, and serjeants put instead. Then he complained of them, and gave his honour, if they were removed, he would never violate his limits. I yielded, and that very

very night he went into the town. He then asked for the 4000 napoleons taken from him, which was granted; and he bought up all the gold lace and green baize in the town to dress up his suite, and spent days in carving and arranging this gold lace. Now, these are my reasons for thinking meanly of him. He told me lies repeatedly; and after granting him my own room at his own request, he wrote the Government that he had been forced into one room.'

" *September 1st.*—Sir George sat again to-day. He said, of the three (Nelson, Collingwood and St Vincent) Collingwood was the best seaman. He said Nelson's *Agamemnon* was not in the best order. He knew Sir Sidney Smith well; admired him; but would not have entrusted him with a fleet. He said Acre was the very place for him. He was not of that high order of mind the others were.

" *4th.*—Went and removed my cartoons. Thus ends the cartoon contest; and as the very first inventor and beginner of this mode of rousing the people when they were pronounced incapable of relishing refined works of Art without colour, I am deeply wounded at the insult inflicted. These Journals witness under what trials I began them, how I called on my Creator for His blessing, how I trusted in Him, and how I have been degraded, insulted and harassed. O Lord! Thou knowest best. I submit. Amen.

" *5th.*—Awoke severely pained at the insult. Went out of town to see Mary. The air and peace relieved me.

" *6th.*—Awoke again physically depressed. I got up, saying, 'Is this Benjamin Robert Haydon? I'll see if I'll be conquered by cartoons.' I resolved to do some violent bodily exercise; so I moved out all my plasters, cleaned the windows myself (I don't wonder servants have good appetites), dusted, and got smothered; lifted till my back creaked, and rowed the servant for not cleaning my plate (2 forks, 1 tablespoon, and 6 teaspoons; 1 pepper-box, and 1 saltspoon). In fact, by perspiration and violent effort I cleared out the cobwebs and felt my dignity revive. Now I am safe.

" *19th.*—Perhaps I have presumed too much on the goodness of my Creator, appealed to Him too much and too freely.

" People wonder why I have been so treated; but a moment's reflection would explain it. Authority, property and law have been so long established in England, and such great results have been the consequence of their security, that it is considered better to put up with any oppressions from authority, however infamous, than to endanger its dignity by any resistance, however just. I was oppressed by authority; I revenged it successfully, and
exposed

exposed my oppressors before a committee of the House. It was necessary that I should be punished as a warning to others. My oppressors are acute and talented, malignant and envious men. They are ever on the watch to see that I am not patronised or employed or distinguished, because I am as acute and talented as they are, without their envy; and inasmuch as they are determined to prevent any appearance of my being sanctioned, however indirectly, by commission or reward, I am determined to give every reward a tendency as if it were a sanction against them. Though I first planned the decoration of the Lords (1812), made sketches (1819), and put them on canvas (1835), and laid them before all the Ministries in succession, down to Sir Robert Peel—though in my evidence I first planned a central school of design and branch schools, and first mentioned the Lords' decoration—the Academy, the Government and the Commission thoroughly understand each other. They have all made up their minds that I must be sacrificed as a successful rebel, because I have succeeded in spite of four ruins, and will keep my ground in spite of four more. My cartoons, therefore, it was clearly predetermined, were not to be rewarded, on the principle of authority being supported at all hazards. Every artist of any feeling saw, whatever merit there might be in my cartoons, 1st, that they were the cartoons of a painter who could execute them with the brush; 2nd, that no principle of Art had been neglected, as applicable in them; and 3rdly, that though there were two or three disproportions, from the smallness of the room in which they were executed, a day's labour would have remedied them: and because a shoulder might be a trifle too heavy, or a calf a trifle too large, to deny reward to works whose character, expression and knowledge of construction were self-evident, was unjust, tyrannical; particularly taking into consideration that they were known to be by a man who made the very first cartoon display ever made, and who, wherever the art was in danger from any cause, has shown fight, whatever were or might be the consequences.

“ If among the English nobility there had ever existed a desire for High Art, why did no commission follow Reynolds's Hercules strangling the Serpents, Flaxman's Designs, Hilton's Christ Rejected, Etty's Holofernes, my Solomon, and Lazarus and Xenophon, or West's Lear? ‘ We have no houses,’ said the Duke to me; I could have said to him: ‘ How comes it your Grace hangs up, in your staircase at Strathfieldsaye, Fuseli's conception of Satan calling up the Rebel Angels, a picture of gigantic size, which you bought for a trifle at his sale?’ It is not that there is no genius. It is not that there is no room. It is

is not that there are no houses. It is that you have no desire—no taste—no sensibility to the honour of your great country, where Art is concerned. Your Lordships throw the blame on the artists where you alone are concerned and to blame. You subscribe to British Galleries, to societies, to raffles, and to benevolent funds, as you would to Grisi's benefit or Lablache's concert—because it is a part of your duty, as men of fashion, to keep up your splendour during the season; but you have no love of Art further than as it ministers to your vanities, or transcribes, for the admiration of posterity, the grace and beauty of your wives and children.

“The whole effervescence will be allowed to die away again, and nothing will do but the people taking Art in their own hands, and commissioning artists to execute great works for great public places.¹ At present, with all their enthusiasm, they are not educated enough to prevent their becoming the victims of jobbers; and therefore I fear to push such a principle yet (though it is the only plan to be effected), from the condition of the aristocracy, who are totally unfit to conduct such a scheme.

“20th.—Spent the whole day with a lion, and came home with a contempt for the human species. Before the day was over we got intimate. He showed me his hideous teeth, and affectionately leaned his head aside as I patted him, suffered me to touch his paw and smooth his mane. The lioness was in heat, and as playful as a kitten, and on my stooping down to get my port-crayon gave me an affectionate pat on the head like the blow of a sledge-hammer, but I luckily had my hat on. The lion and lioness were kept separate. I made most useful studies, and came home rich in knowledge and ready to begin.

“30th.—Last day of the month. During a few days at the latter end I have worked well, but since 15th April I have never done my duty. Two months laid up, and the rest harassed, disappointed and tormented. But I have now recovered from the pain and shock of being so badly treated, and am fairly at work. Did Bucephalus to-day by completing the head. For the blessings of this month accept my thanks, O God, and may I remedy soon the evil. Amen, with all my soul.”

From a letter to the Duke of Sutherland (October 2nd):

“Be assured I have broken a hard shell, and found more ashes than fruit.

“Different treatment when I was a diligent and obedient student would have made me a different man.

¹ See on this subject the remarks of Mr Watts towards the close of this volume.

"My education was imperfect: I was never taught the properties of self-command, and I flung myself from my home on the world ready to revenge insult and keenly alive to oppression.

"Oppression is always more likely to elicit the vices than the virtues of the most gentle.

"I am now hard at work on Alexander killing a Lion, as the only subject likely to make me bear up under a cloud of mental tortures which make me wonder my faculties remain clear. I believe I am meant to try the experiment how much a human brain can bear without insanity, or a human constitution without death."

"4th.—Finished my sketch. As I wanted advice, I wrote to Collins to come and see the picture, as I always considered Collins one of us—Wilkie, Jackson and myself—and sound in imitation. He called, and we talked as usual about the Academy. Whenever Wilkie, Jackson and I met, that was the first question. An Academician comes to me; or I ask him to come; he immediately supposes I have an ulterior view. I may regret and do regret the loss of early friendships, which my advocacy of my principles occasioned; but I never regret, and never will, the impulses which inspired it. They always mistake my *private* regrets for *public*. I would do exactly as I did if I had to act over again, but I regret the position which obliged me to do it. I should like to have kept my position in private friendship, but I would sacrifice it again, as I have done, on a principle of public duty, if it were required.

"If, therefore, I say to Collins or to any old friend, 'I regret our separation,' it is not that I regret the *cause*, but that separation was the *consequence* of the cause.

"17th.—Went to Brighton to sketch Nelson's secretary, Wallis, who wrote and sealed Lord Nelson's celebrated letter to the Crown Prince at Copenhagen. I sketched him. He has a fine head. I returned to dinner; so much for steam.

"19th.—Lectured at Greenwich on the Elgin Marbles. The people exceedingly enthusiastic. The people of this great country are more fit to receive Grand Art than the aristocracy are to grant it.

"30th.—Out the whole day on money, as I have to pay Frank's term money, or he loses it.

"The last day of the month. In September I did the Lion. In October I have done Bucephalus, and ought to have concluded Alexander, but money distresses have hindered me. I conclude the month in gratitude to God for still having food, clothing, a bed, a house, a love and a brain.

"November 6th.—O God, bless me this day. Amen.

"A day

"A day lost. I went into the city to get time as usual, and returned in doubt. Worked at my picture in sorrow, set my drapery for to-morrow, and under God's blessing will paint, if the Lord Chancellor and all his host knocked the door down.

"7th.—Worked delightfully hard. Threatened with a writ at one; begged till to-morrow; worked away, and got Alexander nearly complete. The writ came at eight. The delight I had to-day is almost a compensation for months of sorrow. At it again to-morrow morning at eight, with God's blessing.

"18th.—The Alexander is nearly done. How grateful I feel to God for all his mercies during its progress.

"Put in Alexander's head 19th April; worked till middle of May; then burnt my foot; laid up and wrote till July. The Cartoon decision (being ill from long confinement) shook me by its injustice; began again September, till now—altogether four months at the picture. July and August out of town, now and then. Painted several sketches; rubbed in Nelson.

"28th.—Painted a little Napoleon in four hours; wetted a little wax in oil, but I don't like it. Alexander still laid aside till I fly at the ground in a day or two; I have every prospect of getting through my weekly payments. I trust in God with all my heart. Did He ever fail me except when I angered him by sin? Never. I got two orders last night, cheap; but it is better to work for small payment, and to get out of debt, than to stand on your pride, and *then* be obliged to borrow after doing the Grand Seigneur.

"December 6th.—Nearly finished another Napoleon in four hours—nine to one.

"13th.—Worked hard, and finished another Napoleon—'Haydon, patent for rapid manufacture of Napoleons Musing.' This is the eighth: Kearsey's, from which the engraving is made, the first; Sir Robert's, second; Duke of Sutherland's, third; Rogers', fourth; Sir John Hanmer's, fifth; Bennoch's, Twenty-man's and Hardy's, three city friends, sixth, seventh and eighth.

"16th.—Worked furiously for seven hours, and nearly did a repetition in small of Curtius. Sent home two Napoleons, in small—seventh and eighth. I have resolved to paint cheap and small, rather than borrow; so far it succeeds, and I hope God will bless it, and that I may get out of debt. This week I have been blessed, and have worked hard.

"19th.—Worked and finished a small Curtius, and rubbed in a Napoleon; the ninth.

"22nd.—'How to paint a Historical Picture,' and 'How to make use of ancient sculpture applied to the forms of High Art,' would be two capital subjects for new lectures. Composed a letter

letter on professors of Art at Oxford and Cambridge before going to sleep, between four and five, and awoke again at seven, brimming. Worked and finished Napoleon; got in another Napoleon. Met a friend in Pall Mall who possesses that head of Lorenzo di Medici; I collared him, and said: 'Your life or a Napoleon?' He burst out a-laughing, and said: 'A Napoleon, of course'; so I went home and got it in before four.

"30th.—Finished Alexander to-day at the British Institution, by toning down the sky, and the whole looked strong and rich; how Sir George would have relished its mode of colour and touch! I thank God for all His mercies during the whole thing. Had I not had a great picture to fly to, I could not have stood my ground. I have Macbeth and Napoleon rubbed in for instant application; I carried my lunch with me, and did what no mortal ever did before in that room, broiled it on the coals, and with a pint of the coldest pump water lunched heartier than the Queen. It was the south room, where all that were illustrious and great have walked on those splendid nights we used to have—Davy, Wilkie, Talma, Lamb, Hazlitt, Beaumont, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Canning, Wellington, Lady Jersey, and my own love, Mary. Such is human destiny! Alexander the Great was before me—a mutton chop on the coals. I had just written to Wordsworth, full of poetry on my reflections at being alone in a gallery where I had seen such splendid scenes, and such illustrious people. My chop was cooked to a *tee*; I ate it like a Red Indian, and drank the cool translucent with a gusto a wine-connoisseur knows not. I then thought the distant cloud was too much advanced; so toning it down with black I hit the mark, and pronounced the work done—*Io Pæan!*—and I fell on my knees and thanked God, and bowed my forehead, and touched the ground, and sprung up, my heart beating at the anticipation of a greater work, and a more terrific struggle.

"This is B. R. Haydon—the *real* man—may he live a thousand years! and here he sneezed—lucky!

"30th.—It is past two, and I am retiring to rest. In less than sixty minutes 1843 will be swallowed up in the gulph of time; 1823 was my first ruin; 1843 nearly brought me again to prison; but I never was better, and have got through. I have lived to carry the great principle of State support, and, as Wilkie said, to be convinced I shall be the least likely to taste its fruits. Such is the gratitude of mankind to those who tell them the truth, and devote themselves to their service. My sons are doing well; my Mary is as lovely as ever; my own health stronger than at eighteen; my faith in God now become an instinct, and my want of money the same; I have got through another great work, if
not

not the greatest, Alexander, and am now fit for others. O God! bless the beginning, progression and conclusion of 1844; and though I have less sin to repent of than ever I had before, let me at its conclusion have conquered even that!

"Amen, in gratitude and peace, amen."

1844

"*January 1st.*—Worked and nearly did a large Napoleon's head; had a rough canvas with a delicious tooth.

"*2nd.*—Finished the body of Napoleon; went out on business in snow and sleet. The head and hat looked well.

"*3rd.*—Finished the Napoleon figure in three days; I could do it in one summer day; to-morrow for the sea, the next for the sky.

"*4th.*—Another day of work; God be thanked! Put in the sea—a delicious tint. How exquisite is a bare canvas, sized alone, to paint on; how the colour drags over; how the slightest colour, thin as water, tells; how it glitters in body; how the brush flies, now here, now there; it seems as if face, hands, sky, thought, poetry and expression were hid in the handle, and streamed out as it touched the canvas. What magic! what fire! what unerring hand and eye! what fancy! what power! what a gift of God! I bow and am grateful.

"*10th.*—It is extraordinary what a guard I am obliged to keep on myself. The moment the excitement of a great work is over, if I do not go at another, I am sure to burst out in writing. My brain seems to require constant pressure to be easy, and my body incessant activity. In a great public work alone I shall ever find rest, which will never be afforded me.

"Moved the Napoleon to the Gallery; it looked well.

"*14th.*—Half the month is gone, and I have done my duty: carry me through the remainder, O thou most merciful Being! Amen. I have income-tax and Heaven knows what to pay; but I trust where I have trusted so often before. These first fourteen days I have done my duty well; I have prepared two pictures for completion, and I hope to get successfully through them. I am convinced my mind would have sunk had I not had Solomon in early life, and Alexander last June, to contend with and fly to: a great work under all circumstances is a stimulus to exertion."

The question of Sir Joshua Reynolds's authorship of his *Discourses* was revived this year by an assertion of the *Times'* reviewer of Wilkie's life, that Burke "had touched up and revised, if he did not altogether write, Sir Joshua's *Discourses*." The

subject

subject had before this occupied Haydon's attention, but he was now lucky enough to obtain, through Sir Joshua's surviving niece, Mrs Gwatkin, conclusive evidence that the *Discourses* were entirely of Sir Joshua's own composition, written indeed, in great part, in his niece's presence, and without any assistance from Burke. Mrs Gwatkin, then living at Plymouth, and in her eighty-ninth year, writes (on the 11th of January):

"Intimately associated as I was with my uncle Sir Joshua Reynolds, and conversant as I was both with his occupations and habits, I can take upon myself positively to assert that he was the author, the unassisted author, of the *Discourses* on Painting. The numerous MSS. that I have in my possession penned by my uncle on various subjects, and often in my presence and that of my sister, the Marchioness of Thomond, when it was his habit to walk up and down the room in which we were sitting, and as the thought occurred commit it to paper, and the subject of those thoughts is a convincing proof, and would furnish such proof to any person of literary talent, that Sir Joshua possessed a mind of original conception and considerable power, needing no assistance from Burke either in composition, or 'retouching' of his *Discourses*; and as Burke and my uncle were men of dissimilar and characteristic talent, and Burke had not that conception of idea as to the art of painting which must have originated in my uncle's mind, the unfair calumny on his fame can have no credible foundation with those who either knew him or Burke.

"Northcote in his preface to the *Life of Sir J. R.* says, 'Another motive to my undertaking this subject was that some of the circumstances which I had to relate might help to clear Sir Joshua in respect to the unwarrantable ideas many persons have entertained, that he was not the author of his own *Discourses*.'

"In regard to Farrington I know not that he was the immediate cause of my uncle's resignation, as Sir J. R. does not mention his name in his account of that transaction; but I will give you a little extract I have just made from the MS. I have relative to it, without being able to throw any light upon who the spokesman is meant to be: 'An Academician, who has long been considered as the spokesman of the party, demanded who ordered those drawings to be sent to the Academy? President answered it was by his order. Asked a second time in a still more peremptory tone, and the president said, "I did." "I move that they be turned out, or sent out of the room. Does any one second my motion?"' I have to apologise for being so long in answering your note, and am

"Yours, etc.

"THEOPHILA GWATKIN."

"25th.—My birthday—fifty-eight. Good heavens! Forty years ago I surveyed my acquirements and life, and planned a
course

course of study. The course of study I have pursued was in French, Italian, Latin and Greek. I think I do not know an atom more than I did at eighteen. Worked, but not pleased with the Duke's head. I was warming some oil when it caught fire, and roared up the chimney; a good omen on my birthday. I shall yet make a blaze in the world more than ever."

Painting Napoleons, in all manners of musings, had now become regular bread-and-cheese work with Haydon.

"*February 1st.*—Worked, and finished a sketch of Curtius, and began to finish another of Romeo and Juliet. Alexander they have not hung up at the Gallery. I fear some prejudice. They took Napoleon and Saragossa, which are old pictures, but declined hanging Alexander. This is the first time such an insult occurred to me. As I get older, I fear it will be repeated.

"*15th.*—Worked well, and finished a small sketch of Napoleon in his bedroom the night before his abdication, 1814.

"*16th.*—Thank the Duke of Sutherland who sent me £25, and ordered me to send my cartoon of Edward the Black Prince to Stafford House. I hope he means to buy it. I felt such agony at my want of money, while I had legal securities coming due, that in the middle of the night I awoke and felt as if the Lord had quite deserted me. I turned over my late actions, and found as little sin as might be expected, perhaps less. I appealed to God for mercy.

"*20th.*—Worked gloriously, and got in Napoleon in Fontainebleau Garden. Three musings—Fontainebleau—Bedroom—Ocean.

"*21st.*—Went to poor Von Holst's funeral,—a young man of considerable genius, who died from disappointment in the prime of life, who felt his want of nature and candidly told me so, but said it was too late, which was a mistake. As his sister stood lingering at the brink of the grave, I thought what a touching subject it would make—'The last look,'—and when the service was reading in the dim chapel, the Resurrection and Judgment on each side in fresco entered into my head. Oh, if I am not let loose before I die, what a pity it will be!

"One of the women said to me with the greatest simplicity 'We are all so delighted at this mark of respect to poor Theodore and he will be delighted too.'

"*23rd.*—Worked hard, and got another Napoleon done, musing the night before his abdication, 1814.

"*29th.*—End of February. I thank God for all his mercies and they have been great. I have painted a dozen Napoleon sketches, finished Alexander, painted a large Napoleon. Surely I have done my duty. I could not have done more.

"*March*

" *March 4th.*—Worked well, and finished Napoleon meditating at Marengo.

" *5th.*—Worked *con furore*, and finished Napoleon in Egypt, musing on the Pyramids at sunrise. Collins called.

" *6th.*—Got in and sketched the Duke and Copenhagen.

" *7th.*—Nearly finished the Duke and Copenhagen. I have painted nineteen Napoleons. Thirteen musings at St Helena, and six other musings, and three Dukes and Copenhagens. By heavens! how many more?

" It is impossible to get that equality of gemmy surface Reynolds and the old masters got but by impasting the whole canvas before you begin, and painting into it. Equal quantities of mastic varnish and old raw linseed oil (half a pint each), a bit of pure wax as big as your thumb, and without spermaceti (be sure), makes a divine vehicle, simmered ten minutes over a chafing dish, not over the fire in the grate, for I upset the whole and it went roaring up the chimney. Engines came, and I was forced to pay £1, 11s. Sir Joshua paid £5, 5s. for the same thing.

" *9th.*—Worked at the Duke. Sent home six Napoleons Musing, five guineas a-piece. What would Sir George, Lord Mulgrave and Wilkie say to this? Got orders for three more at six guineas. At any rate this is rising.

" 'You will be compelled,' said Burke to Barry, 'to do anything for anybody, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed and ruined.' If I do, may I be d——d. Hem!"

Mention has often been made in the Journals of Haydon's anxiety to see Art professorships at the Universities. This idea had found a distinguished supporter in Mr Greswell of Worcester College, Oxford. But the Oxford man thought, of course, of working with the aid of the established authorities—the Academy and the Minister. This would not do, in Haydon's opinion.

" *20th.*—Wrote all day and finished my lecture on English High Art. Blazed gloriously at the latter part. The simplicity of Oxford professors is delightful. Greswell, at Worcester, read a lecture on professors of Art, which I proposed, 1840. It was received, as my offer was, with pleasure: up comes the simple man—never comes to me, but goes to the Academy. They invite him to dine, pump him of his intentions, find he means to write Peel. They prepare Peel for the application and sneer at the whole thing. Greswell falls into the snare, writes Sir Robert, gets the usual official reply and is thunderstruck at his apathy. Back he goes, finds the dons entirely altered now the minister is cool, and the plan is thrown back two degrees."

This month Haydon visited and lectured again at Liverpool
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and Manchester, painting a brace of Napoleons first, I suppose to raise funds for his journey.

“23rd.—Came down to Liverpool by train with a young blood, who talked away about the House, till the awful and usual question from me, ‘Are *you* a member?’ quieted him.

“24th.—Took a hot sea-bath. Awoke this morning with that sort of audible whisper Socrates, Columbus and Tasso heard: ‘Why do you not paint your own six designs for the House on your own foundation, and exhibit them?’ I felt as if there was no chance of my ever being permitted to do them else, without control also. I knelt up in my bed and prayed heartily to accomplish them, whatever might be the obstruction, as I had got through my other works. I will begin them as my next great works; I feel as if they will be my last, and I think I shall then have done my duty. O God! bless the beginning, progression and conclusion of these six great designs, to illustrate the best government to regulate without cramping the energies of mankind. Grant me health of mind and body, vigour, perseverance and undaunted courage; let no difficulty or want obstruct me; but let me put forth to their full intensity the powers of mind with which Thou hast blessed me, to Thy glory, and the elevation and innocent pleasure of my country; and grant the moral duties due to my dear children and wife may not be neglected, whatever may be my ambition, my delight, my rapture in my art. Above all, let me daily implore Thy blessing, and fearlessly believe in Thy aid till the great work be accomplished, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“One of the most remarkable days and nights of my life. I slept at the Adelphi last night, high up, and just at break of day I awoke, and felt as if a heavenly choir was leaving my slumbers as day dawned, and had been hanging over and inspiring me whilst I slept. I had not dreamt, but heard the inspiration. When I was awake I saw the creeping light. If this be delusion, so was Columbus’s voice in the roaring of the Atlantic winds, but neither was, and under the blessing of God the result shall show it as to myself—but only under His blessing.

“April 16th.—I this day lectured at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, where Davy, Coleridge and Campbell had lectured before me. I have been kept from this for nine years by the apprehensions the Academicians contrived to excite in the minds of the managers. Hamilton proposed me two years ago, and everyone voted against me. This year the managers appealed to him to apply to me. He said: ‘No: apply yourselves. You refused me; to *you* belongs the *gaucherie* of asking him.’ They did so; and I, seeing the great advantage of the hit,

hit, *Burked* my pride (as Burke advised) and closed. There was a stir in fashion about my lectures, as if *my* style was not adapted to this audience; but I am happy to say it was a complete hit. I read them the same lecture I read at the Mechanics', at Oxford, and at Liverpool, and thus have made a hit amongst all classes of society.

"18th.—Occupied and harassed in a just distribution of my gains. Obligated to leave out the good-natured to get rid of the ill-natured. Not just."

The following letter from Haydon's lifelong friend, Seymour Kirkup—a name familiar to all English lovers of Art who know Florence, and to whom we owe the discovery of Giotto's portrait of Dante in the Bargello of that city—gives a graceful and interesting detail of the fête of the Buonarroti family, in the Palazzo where their great ancestor lived and worked:

"I thought of you the other night. I received a kind note from the Chevalier Cosimo Buonarroti to come to their fête, the birthday of M. A. There I met young Michelagnolo, the painter (very like the Vecchio in the face before he let his beard grow to a fashionable point), and Faustina, the lady you formerly heard of, now grown grey, but a very nice English-looking gentlewoman. Her daughter is lately married. Ugly, but attractive. Well. There was *the* house full of company, nobility, arts, sciences, and all the talents—music—a grand cantata written for the occasion by a first-rate maestro, and sung by a niece of Cosimo's, a first-rate private singer, the famous Testa, and the famous gallery lighted up and turned into a buffet for tea and ices, all brilliant and happy. At the top of the gallery, in his niche, sits the hero himself; a fine statue with much of the style of Lorenzo in the chapel, only not so gloomy. I never saw it well before, for it is between the windows. It is very alive and noble, and he was crowned for the occasion with a massive gold wreath, that agreed so with the action, that he seemed to feel it and exult. I am no sniveller, but I should have wept outright with an unaccountable pleasure if I had been alone. I could hardly master it as it was. The gallery was built by his nephew Leonardo (several of whose books I have with his name in them), and he employed the best painters of his school. It is about forty feet long and fifteen broad. On each side are four large pictures, life-size, divided by pilasters and two doors. The subjects are scenes in the life of M. A. in Rome, with different Popes, in Florence, at the siege, etc.; of course the costumes and likenesses are authentic. At the bottom is one large unfinished fresco by his own hand, between two doors. The ceiling is divided into a number of compartments by richly gilt cross-beams, and each contains a painting relating to him.

"The family are poor, but Cosimo has got on in the law. He is a judge; a mild, weak sort of man—and he speaks very good English,

English, as his sister Faustina does likewise. Michelagnolo is their first cousin. He is younger, and a painter, and not so well off. He possesses a villa with some chalk sketches on the wall by the great one.

"N.B.—I have a bas-relief sketch in terracotta which I had from the walls of the Grotti Palace in Venice. (Andrea was his friend.) A Jupiter and Antiope, first-rate.

"They (the B.'s) possess quantities of letters and a thick volume of inedited MS. in his own hands, which there is no mistaking. The most extraordinary of all his successors was the father of Cosimo, Filippo, who died in Paris long ago. He wrote an account of the conspiracy of Babœuf, of which he was himself a magna pars. You may see it at any library. The title *Conspiration pour l'égalité, dite de Babœuf, par Ph. Buonarroti Bruxelles, 1828, 2 vols. in 8vo.*"

"22nd.—Called on Mrs Stewart Mackenzie at Old Palace Richmond. Breakfasted and had a delightful talk. Colone Fraser, latterly of the Guards, who lost his leg at Burgos, was there, and set me down on his return. We had a most delightful chat about the Duke.

"He told me the men always knew when the Duke was at headquarters because *they* got their sleep as well as *he* his. When the Duke was absent the men were always harassed, from the anxiety of the officer in command.

"He said the Duke, as soon as he had foreseen and prepared everything, slept like a top, or sat down quietly and wrote a long letter about anything but military matters.

"Colonel Fraser said it was curious to see the security of everybody if they knew or saw the Duke was present.

"30th.—Lectured at the Royal Institution and finished the introductory lectures—three. It is a great triumph indeed to have made people of fashion go through the process of an artist and I hope it will have its effect.

"Several men of fashion were present, and took an interest in the proceedings, and many women of fashion and beauty.

"These principles must sink deeper, and having gone through all classes of society I trust in God I have laid the foundation of a thorough reform.

"Thus ends April, and I have not painted the whole month but I really wanted repose.

"May 1st.—I this day again (after lecturing till I am exhausted—twenty-two lectures in sixteen days, and beginning again the instant I came to town) have reset my palette. It pains me ever to leave it. O God! bless my recommencement, progression and conclusion till the end of the year, and whilst I live.

"7th.—Lectured at the Royal Institution.

"Then

"There is a picture at the Academy by Mulready, which is as great an epoch in the colour of our domestic school as was Wilkie's *Blind Fiddler* in composition—The Whistonian Controversy.

"10th.—O God! bless the conception, execution and conclusion of my new work begun this day. Let me bring it to a successful conclusion, and bless it with sale and success. Let no necessity or difficulty deter, nor ill-health injure or delay me. Amen.

"Rubbed in Uriel and Satan.

"Wrote Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange, pointing out the opportunity which the flats on the Royal Exchange offered for a series of designs illustrating the rise and progress of our commercial greatness."

This year the competition in fresco, supplementary to that in cartoons, was opened in Westminster Hall, to which Haydon, disheartened by his previous ill-success, did not send anything.

"18th.—At my dear Harman's sale—Sir Joshua's *Age of Innocence* fetched £1596; Hobbema (Smith's Catalogue, 118), £1942, 10s.; *Le Bonnet Vert*, £693; Jan Steen (No. 43, S. Cat.), £630; Ostade (S. Cat., 114), £1386 (1320 guineas); Vandevelde (S. Cat., 21), £1399. '*Le Coup de Canon*.' The National Gallery bid 1510 guineas for the Sir Joshua. I met Sir John Hanmer yesterday. He said: 'Do you compete for this fresco?' 'No, certainly; I've had enough of competition.' 'The fortune of war,' said he. 'No, Sir John,' said I; 'the treachery of the enemy.'

"These sales are melancholy; Sir George Young's, Lord Lansdowne's, Sir Joshua's, Wilkie's, and now Harman's.

"19th.—As I sit looking at my picture, Uriel and Satan, I cannot help remembering the friends now gone, who used to call in on a Sunday and talk, and criticise, and cheer up—Lord Mulgrave, Sir George, Wilkie, Jackson, General and Augustus Phipps. How all was hope, and novelty, and anticipation! And after forty years of most anxious study I am again at it in just as much necessity, or more, as when I painted my first picture in 1806—thirty-eight years ago. Hardly anyone now feels an interest in my proceedings; yet my proceedings always *do* excite an interest, and my fate is not fulfilled. My dear old friends are passed, and have led the way. After a few years I must follow them. The state of things is melancholy. I anticipate nothing from the promised opportunity for fresco. The spaces are contemptibly small. The nature of fresco decoration does not seem understood.

"The sale of small pictures yesterday has made a deeper impression on me than all advice. It is only by moderate-sized works

works a reputation gets into possession of foreign nations. The size of life, or small canvases, will secure reward, and not lose reputation. The gems of Sir Joshua are as broad as Michael Angelo's execution. They are in the true grand style of execution for any size, and yet by the moderation of his canvas he is admissible anywhere. My object has been to create and rouse up a high feeling for Art, which full-sized works only give; but I ought not to be accused of shrinking if I more frequently *now* suit the capacities of my purchasers. I shall write all this, and then order a canvas 12 by 10. I'll combine the two more than I have ever done, and see the result. Perhaps it will be the same, without the same support from conscience which a great work always gives—sale or no sale.

"23rd.—Raffled Saragossa to-day: J. G. Lockhart, Esq., in the chair; Lord Colborne threw 30, Lord Northampton 30, Duke of Sutherland 26, and Webb, my old pupil, 11, 11, 10 (32) winning. He was an old pupil, introduced to me by Sir George Beaumont, 1819. He became disgusted; set up butter shops—has three in the town—has made property, and patronises his old master; poor Webb! There were thirty subscribers; the Duke had six shares. Eucles, Xenophon, and now Saragossa, were all raffled. Newman Smith won Eucles, Duke of Bedford Xenophon, and Webb Saragossa.

"June 4th.—I am tormented with hypochondria and melancholy. The thought of the Emperor of Russia's arrival, to whom I was presented twenty-eight years ago, and of the humiliations I have undergone since I saw him, is literally shocking.

"9th.—Horace Vernet called when I was out. I regret it much. Since the Emperor has been here, I have not had a quiet thought. He went to-day and I am glad of it, because I was not in the position I was in twenty-eight years ago; and I should have felt pain to have met him again.

"10th.—Horace Vernet called to-day after I called on him, and we had a regular burst. I called him '*Le Paixhan de Peintres*,' at which he laughed, and '*Le soldat de l'Art*.' I showed him Napoleon Musing, and he immediately sketched for me his two uniforms, chasseur's and grenadier's, which I framed and kept, because they are correct. He wished a hearty farewell, said my Uriel was '*Michel Angelesque*,' but found fault with the right knee. He asked for my other pictures, and told me on his return with the King he would see them and spend longer time with me.

"19th.—I went to the cartoons, and dined with a pupil at Richmond, at the Star and Garter. I met Bailey the sculptor who told me his *rencontre* with the Duke of Wellington. The Duke

Duke had written Storr and Mortimer he would see Bailey on Wednesday; they told him nothing of it till Wednesday afternoon. Off he set on Thursday, and came on the Duke when he was deeply studying some papers and details connected with India (I suspect the Affghanistan affair), and after keeping him waiting a whole day, which he had set aside.

"The Duke came down as soon as Bailey was announced, and on entering flew at him in a fury. Bailey told me he included in the most violent imprecations himself, with all other artists, for what he called 'tormenting him,' adding that his career was over at forty-seven, and asking why they could not be content with what they had done already. Bailey said he bent his fist to knock the clay model to pieces; but the Duke got up on the horse, and Bailey modelled away.

"When he had done sitting he withdrew, and Bailey took his bag up to the steward, and was about to retire to the inn to dine. The steward said, 'Sir, the Duke expects you at dinner, and to sleep here.' 'Tell the Duke,' said Bailey, 'I'll be hanged if I dine at the table of any man who uses me as he has done.'

"Bailey went to the inn, and was drinking his wine when he saw a groom galloping towards the house. He inquired for Mr Bailey. He was shown in. Bailey said, 'Tell the Duke I'll neither dine at his table nor sleep at his house.'

"The next day he went again. The Duke came in, in a very bad temper, and said, 'I suppose I may read my letters.' He sat and read, and tore open his letters in a fury; Bailey finished. The Duke began to melt and excuse himself, and offered to sit again, but Bailey declined. Since then the Duke told Mortimer the silversmith, he would sit again. I like this, as it is amiable; but Bailey would not accept it.

"I like this burst of character; and thank God! he is like ourselves. Bailey assured me he had exaggerated nothing.

"15th.—Altered Napoleon's coat according to Horace Vernet's correction. My children's French master, who directed me in having a coat made for Sir Robert's picture, must have been an impostor.

"27th.—I spent the morning in the Exhibition, and narrowly scrutinised every picture. Macready by Briggs, and the President of the Pharmaceutical Society by poor William Allen, are fine and powerful. There is not besides a really fine picture in the rooms, besides Mulready's Whistonian Controversy, which is exquisite. Creswick's scenery and Danby's Artist's Holiday are exquisite in their way; but there is not a single picture in the whole place which gives evidence of power to manage a great public work."

In

In July came a gleam of hope of work in which Haydon would have gloried. The Commission for building the Royal Exchange inquired of Mr Tite, their architect, as to the cost of decorating the panels of the merchants' area with frescos. The architect immediately wrote to make the inquiry of Haydon, who at once answered:

" July 11.

" Dear Sir,

" I was honoured by your question, and I am most happy to answer it, as you know I have always entertained a conviction that historical fresco decoration was essential to the completion of the new Royal Exchange.

" There are twenty-four large spaces and eight small ones. The large ones might be filled with a series of beautiful fresco illustrations of our rise, from the earliest to the latest period of commercial greatness. The small might contain, in chiaroscuro, portraits of the greatest men who have contributed to that rise. The whole series might be, like the ceiling and the building, under the direction of one man and his assistants, as abroad: but if other artists have to share, they should be constrained in their respective sides to carry out their part only of one great consistent object; and every subject they paint in that side should first be approved by Committee and Architect, as part of the original plan.

" Unless this be a positive law, confusion and failure will be the result.

" With respect to the estimate, it may be impossible to be quite correct to £100; but if one man only has the direction, he could certainly accomplish the whole without loss, for £3500—the Architect supplying the two first coats of mortar before his last intonaco.

" Perhaps the safest way would be to make an experiment. A fine fresco might be painted on the right side of the principal entrance, developing the earliest mode of commerce. For one only £300 is not too much.

" Or two might be painted each side; the first, commerce at its least—the second, at its greatest; the earliest, the one at the right, being the beginning; the one at the left, the end. Both could be done for £400.

" Or the whole west end might be done as an experiment, but still to be part of the great whole (when the whole was done), for £1000.

" To conclude, my dear Sir, £3500 would prevent any man who undertook the whole from losing; £4000 would put £500 in his pocket; and £5000 would enable him to lay by in the funds for old age and decrepitude.

" I respectfully, without presuming to suppose your letter had any reference to myself, offer to undertake one, or two, or a whole
end

end as experiments; or I respectfully offer myself—perfectly delighted to do so—to undertake the whole for £3500.

“I am, my dear Sir, yours, etc.

“B. R. HAYDON.”

This estimate staggered the Commission, and the idea was abandoned.

Here is a criticism on the frescos exhibited this year in Westminster Hall, with a justification of his own withdrawal from the competition:

“21st.—The frescos are by no means what they ought to be. Instead of carrying the beauties of oil into fresco, they seem delighted to carry the horrors of fresco into oil.

“All the flesh of their frescos looks as if dipped in a tan-pit, so utterly are they without cool tones. If they can put blue into the sky, surely they can put a due mixture of it into the flesh. There are also no reflections, and the effect is hot and offensive, and dirty; black, sooty as if painted with boiled fish-eyes.

“They say any established artist ought to try again, although unjustly dishonoured. Surely not. Were he certain of justice, he would try; but he may have able and influential enemies who will seize the chance to give him a final gripe.

“After the cartoon affair of 1843, many of them, on meeting me, expressed astonishment I had kept my health, and concluded, ‘What is the reason of this extraordinary stamina? Is it here?’ (laying their hands on my chest). Their air was exactly as if they had been looking out for my death.

“I have no objection to compete, if employed to do so; but we all know the lurking disposition which exists to lower established repute by pushing forward youthful promise. Is it prudent, would it be wise, even if there were no prejudices against me, to risk fame by contact with boys who have no fame to lose? I say, *no*. Excite the young by the hopes competition generates; but do not accuse established artists of shrinking, if they refuse to enter the lists when all the bad passions are their opponents, and when all that is amiable is sure to be enlisted on the side of those who have a name to get.

“On this principle I will not again compete, until employed.”

Six artists were commissioned, in July, to execute frescos, —Maclise, Redgrave, Dyce, Cope, Horsley and Thomas. Of these, the second and last did not execute frescos. The frescos now in the House of Lords are the work of the remaining four.

“23rd.—In thus again being left out from the artists employed to decorate the Lords, I am justified in concluding there exists a determination to exclude me for ever from all employment in that direction.

“26th.

"26th.—By the blessing of God, to whose mercy I bow, I this day, by an advance of £100 from a pupil, have been saved from ruin. Could I be but employed, I should be placed on a footing of security; but in Him I trust, and doubt not He will protect me. How merciful have been my extrications! I am brimming with gratitude. May I deserve protection!"

"August 14th.¹—Began a new Journal. God bless me at the beginning, in the progression and to the end. 'Let thine ear be attentive, and thine eyes open, that Thou mayst hear the prayer of thy servant, which I pray before Thee now, day and night.'

"Wrote my Life, second volume. Copied a magnificent letter of Keats.

"15th.—Worked and finished the head-tackling of the Duke's horse, in George the Fourth and the Duke visiting Waterloo, but worked lazily.

"26th.—Wandering, misery, thinking, concluding. Came home more fatigued than the hardest day's work makes me. Impulse is but a quicker perception of reasons that prove the truth. Bought the Report on the Decoration of the House. The two most important papers are Hallam's and Mahon's, on the principle of decorating the Houses of Parliament. Hallam judiciously maintains the subjects should not be confined to England, Mahon the reverse. Yet Mahon refutes himself when he very sensibly says, 'The English people have known how to combine the greatest security to property with the greatest freedom of action.' Undoubtedly. And in decorating the Houses of Parliament, this great doctrine, and this alone, ought to be the basis for the illustration of which all subjects to be painted ought to be selected.

"This is but another view of what I have laid down at Edinburgh, Oxford, Liverpool and London; viz. 'The best Government to regulate without cramping the energies of man,' abstractedly. Lord Mahon applies this to England particularly, and wishes it to be illustrated by English subjects alone. I maintain it cannot, and so does Mr Hallam; and Lord Mahon, in this choice of subjects to illustrate this great doctrine, brings forward subjects which have no reference to it at all, as a principle, and shows the insufficiency of English history alone to do it.

"Yet Anarchy—Democracy—Despotism—Revolution—Jury—and Monarchy—can be illustrated by English history.

¹ The twenty-sixth and last volume of the Journals opens at this date with the mottoes, "*Nil magnum absque labore*"; and "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—1 John ii. 15.

"September

"September 2nd.—Made a study of Uriel from nature. Always make an actual study from a head—never mind how ugly—to get the look of nature; then adapt, but always with actual nature as the basis.

"3rd.—I should be happy, if it pleased God, to die in my painting-room, after the successful completion of some grand head. In truth, I have no other real delight; but I should be happier if my mind did not overrun in writing and deductions.

"After painting, I always look back at the time I have lost in writing; but still I go on writing.

"7th.—Out and superintended the restretching of Solomon, began 1812, finished 1813, thirty-two years ago. I really am astonished at the picture, and so will the country be by and by. When one thinks of the trash now exhibited, good God! I had it put on a new frame, and hope to preserve it. I think it is the varnish which makes pictures so brittle. This was only varnished once. It was painted in oil, glazed in oil, varnished, and then I rubbed in oil to prevent chill. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the people at seeing such a work come out from a young man of twenty-six, in the midst of the hootings of the world.

"9th.—My son Frank ill; very anxious. Rubbed in a Napoleon, and settled Uriel. Worked *con furore*, and with effect. Frank better; he has knocked himself up with hard work. All in this house work hard.

"10th.—Exceedingly harassed about my son. Set my palette. Bored by incessant calls. My Uriel is making a sensation already; I am very proud of it. I think the head of Uriel the finest thing I ever did, except the head of Lazarus. Now for anxiety, gossip, calls and young artists. I never had a moment's rest, and the day passed in folly. Dennys, my employer, called, and was pleased beyond expression. I exult at Uriel's head, but I ought to humble myself in gratitude to God for such a mercy.

"20th.—Out the whole day on money. The Tutor, having resigned at Jesus', requires the balance of my son's college account, £140, 4s. 6d., at four days' notice. The trouble and anxiety are dreadful. Frank is quite recovered from a nervous fever, and I dared not tell him; and the dread of having him degraded if I were not punctual was agonising. Bennoch and Twentyman advanced £100 on my sketch of George IV. visiting Waterloo; so I have got £40, 4s. 6d. to make up. I trust where I have always trusted, and shall never trust in vain. How grateful I am!

"21st.—Three whole days have I been racing to raise the money to save my dear boy at Cambridge, and succeeded. God be thanked! His mercies have been great indeed.

"Thus ends the week, in which I ought to fall down on my knees,

knees, and bow my head to the earth for raising up such friends to me as Bennoch and Twentyman."

A bequest of £500 having been left to the trustees of St James's Church, Bermondsey, for the purchase of an altar-piece, the trustees invited artists to send in sketches, the sketch selected to be executed by midsummer 1846, to the satisfaction of two persons of competent judgment, and the sketches to be sent in by the 4th of December.

Haydon and Eastlake were ultimately selected as judges, and their choice fell on a sketch by Mr John Wood, who afterwards executed the picture, though not to the satisfaction of Haydon, who offended the young man mortally by the bluntness of his criticism.

There is little worth extracting in the Journals till the end of October, during all which time Haydon was hard at work on his Uriel and Satan. He notes this lack of thought in his Journals himself, and attributes it to his having fallen from "the solitary grandeur of High Art."

"Oct. 4th.—The art with me is becoming a beastly vulgarity. The solitary grandeur of historical painting is gone. There was something grand, something poetical, something touching, something inspiring, something heroic, something mysterious, something awful, in pacing your quiet painting-room after midnight, with a work lifted up on a gigantic easel, glimmering by the trembling light of a solitary candle, 'when the whole world seemed adverse to desert.' There was something truly poetical in devoting yourself to what the vulgar dared not touch—holding converse with the Great Spirit; your heart swelling, your imagination teeming, your being rising."

On competition I find:

"15th.—The whole system of competition will be a failure. It is not the way. It was not the way great men of former days were selected. It may do for young men, but selection among the established is the principle, and they will then form the youth. One commission to an established man is worth all the competition that ever was, and ever will be."

Now appeared the first volume of his *Lectures*.

"26th.—Hard at work, and finished a fourth Curtius. How grateful to God I am that I have lived to bring out my first volume of *Lectures*! I pray God it may be successful!"

The following extract has an interest at this moment, in connection with the cleaning of the pictures at the National Gallery.

"Nov. 6th.—Went to the National Gallery, and found the Moses of Rubens's Brazen Serpent utterly ruined during the vacation—the whole of the tone and superb glazing rubbed off.

It

It is one of his Italian pictures painted at Genoa. What would Sir George and Sir Joshua say?

"Worked. My Journal seems to have lost all its copiousness and inspiration.

"16th.—They may talk as they please of the sufferings of humanity, but there is nothing so excites my sympathy as the helpless sufferings of a fine old oil-picture of a great genius. Unable to speak or remonstrate, touching all hearts by its dumb beauty, appealing to all sympathies by its silent splendour, laid on its back in spite of its lustrous and pathetic looks, taken out of its frame, stripped of its splendid encasement, fixed to its rack to be scraped, skinned, burnt, and then varnished in mockery of its tortures, its lost purity, its beautiful harmony, and hung up again, castrated and unmanned, for living envy to chuckle over, whilst the shade of the mighty dead is allowed to visit and rest about his former glory, as a pang for sins not yet atoned for.

"24th.—This day another large canvas was put up for one of my series of six pictures, my original designs for the House of Lords. I see they are resolved that I, the originator of the whole scheme, shall have nothing whatever to do with it; so I will (trusting in the great God who has brought me thus far, and through so many troubles) begin on my own inventions without employment.

"It is now thirty-two years ago since I began Solomon; my resources are more abundant, but my wants are greater. Still I am a name in the world. I am more adequate, more experienced, more versed in my divine art; but I knew almost as much then as now.

"The very theories I started then, and was considered impudent for starting at such an age, the world *now* listens to, on publication.

"30th.—Worked, and it was hard work to work, from eternal calls. I heard yesterday from Kendal, the Duke's valet, he had a hat ready for me; so down I went, and tipping a sovereign carried off a genuine hat—the glorious hat which had encircled the laurelled head of Wellington! I trusted it to nobody; I took it in the hat-box, called a cab, and gloried in it. I set to work instantly, and before Kendal called had finished the hat in the picture. Kendal brought a pair of boots; I told him I must have a whole suit, cravat and all, and I am promised.

"Kendal was present at the Duke's rage with Bailey in the hall at Strathfieldsaye. He said the Duke lifted both his hands above his white head, and cursed all sculptors and painters, declaring he had sat 400,000 times to artists.

"December 1st.—The last month; I have not done all I ought to

to have done, or might have done. I have had no excuse from bad health, for I have never been better. January, February, to the end of March I did well; April and May I was interrupted by lecturing, but ought not to have been; June, my daughter's health took us to Dover. I have rubbed in and made studies of Uriel, advanced George IV., and painted Napoleons and Curtiuses at so much the dozen, and here I am at the last month. My *Lectures* are published, and have had success; it is a great thing to have lived to witness that. They are considered a manual for students, as they are.

"17th.—Strange the action of the faculty called genius! No circumstances of pecuniary difficulty, no depression of animal spirits, no danger, want, ill-health, or occupation seem to check it.

"I sketched Aristides, the populace hooting him. On Sunday I looked at it without thought or reflection. In flowed a brilliant flash of placing him in the middle; the gateways—the Acropolis—the Temple of Theseus—the expression of the Democrats, of Themistocles, of Aristides' wife, of his child!—for five minutes I was lost to external objects; I saw the whole—never clearer—never stronger—never finer. Thank God! Thank God!

"19th.—The year is nearly over. I have painted a large Napoleon in four days and a half, six smaller different objects, three Curtiuses, five Napoleons musing, three Dukes and Copenhagens, George IV. and the Duke at Waterloo (1821),—half done Uriel,—published my *Lectures*,—and settled composition of Aristides. I gave lectures every day at Liverpool, sometimes twice a day; lectured at Royal Institution. I have not been idle, but how much more might I have done!

"26th.—Began Aristides, and prayed for success, for health, for intellect, for eyes, for energy, for virtue, for purity, for success to bring the whole series of six to a glorious and triumphant conclusion, for the honour of my country and the purifying of my species.

"O God! whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee!

"29th.—Duke of Devonshire called; and to help me to pay expenses before my dear Frank took his degree gave me an order to paint two sketches for two panels for a window at Chatsworth. I said: 'Napoleon musing at St Helena, and the Duke at Waterloo.' He replied, 'Capital idea!' so at it I go. He paid me half by a cheque for £20, 14s. 11d. How kind! and I despatched it by P.O. to Mortlock's, Cambridge, for Frank's college bill. How grateful to God I am!

"Got in Aristides gloriously. The Duke admired it much, and the Uriel; Aristides has brought me good luck. The Duke
looked

looked well, and was very strong and hearty, more so than ten years ago.

"30th.—Began and finished a Napoleon in two hours and a half; the quickest I ever did, and the twenty-fifth."

At the end of December he thus reviews his circumstances for the year, in his summary of the twelve months: "This year, at the beginning, I received a blow by the Directors not taking Alexander and the Lion. I was obliged to dash it before the public at once at the Pantheon; it did not sell, so the dreadful struggle, through this picture not bringing me reward after my being disappointed in a prize for the cartoons, was another blow. My landlord's forbearance, and the kindness of my friends Bennoch and Twentyman, of 78 Wood Street, in getting me several orders at ten guineas each (for which in my palmy days I got fifty), carried me on. Uriel was prepared; George IV. finished. Dennys, a cotton-printer, ordered Uriel for 200 guineas, 100 of which was paid to Jesus' College; so that with two sons, one at sea the other at Cambridge, I continued by trusting in God, and praying to Him day and night, to bear up. Blessed by the energy of dear Mary, I worked away, and have come to the end of the year, in great difficulty, yet alive; for with eyesight, brains, health, love, and reliance on his Maker, what need a man fear? If I can only now carry my dear Frank through his degree, finish Uriel, Aristides, and the five other great works, my original designs—I will resign my spirit into his Hands from whom I received it.

"My position still is solitary and glorious. In me the solitary sublimity of High Art is not gone. I still pursue my course, neglected, little employed, too happy if the approval of my own conscience is the only reward I get for my labours, under the blessing of God.

"Thus then, O most merciful Creator, I conclude this year 1844, and approach my fifty-ninth year. I have been blessed through twenty-five or thirty years of my life with uninterrupted health and a beautiful wife and family; for all the blessings of this year accept my deep gratitude, and may I be more deserving a continuance of such blessings in 1845 than in 1844!"

1845

"*January 2nd.*—Worked hard, and finished the Duke of Devonshire's sketches of Napoleon and Wellington for Chatsworth. I hope he will be pleased. I have painted them with great gusto."

"4th.—If any man wishes to learn how to suppress his feelings
of

of exultation in success, and of despondency in failure; how to be modest in elevation, and peaceful in disappointment; how to exercise power with humanity, and resist injustice when power is abused by others; how to command inferiors without pride, and to be obedient, without servility, to the commands of others; let him read day and night the *Despatches* of the Duke of Wellington.

"4th.—I have cleared dear Frank from all but his Christmas bill, £30, 17s. 11d. God grant I may accomplish that, or his degree will not be granted; in Him I trust.

"6th.—Mackenzie gave me an order for a small repetition of George IV. and the Duke; so dear Frank is safe. Gratitude indeed is due. Lord Carlisle sent me £5; Stanley refused; Peel declined; the Queen Dowager declined; the Duchess of Kent never replied; the Duke of Devonshire called, and gave me a commission; and now C. A. Mackenzie, an old friend of thirty-six years, by no means a man of fortune, helps me, and thus my dear boy is carried through.

"Is it not extraordinary that the enormous consequences of assisting a talented youth in such a crisis did not, in the minds of the nobility, outweigh every other feeling?

"11th.—Heard from the Duke of Devonshire most satisfactorily. He is pleased with the sketches, and sent me a cheque, which made out £50 for the two, £25 a day—not bad.

"14th to 22nd.—Eight days I have lost. Frank was taken ill. I feared for his examination. I rushed down and cheered him up, and brought him through. On my return I started for Bristol to give two lectures, and am come home this day truly fatigued.

"24th.—Returned to my dear painting-room again after ten days of anxiety, whirl, lecture, and public enthusiasm.

"O God, bless my labours this day and throughout the year, and carry me through all difficulties. Accept my gratitude for enabling my dear son to come through with honour.

"25th.—My birthday, fifty-nine. This day forty-one years ago I first looked into my prospects in life. I was then copying Albinus, and had made up my mind to be an artist. What a life has passed in forty-one years!

"February 8th.—At the Gallery. Private day. Saw young Phipps. He said Lady Mulgrave was living and well, that the other day in looking over several letters of Sir George's, he found his great anxiety was about Wilkie, Jackson, and myself.

"10th.—Very severe day. Went to Rochester to see a picture. I was told at dinner Wilkie copied his Blind Fiddler from a picture in the possession of a Lieutenant Higginson, a very fine fellow,

PLATE XII

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. By HIMSELF.

From the original painting in the National Portrait Gallery.

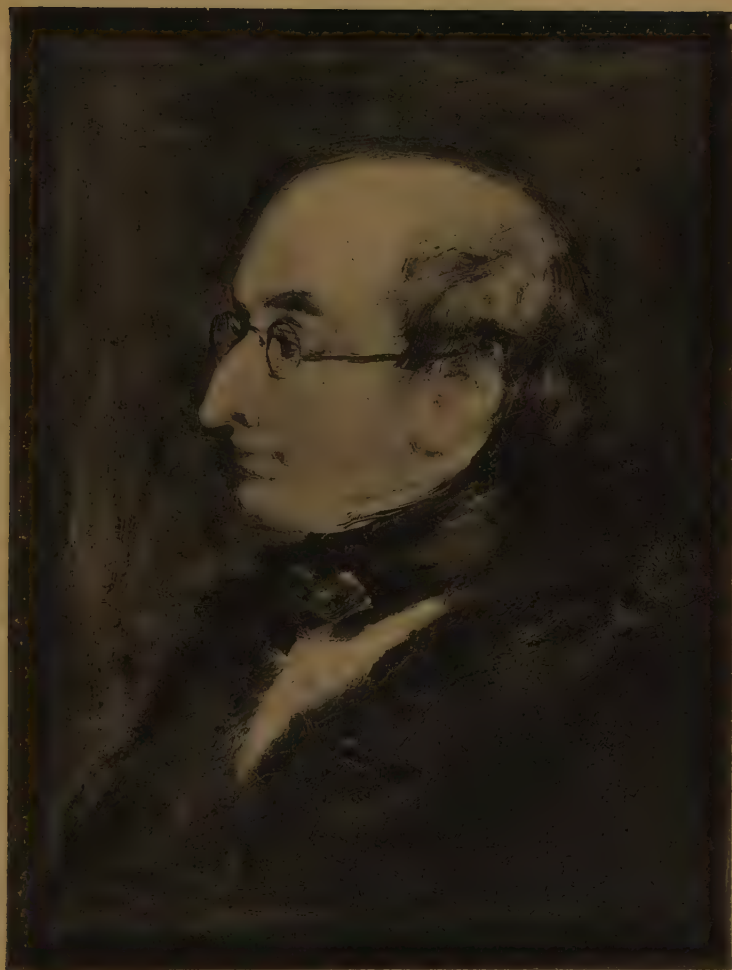


PLATE XII.

[*From the original in the National Portrait Gallery.*]

fellow, a thorough sailor, hearty and hospitable. I saw the picture; it was bad, but there was a resemblance to the position and action of the fiddler. That was all. Wilkie might have seen it. It detracted nothing from his invention, and it may have suggested the subject to him.

"21st.—Lieutenant Higginson wrote to me that Wilkie knew his father in 1799, and saw this fiddler then. In that case I really think there is something in the suspicion.

"29th.—The Conservative Club is decorated; but what flowers and griffins have to do with Conservatism, Heaven knows!

"To decorate a public building, means to illustrate by design the principles for which the building is erected.

"In the Vatican, the palace of the Pope is decorated with illustrations of the connection of religion with man, and the power of the Catholic Church, as the engine of God, to lead him by religion to salvation.

"The Royal Exchange has equally an object. It was built for the convenience of commerce. The decoration of it, therefore, should have had reference to the origin and progress of commerce as the basis, not only of wealth, but of the intellectual and religious advance of nations. For nations are refined by their commerce with a superior nation, as much as by their conquests.

"The Conservative Club should have shown the progress of Conservatism,—how all young men without a shilling are generally Radicals, because they have nothing to conserve, and end by being furious Conservatives when they have made their fortunes.

"*March 1st.*—O God bless me through this month! Amen. Grant I may bring Uriel to a glorious conclusion! Amen. How grateful I am I have brought it so near, beginning it trusting in Thee, as I have always done, and always shall do.

"Worked well, and got through the Cherub Devil.

"2nd.—Read prayers, and thanked God with all my soul. Contemplated my week's labour with all the delight, enthusiasm, and criticism of my youth. Is not life a blessing with such feelings?

"10th.—Worked hard, and finished Uriel except trifles. When I began this picture whom did I trust in? God. A commission followed. I shall proceed to Aristides, and in God I trust for that too. Coulton dined here. A very clever fellow.

"11th.—Got up as full of fire and high calling as in the most furious days of my youth. All this will be for a final working up of my glory!

"25th.—Worked like old times, like a hero. I had got the flesh of my Uriel in that state of all the most trying, nearly done,

and not done, when you may spoil what you have done, and have to do it all over again; however I improved it. My heroic model, Brunskill of the Blues, had beat all the wrestlers last week in a match; won eight pounds, and a belt of glory. He floored two of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards. He was in high glee.

"Thank God for this glorious day's work!

"29th.—Worked and added trifles of completion. Lunched with my dear friends Bennoch and Twentyman, who advanced me £20 as usual. I lectured last night at the Mechanics'; and when I told them I would paint my own designs for the Lords, there was a roar of approbation and applause.

"April 3rd.—Moved the Aristides round this day for beginning to complete. O God have mercy on me and bless me with eyes, piety, health, intellect, and energy to get triumphantly through this and the other five of my original series for the old House of Lords, so applicable to the new!

"Let me not die, or become inferior, or crippled, or lose my eyes or faculties. O Lord prosper me through this great series, as Thou savedst me through my Solomon, in the midst of much more obscurity, and disease and necessity than I now suffer.

"'Rejoice always in the Lord.' Thou knowest that I do. O Lord, from the first hour of my arrival in London, forty-one years ago nearly, to the present hour, Thou knowest I never lost sight of my great object,—the reform, under Thy blessing, of the taste of the nation. Thou knowest, always praying to Thee, I have devoted my life to its accomplishment, and will, under Thy blessing, devote the remainder. Grant me before I die complete success. Thy mercies and protection have not been in vain; and, O Lord, if competence for my wife and children be not incompatible with the realisation of this just ambition, grant I may be able, if I die first, to leave them sufficiently protected that they may descend to the grave blessing Thy holy name, or submissive to Thy holy will if suffering still be their lot, for Jesus Christ's sake. Grant no obstruction on earth, no difficulty, no want, no necessity, no opposition, though greater than any human being ever encountered, may render me for one instant timid, or delay the accomplishment of these six great pictures for the honour of my great country, and for the glory of Thy immortal, innate, and unacquirable gifts.

"Amen! Amen! Amen! with all my burning soul. In awe, confidence, and enthusiasm, Amen!

"Dennys, my employer, is boring me to send Uriel to the Academy. Why should I hurry a work on for a spring season? I love my own silent, studious, midnight ways. I hate the glare, the vulgarity and the herd. The solitary majesty of High Art is

is gone now. There was a time when its dangerous glories frightened the coward and alarmed the conceited. Then it was a single and a solitary flame. Now the paltry flicker of farthing candles dims its steady fire and obscures its splendour.

"4th.—Higginson lunched with me. He sailed with Napoleon in the *Bellerophon*. He said his influence on the men was fascinating, and he really feared they would have let him go if an enemy's ship had hove in sight. He used to borrow sixpences of the men, pinch the ears of the officers, and bewitch them without the least familiarity, in a manner that was unaccountable. Even Sir George was affected by the end of the voyage. Higginson said, when he was caught watching you, he put on an expression of silliness to disguise his thoughts. (So too said Madame de Stäel.)

"Higginson said the '*parole d'honneur*' did not seem so sacred to Frenchmen as to us, and therefore Sir George was too severe in judging Napoleon by the same standard as an Englishman.

"7th.—Moved in Uriel to the Academy, much against the grain. But my employer, Dennys (who must be a bye-blow of Lorenzo), seemed anxious, and I agreed, though it is an insult to them and a disgrace to me. I wash my hands. I regret to lose such a picture; it was a consolation to look at and dwell on. It generated higher feelings and nobler thoughts."

Before beginning a new design of Satan and Uriel, from another passage of the *Paradise Lost*,¹ he naïvely avers certain touches of remorse about these frequent paintings of the Evil One.

"14th.—I have some remorse in painting the Devil. I may excite admiration by encasing evil in beauty, but I wish to excite pity by showing the fatal consequences of the fall on what would have been a cause of delight had he kept to his allegiance.

"O God, if I deserve not to succeed,—if danger to virtue would accrue from complete success in developing such a character,—let me fail; but if I can promote piety by exhibiting the fatal consequences of impiety on a face and figure almost next to the Creator at one time, let me, as Milton has done, succeed.

"My object in painting him is not admiration but terror, and I have a sublime delight in dwelling on and developing such sensations.

"Got in Satan, covered the canvas, worked furiously. Dined with William Longman, in a splendid house, where used to be

¹ V. 736, Book iii. Where Satan,

"Towards the coast of earth beneath
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel."

two hayricks where my dear children played twenty-one years ago. Such is the progress of things. The hayricks disappear and two young people are married, who were then scarce born.

"18th.—Worked with such intense abstraction and delight for eight hours, with five minutes only for lunch, that though living in the noisiest quarter of all London, I never remember hearing all day a single cart, carriage, knock, cry, bark, of man or woman, dog, or child.

"I washed, dressed and walked, and when I came out into the sunshine and the road said to myself, 'Why, what is all this driving about?' though it has always been so for the last twenty-two years,—so perfectly, delightfully and intensely had I been abstracted. If that be not happiness, what is?

"My notion of supreme happiness is a splendid lot of drapery splendidly set on your lay-figure; a large picture which shuts you in, just close enough to leave room to paint it; a delicious light, and conscious power of imitation. You go on like a god, spreading your half tint, touching in your lights and your darks. There is hardly an effort—no anxiety, no fear, no apprehension.

"I cannot have many years to live, and, O God, grant I may amply employ every hour.

"This is a sunny day in my life.

"26th.—Did not begin till one, owing to want of money, and being out on business, but set-to with a model at one, and by five had finally blocked in Aristides, left and right. Two pictures are now ready mapped and composed, Satan and Aristides, success to them.

"Alexander, Curtius, Adam and Eve, Duke and George IV. have not sold; nearly £1000. I have now begun the first of my six pictures with hardly 10s. to meet other expenses, just as I began Solomon, only with more repute and established fame.

"What a pity it is that a man of my order, sincerity, perhaps genius,¹ is not employed. What honour, what distinction, would I not confer on my great country! However, it is my destiny to perform great things, not in consequence of encouragement but in spite of opposition, and so let it be. In fact, God knows best, and He knows what suits every man He gives. He knows that luxury, even competence, would dull my mind.

"27th.—A man who defers working because he wants tranquillity of mind will have lost the habit when tranquillity comes. Work under any circumstances—all circumstances. I used to carry my sketch when arrested, and sketch and compose as I sat by the officer's side. The consequence was I was always ready, never depressed, and returned to my work with a new thought.

¹ In Journal marked "*private*, not perhaps."

or an additional improvement, as if I had been all the time at home.

"28th.—I fear the squabbles in the School of Design will destroy it; unless instruction in design for manufactures be grafted on that for the fine arts, and under its control, it will never be effectual.

"I would propose that the National Gallery be given up entirely to the Academy, and that the right wing be a school of design for manufacture, attached to the School of Art, and under its direction.

"I would propose a permanent salary of £500 to the president, and a retiring pension after twenty years; £400 to a keeper, and ditto. I would place the Life and Antique Schools under one keeper; abolish visitorships; and I would have a master for manufacturing design subservient to the keeper of fine art. Every student of design for manufacture should be obliged to draw one year on the antique before going to manufacture, and no more. If at the end he choose to pursue fine art, let him; if manufacture, send him on; but a genius thus developed is an acquisition, and if others mistake their powers by pursuing art, instead of manufacture, the results will be the check. I would keep the acting body still at forty, but I would abolish associate-ships and establish forty more academicians elect, who should have no more privileges than associates, and from whom the forty acting should be filled up. This would gratify the vanity of the profession, and not impair the efficiency of the institution. I would abolish the right of sending eight pictures and limit the number to four.

"This is a rough sketch in consequence of Eastlake saying he would ask my advice, and that there was no doubt the Academy might be carried further. A pretty broad hint from that quarter.

"Extract from Lorenzo Ghiberti's manuscript (in allusion to Giotto):

"'Quando la natura vuole concedere alcuna cosa la concede senza veruna avarizia. Costui fu copio in tutte le cose, lavorò in muro, *lavorò in olio*, lavorò in tavola, lavorò di mosaico la nave di Sto. Piero in Roma,' etc.

"This settles the question as to oil-painting having existed in Giotto's time, though Raspe, and Lanzi, and Walpole, and myself, had proved it before.

"Lord Palmerston took the chair at the Artist's Institute, and made an allusion to the decoration of town halls in fresco or oil.

"May 3rd.—Dear old Wordsworth called, looking hearty and strong. 'I came up to go to the state ball,' said he, 'and the
Lord

Lord Chancellor (*quære* Lord Chamberlain?) told me at the ball I ought to go to the levee.' 'And will you put on a court dress?' said I. 'Why?' 'Let me see you and I'll write you a sonnet.' Wordsworth did not like this.

"When Wilkie and I were at Coleorton in 1809, Sir George said: 'Wordsworth may walk in, but I caution you against his democratic principles.' What would Hazlitt say now? The poet of the lakes and mountains in bag-wig, sword, and ruffles!

"I have never protested against any of these things, but I have never submitted to them but once—at George IV.'s coronation.

"4th.—The first day of the forty-first exhibition of my time. For the first time these forty-one years I did not go myself, though I have two pictures there. Wilkie, Jackson, Geddes, Seguier (who used always to accompany me) are dead. I felt a repugnance to go—I couldn't tell why—but I staid at home, and improved and advanced Aristides.

"Oh! heartily I prayed to God yesterday to bless me through these six pictures."

To his great delight, the *Times* critic, "after twenty-two years of abuse," noticed his Uriel in the following agreeable terms:

"There is one picture which makes us depart from our design of adhering to the great room exclusively on this occasion; that is, Haydon's large painting of 'Uriel and Satan' (605), which must arrest even those who are hastening to depart from the Exhibition as a most remarkable work. A striking contrast to the gaudy colouring on which the eye has been feasted, it appears with a subdued tone, reminding one of a fresco. The figure of the angel is drawn with a boldness which some might call exaggerated, but with the simplicity and anatomical effect of sculpture, every muscle looking hard and unyielding as iron. The face is noble and ideal, and a fine effect is produced by the golden colour of the hair. This huge commanding figure is backed by limitless space, represented by a very dark positive blue, and the whole conveys the impression of a simple vastness. There is a certain crudity about the picture, but the impress of genius is unmistakeable."

"7th.—This day, forty-one years ago, I left my home for life. Ah! with what sensations did I enter the great arena! But I have accomplished a name, and may I say a great one?

"I have advanced the Art. I am still, in spite of all my misfortunes, considered the leader, and I believe in my conscience I shall die at the head of the Art of my glorious country."

For the last two months the subject of schools of design had much occupied Haydon's mind. The London school was now split

split by the feud both among masters and scholars, of those who were for making the study of the figure the basis of the designer's training, and those who were for drawing the widest distinction between the instruction of artist and manufacturing designer. Haydon ranked himself with the former, and was indefatigable in urging on the President of the Board of Trade (with which department the school was connected), and on the public by letters in the newspapers, the doctrine of the Lyons school, that all decorative art not based on fine art is, and ever will be, unworthy the name of art altogether. Here again it must, I think, be admitted, that his reasoning was sound, and his advice that which facts have best borne out.

"May 15th.—Hallam called to-day before going to the Committee. He said, Barry had so bescutcheoned and encrusted the Houses, there was little room for fresco. What little there was would, he believed, be filled up with English history.

"I said: 'On what principle?' He said: 'In the House of Lords, to explain its functions.' I said: 'What for the Commons?' 'There would be nothing.' 'Is that just? If the House of Lords be illustrated by pictures in fresco, why not the House of Commons, equally a functional part of the monarchy?' I then explained to him my principle, to show the best Government to regulate the species, man, by exhibiting the consequences of the worst. He admitted the extension of the plan, and said the pictures need not be confined to *six*. Certainly not: only a definite object must be laid down, to explain which subjects must be selected, and, as the whole development could not be accomplished in our lives, at least we might lay down the plan, do as much as we can, and let the rest be done by those who succeed us.

"Hallam seemed to be impressed by the plan. I said, 'Don't do the whole thing by contract.' He replied, 'There's the fear; but I don't think at present they are hurrying.' I said, 'I hope not.'

"I showed him the fresco *ébauche*; and after I had begged and entreated him to impress on the Commission the utility of a definite plan and definite object, to illustrate which all subjects should be selected, he took his leave.

"16th.—Very anxious about the future indeed. In going to the Exhibition and listening to the people, I don't think they are advanced one jot. Dined with my dear friend Serjeant Talfourd. He said Wordsworth went to court in Rogers's clothes,¹ buckles and stockings, and wore Davy's sword. Moxon had hard work

¹ The present poet-laureate has since worn the same suit on a like occasion.—ED.

to make the dress fit. It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the high priest of mountain and of flood on his knees in a court, the quiz of courtiers, in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own and a coat which he borrowed.

“ ‘ London, 22nd May, 1845.

“ ‘ My dear Wordsworth,

“ ‘ I wish you had not gone to court. Your climax was the shout of the Oxford senate house. Why not rest on that? I think of you as Nature’s high priest. I can’t bear to associate a bag-wig and sword, ruffles and buckles, with Helvellyn and the mountain solitudes.

“ ‘ This is my feeling, and I regret if I have rubbed yours the wrong way.

“ ‘ Talfourd thinks it was a glory to have compelled the court to send for you, but would it not have been a greater for you to have declined it? Perhaps he is right however. I have not been able to suppress my feelings.

“ ‘ Believe me ever your old friend,

“ ‘ B. R. HAYDON.’

“ 21st.—Called on Hallam, and had a long talk. I asked him about the old chronicles. He showed me Hall, beginning at Henry IV., but I wanted the fabulous heroes, and when I mentioned Geoffrey of Monmouth, Hallam stared at me with wonder as at a madman.

“ Mr Hallam said the selection of subjects for the Houses, in sculpture and painting, will be more commemorative of facts and persons than poetical or pictorial.

“ ‘ No naked?’ said I. ‘ No,’ said he; ‘ Lord Melbourne thinks the only naked subject he knows is Peeping Tom.’ That’s capital. I would select subjects from the fabulous, the authenticated and the modern.

“ Commissions had been given to Bell, Marshall and Foley. They all deserve them. I then walked down to the Palace summer-house, which is approaching conclusion. Dyce had superseded Etty, and most effectively. His fresco, though in parts ferociously German, is the best. Eastlake’s was, but Dyce has fairly beat him. E. Landseer’s I do not like. The latter ones are painted at home, and put in, which is not manly fresco.

“ 25th.—O God! I am again without any resource but in Thy mercy. Enable me to bear up, and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing, however desperate or overwhelming, stop me from the completion of my six designs. On these my country’s honour rests, and my own fame on earth. Thou knowest how for forty-one years I have struggled and resisted. Enable me to do so to the last gasp of my life.

“ Wrote

“ Wrote my second volume of *Life and Correspondence*. In reading over my Journals of 1818, I glory to see how I suffered, how I prayed, how I pushed, how I vanquished. It made me swell with gratitude to God.

“ 28th.—Met Lady Westmorland yesterday at the Exhibition. She had arrived from Berlin a few days ago. She said Lord Westmorland had spoken so highly to the King of Hanover of the Napoleon, that he said he could not buy it without seeing it, and that Lord Westmorland had had it rolled up and sent off, and she had no doubt His Majesty would buy it. Heaven bless the wish!

“ June 12th.—Nothing I do now equals the burning impression of my longing imagination. I want to paint a picture as if out of Perkin’s steam-gun, as Rubens and Tintoretto did; and I *will*, if I live. In the foot of the mother, yesterday, I realised my feeling in a part of a great whole.

“ 24th.—Another day of pecuniary difficulty and harass—lost. Paid £28, 12s. 6d., and have £21 and £30 to pay to-morrow, with only £5 to meet it.

“ I wish his Majesty of Hanover would buy my Napoleon. The King of Prussia would not, nor would the Emperor of Russia. The King of Hanover is our last hope. Lord Westmorland has done everything a kind friend could do, and Lady Westmorland too.

“ 26th.—Exceedingly harassed for money. The Uriel has not produced a single commission. In great anxiety I glazed the drapery of Aristides, and was served with a writ for £21 in the midst of doing it, by a man to whom I had given two sketches. I told the clerk I must finish the glazing if the Lord Chancellor brought a writ, and so I did; then went to the lawyer and arranged it, and blew him up; but what a state of mind to paint in! The reason is clear enough. I have never suited my labour to the existing tastes. I know what is right and do it. So did the early Christians, and so do all great men. Suffering is the consequence; but it must be borne. Should I have shaken the nation if I had not?

“ 27th.—Out the whole day on money matters. Got a promise of £30 and came home with £5. All the young men have got commissions—Bell, Marshall, Foley, Maclise and others. I am totally left out after forty-one years’ suffering and hard work, with my Lazarus and Curtius and Uriel before their eyes; and being too the whole and sole designer for the House of Lords in the first instance and the cause of the thing being done at all. Backed by encouragement I have never known, how steadily would my powers develope!

“ I shall

"I shall never know it. I only trust in God I shall get through my six works, under any circumstances, and die brush in hand.

"Had I been employed, the sense of a duty to be done would have banked up my mind and kept it running in one channel, deep and constant. Now it has spread out into a thousand irritable little rivulets, watering the ground and exhausting the fountain-head.

"28th.—My visit to the cartoons to-day occupied the whole day from ten till four.

"There are not so many bad things as at first, but there are not so many fine ones. The error is apparent,—ignorance of what is the essence of a cartoon to be adapted for fresco. Instead of large parts, with breadth and simplicity, the greater proportion are marked by no breadth, no simplicity, and so great a number of small parts it would be absolutely impossible to execute them in fresco at all.

"Thank God, the week is ended. I have had hard work on money matters; but I trusted in God, and never in vain. I close it in gratitude. I think my six designs by far better than any at the Hall, and so will the public think when they see them. I hope God will bless me with life to get through them.

"July 3rd.—Passed the morning in Westminster Hall. The only bit of fresco fit to look at is by Ford Brown. It is a figure of Justice, and exquisite as far as that figure goes.

"8th.—Eight days have passed, and it is a fact I have only worked two. I wonder the earth does not open!

"In the city all day. An execution certain. Bennock and Twentyman, as usual, saved me. But what a condition to paint in after forty-one years' practice!

"23rd.—Colonel Leake called to-day. Much older than I expected. He admired Aristides very much indeed. He said the Hecatompædon had a pediment, with six columns. He did not know the dress of the archons. We talked of various things connected with Athens—the walls, roads, monuments, hills, climate, the family of Aristides. I was much pleased with Colonel Leake.

"Allegory should be avoided as much as possible. Illustrate a principle by facts, but do not personify by figures the principle itself, without reference to facts.

"August 9th.—Worked hard, and painted my blind mocking boy from two blind heads I got at the Blind School, St George's Fields. I gave them a good dinner, and sent the poor fellows home contented. They both lost their eyes from violent inflammation. The blind mocker in the corner of my picture is successful

successful. On Friday I failed because I made my son shut his eyes, and used him for my model. But the ball of the eye being perfect, he looked not blind, but asleep. In the blind the ball is shrunk and the eye fallen in consequence.

"18th.—Went with the boys to the Old Ship Tavern, Greenwich, to eat whitebait, and spent the day in the park, inhaling the pure air, and enjoying myself immensely.

"Coming home there was an enormous fire, which I studied thoroughly for my next picture in the series. It was in Bucklersbury. How a working man like me enjoys the *far niente* once in a lifetime! Though it was a *far niente* day, yet everything was a study. The sails of the barges against the background and sky, the distant view of London, the chestnut trees, the dells and bournes, where nymphs and satyrs might have toyed and loved, and, lastly, the fire, so that I returned home a better painter than when I went out.

"19th.—Called on —, once the favourite portrait painter of royalty and fashion, and now almost deserted, except by a stray lord and lady.

"He said a noble duke whom he is now painting told him the aristocracy did not want High Art. Nothing pleased them but first-rate specimens, and those they had of the old masters. This is exactly what I have always said. They do not want it. They don't care about it, and laugh at all who do. I do care about it; and the public voice will force, at last, justice and reward."

During the whole of these three months, and ever since the third exhibition of cartoons, frescos and oil-sketches, in Westminster Hall, which opened this year, Haydon had been a constant writer in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, urging at considerable length and with much animation the danger of the Fine Arts' Commission being led away in the direction of modern German Art. Kaulbach, Cornelius, Hess and Overbeck are all brought under censure, and their minute attention to detail, sharpness of outline, flatness and fault of colour are dwelt on, without fair recognition of the purity of their line, the carefulness of their drawing, and their frequent dignity and sweetness of expression.

Haydon had now finished the first picture of his series of six—the Ostracism of Aristides—and was about to begin his second,—Nero playing on the lyre, with Rome burning in the background.

"September 10th.—O God! whilst I bless Thee with deep gratitude that I have nearly brought the first picture in my great series to a conclusion, permit me to ask Thy blessing on the second, the sketch of which I begin this instant.

"19th.—This day I took a pupil, a very interesting youth.

His

His mother, a woman of great energy, and his guardian came with him; and the boy was quiet, timid, modest and believing.

"Good heavens! the premium was a blessing to me after fagging through Aristides, and the boy seemed delighted.

"It really has saved me. Was I not right to trust in the Lord? The guardian said to me as if half frightened, 'Will you believe I prayed to the Lord you might encourage him, if he ought to be encouraged? You did encourage him, and it was right.'

"How curious. Here was I, praying in the depths of midnight that no accident might prevent the youth coming to me, and here was the guardian praying I might think he had talent. Innocent people! How much religious feeling there is in the world! If the people did not fear the ridicule of scepticism, how much would be known.

"A remark Johnson would have relished.

"'Do you take him,' says Conscience, 'because you think he has talent?' 'Yes. Ten thousand pounds should not have induced me to take him if he had not.' 'Would you have taken him if he had been deficient, for the sake of the money?' Ask my bitterest enemy.

"23rd.—Another day of victory and blessing. 'Troubles,' Shakespeare says, 'never come in single files,' nor blessings either.

"The King of Hanover has bought Napoleon Musing, a repetition of the one belonging to Sir Robert Peel.

"Thus I have received by the blessing of God £410 in five days, after painting the whole of Aristides (except £60) on borrowed money. Good God! how grateful I ought to be!

"On receiving my dear Lord Westmorland's letter, I knelt down and prayed that if it were successful I might be humble and grateful.

"I once earned £60 in six hours. Now I have earned £200 in five days; for I painted this Napoleon in five days in the beginning of 1844.

"I really fear one is not good enough to deserve such blessings.

"I am so surrounded with family matters—money matters—that I have not touched palette or brush since Friday, the day my pupil came, to my daily pain of conscience.

"24th.—Saw my son Frederic off by train for the flagship, till he goes to South America. In the city all the morning before he went.

"I declare my anxiety to dispose of my money disturbs me more than my anxiety when I wanted it.

"29th.—O Almighty God! accept my profound gratitude for Thy mercies in blessing me with health of mind and body to get through

through the first of my great series, Aristides; and for Thy infinite mercy in rewarding me by ample means at the conclusion. O God! I am this day about to begin the second (the third in the series) to show the horrors of despotism. Bless its commencement, progression and conclusion. Grant me piety, health and energy. Grant I may impress the world with a detestation of tyranny, and advance the great character of the British nation in High Art. Grant these things I humbly ask, O Lord! to whom alone belongs success, either for great nations or individuals—humble and confiding.

“30th.—Nero rubbed in. As I approached the conclusion and foresaw the effect coming, it was so terrific, I fluttered, trembled and perspired like a woman and was obliged to sit down.

“Oct. 13th.—On the 7th I left town by express train to visit Mrs Gwatkin at Plymouth, to examine Sir Joshua's private memoranda concerning the Academy quarrel. Mrs Gwatkin was Miss Palmer, sister to the Marchioness of Thomond, and niece to Sir Joshua. As soon as I arrived I wrote to her to say I was come, and would wait on her next day; to which note I received the following reply from her grandson:

“‘Dear Sir,

“‘My grandmother has directed me to answer your note, and say that she will be happy, should her health permit her, to have an interview with you to-morrow, at or about twelve o'clock.

“‘Yours truly,

“‘J. REYNOLDS GWATKIN.’

“On the 8th, after calling on many old friends of my youth, I waited on this last relic left us of the Johnsonian-Burkeian period. She is in her eighty-ninth year. At twelve I called. Mr Reynolds Gwatkin came down and introduced me. I went up with him, and found on a sofa, leaning on pillows, a venerable aged lady, holding an ear-trumpet like Sir Joshua, showing in her face great remains of regular beauty, and evidently the model of Sir Joshua in his *Christian Virtues*¹ (a notion of mine which she afterwards confirmed). After a few minutes' chat we entered on the purport of my visit, which was to examine Sir Joshua's private papers relating to the Academy dispute which produced his resignation.

“Mrs Gwatkin rose to give orders; her figure was fine and elastic, upright as a dart, with nothing of decrepitude; certainly extraordinary for a woman in her eighty-ninth year.

“Mr Gwatkin, her grandson, obeyed her directions, and

¹ At Oxford.

brought down a bundle of arranged papers, and on the very first bundle was 'Private papers relative to my resignation of the presidency.'

"The first was a letter to Sir W. Chambers, refusing to resume the chair. The latter part bearing on my object, I extracted. Mr Gwatkin getting interested at my anxiety, offered his services, and giving him part of the papers we worked away.

"The dear old lady was soon in a bustle, for she did not seem to know the value of what she possessed, and said she had a trunk full, and ordered it down. Then there was no key; and then her eldest daughter, about fifty, was dispatched, and her niece, a little spirited thing, hunted; and Mrs Gwatkin herself bustled about, stooping for this and that, as if she was thirty instead of eighty-nine. The key was found, but I turned a deaf ear to excursions from the main point. I had got what I wanted, and must keep at that. In about two hours I finished. Mr Gwatkin had most to do.¹

"I then joined her, and we had a delightful chat about Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick and Reynolds. She said she came to Sir Joshua quite a little girl, and at the first grand party Dr Johnson staid, as he always did, after all were gone; and that she being afraid of hurting her new frock, went upstairs and put on another, and came down to sit with Dr J. and Sir Joshua. Johnson thundered out at her, scolded her for her disrespect to him, in supposing he was not as worthy of her best frock as fine folks. He sent her crying to bed and took a dislike to her ever after.

"She had a goldfinch which she had left at home. Her brother and sister dropped water on it from a great height, for fun. The bird died from fright and turned black.

"She told Goldsmith, who was writing his *Animated Nature*. Goldsmith begged her to get the facts and he would allude to it. 'Sir,' roared out Johnson, 'if you do you'll ruin your work; for depend upon it it's a lie.'

"She said that after Sir Joseph Banks and Dr Solander came from their voyage, at a grand dinner at Sir Joshua's, Solander was relating that in Iceland he had seen a fowl boiled in a few minutes in the hot springs. Johnson broke up the whole party by roaring out, 'Sir, unless I saw it with my own eyes I would not believe it.' Nobody spoke after, and Banks and Solander rose and left the dining-room.

"The most delightful man was Goldsmith. She saw him and Garrick keep an immense party laughing till they shrieked. Garrick sat on Goldsmith's knee; a tablecloth was pinned under

¹ See some of these papers, Appendix IV.—Ed.

Garrick's chin and brought behind Goldsmith, hiding both their figures. Garrick then spoke, in his finest style, Hamlet's speech to his father's ghost. Goldsmith put out his hands on each side of the cloth and made burlesque action, tapping his heart and putting his hand to Garrick's head and nose, all at the wrong time.

"She said she and her sister always went daily into Sir Joshua's painting-room after dinner, whilst he was taking his wine, to see how he got on; and he generally took his nap. 'Ho, ho!' said I, 'did *he* take his nap?' 'To be sure,' said Mrs Gwatkin, 'don't you? After the fatigue of his brain he liked quiet, and we always let him alone.' 'You are a dear creature,' I told her; 'so does my wife with me; but,' I replied, 'he kept a great deal of company and dined out too.' She said, 'Not a great deal, nothing regular. He was at home and with his family oftener than out. Now and then, during Parliament, he had large parties.' She remembered that first party with Fanny Burney. She said she and her sister plagued Miss B. in the garden at Streatham to know who was the author of *Evelina*, never suspecting *her*. As they rode home Sir Joshua said, 'Now you have dined with the author—guess which of the party.' They could not guess, when Sir Joshua said, 'Miss Burney.' Sir Joshua often walked round the park with her before breakfast; always took her to sales. Everybody in the house painted. Lady Thomond and herself, the coachman, the manservant Ralph and his daughter, all painted, copied and talked about pictures.

"She told me Northcote never in his life dined at Sir Joshua's table when there was a grand party. She showed me a rough copy of Burke's character of Reynolds, written in the drawing-room within a few minutes of his death, Mrs Gwatkin sitting by the side of Burke as he wrote it.

"Lunch was now announced, and we had all got so intimate that they made me promise to stay the day. At lunch down came young Mrs Gwatkin, with a fine dear little boy of the fourth generation. She was the wife of the handsome young man: so there were grandmamma and her daughter, and Mr Gwatkin, grandson, and his little boy, great-grandson. It was quite a patriarchal party. I dined and retired at ten to my inn. As I took her venerable hand I kissed it, which brought a tear into her eye.

"16th.—I visited Ide, where I buried my dear mother, and was shocked to find a new church, the aisle paved, and no traces of her grave. I rode away shocked and wrote the vicar, from whom I received a kind answer which is a credit to his heart.

"November 1st.—Blocked in a small Aristides, thank God, and began

began my other four sketches. The smell of the paint was incense to my nostrils. Why do I ever leave my palette? It is my only real source of happiness.

"5th.—Made a study of my daughter Mary. In the evening lectured, but very hoarsely. I never feel inspired but before a large canvas. Let me want what I will, I am then in my element; nor shall I feel happy till again at Nero. My money obligations, to finish small works for those who nobly advanced the prices to enable me to finish Aristides, must be attended to first.

"8th.—I have always said of Peel he had a tender heart. In 1830 he gave credence to me, and now, after all our row about Napoleon (and I said bitter things to him), my dear son Frank shrinking from the display of the pulpit, after £860 10s. expense for a college education, in anguish of mind I wrote Sir Robert and told him my distress. He answered:

" ' Whitehall, 4th November, 1845.

" ' Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Mr Haydon and must decline making any application to Lord Haddington on the subject of an appointment for Mr Haydon's son.

" ' Sir Robert Peel will, however, avail himself of an early opportunity of nominating Mr Haydon's son to a clerkship in one of the public departments under the control of the Treasury, if such an appointment would be acceptable to him.'

" ' 7th November, 1845.

" ' Sir,

" ' I am directed by Sir Robert Peel to inform you that there is a vacancy for a clerk in the Record Office, salary £80 a year, with the usual prospects of promotion, to which he will be happy to appoint your son if it meets your wishes.

" ' Sir Robert Peel was induced to select this clerkship for him as from your description of him as a young man of retiring and literary habits he thinks it will suit him. If your son will present himself at the Record Office, Rolls Yard, Chancery Lane, he will be examined as to his qualifications.

" ' Your obedient servant,

" ' JOHN YOUNG.'

"30th.—A very good month upon the whole. Nero, my second in the series, advanced.

" By bringing in such a monster as principal figure, I gain the object of exposing despotism more than if I had brought the effects forward by showing a family in distress and putting the monster in the background. It is offensive to endeavour to hit the characteristics of such a wretch, but the object is to show, in the most powerful

powerful way I can, the evil of a sovereign without popular check. It might be any other fire with a mere family, even though Nero might be perceived. Nero must be the prominent object, the fire the secondary.

"*December 2nd.*—Awoke in very great anxiety, yet trusting. My city friends, pressed by the times and panic, want payment. I went out, my heart bursting to proceed with Nero, but obliged to go. I was ruined in 1823 by putting on my jacket to fly at the Crucifixion instead of keeping a money appointment in the city; so, remembering this, I sallied forth, and my presence did everything. By going I kept things floating on, and returned, losing a beautiful day, as light as summer. I looked at Nero and his glorious background with sorrow. So it is. It is my destiny to thirst for great works without calculating the impossibilities, without resources; but it is also my destiny to conquer the impossibilities, and do my great work.

"It is what I am fit for. An anxiety is a necessary sweater, or I should be too buoyant. Danger keeps me remembering my trust in Him whom I might but languidly remember in prosperity. I am content if my health and eyes last, as I trust in God they will.

"*10th.*—Worked hard. Talfourd said he introduced Dickens to Lady Holland. She hated the Americans, and did not want Dickens to go. She said, 'Why cannot you go down to Bristol and see some of the third- or fourth-class people, and they'll do just as well?'

"*27th.*—My picture in a glorious state. I hope to get it all settled for completing by the 31st. I have painted Uriel, Aristides, and nearly done Nero, besides a repetition of Aristides, several heads and sketches, etc. The year has not been unprofitable; but Aristides, which took four months, and Nero two, have not brought me a shilling yet. The £200 from the King of Hanover was for the work of 1844, and the premium from a pupil was the other £200.

"I trust I shall live to get through my six. What pains me is the repeated worry such great works entail on my tradesmen. I am never ready. This week a respectable young tradesman wanted £16. I could not pay him yet, and I know he will be put to the greatest misery from my incapacity.

"*29th.*—On the 14th instant (I believe) I wrote '*Peel's move out is like Lord Grey's in 1832—to come back with greater power.*'

"I have a vast notion of my own political sagacity. Peel is back again, with double power, and he is the only man now for the difficulty.

"However, my political *furor* is waning. Next month I am sixty years of age, and begin to feel there are many beauties in

Art I have yet to mark, and my time of seeing and painting must have turned the corner. In God I trust. Amen.

"I hope I may yet last twenty years; if I do, I'll do greater things than I have ever done. I feel I shall. In God I trust. Amen.

"30th.—Last day but one of 1845. Well; I have not been perfect, but I have struggled to be so, and I have less vice to lament than any previous year since I was fourteen. The first step towards fitting the soul to stand before its Maker is a conviction of its unworthiness.

"I have been deeply touched by St Augustin's *Confessions*; they are grander than Rousseau's, because founded on the religious estimation of Creator and created. Dr Hook gave me an inestimable blessing in presenting them to me. They show me the corruption of the greatest saints; he shows the same belief in the opening of the Bible at hazard and applying the first passage to yourself as I have always done.

"Good heavens! Gurwood has cut his throat. The man who had headed the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo, the rigid soldier, the iron-nerved hero, had not morale to resist the relaxation of nerve brought on by his over-anxiety about the Duke's Despatches!

"Where is the responsibility of a man with mind so easily affected by body? Romilly, Castlereagh and Gurwood!

"I ordered the third canvas immediately, as I now foresaw the conclusion of Nero. I knelt down and prayed God to bless my third in the series, as he had blessed my two first.

"31st.—The end of 1845 is approaching rapidly; ten minutes after nine. I prayed at the end of 1844 that I might get through the great works in hand. I have accomplished (all but) Aristides and Nero, of the six contemplated. O God! grant that no difficulty, however apparently insurmountable, may conquer my spirit, or prevent me from bringing to a triumphant conclusion my six works originally designed for the old House.

"I prayed in 1844 that my son might be brought through his degree. It was by Thy mercy completed, and yet at the time I prayed I had not a guinea.

"I prayed to accomplish Aristides and Nero; I have attained, by Thy blessing, my desire. I prayed for health; I have had it. I prayed for blessings on my family; they have been blessed. Can I feel grateful enough? Never.

"I now pray, O Almighty, surrounded with difficulties, and in great necessity, that I may accomplish two more of my six,—that I may sell the two I have done, and be employed for the remaining four!

"O God,

"O God, not mine, but Thy will be done! Give me eyes and intellect, and energy and health, till the last gush of existence, and I'll bear up, and get through, under Thy blessing, my six works to illustrate the best government for mankind.

"O Lord! let not this be presumption, but that just confidence inspired by Thee, O God! This year is closing rapidly. I almost hear the rush and roar of the mighty wave from eternity that will overwhelm it for ever! O Lord, accept my deep, deep gratitude for all Thy mercies this last year; and grant I may deserve a continuance of such mercies, and conclude by the end of 1846 two more great works of my series! Amen, Amen, Amen."

1846

"*January 1st.*—O God, bless the beginning, progression and conclusion of this year, for Jesus Christ's sake, my dear family, my art, and myself!

"The Nero to-day looks well; but I am very uneasy. I cannot keep my word for want of means. I paid away too rapidly, and left myself bare; and have now to struggle—paint—conceive—borrow—promise and fly at my picture, get enchanted, and awake out of a delicious dream, to think of the butcher. But in God I trust. At sixty, men are not so bold as at twenty-five; but why not? If Napoleon had behaved with the same spirit in 1815 as on the 18th Brumaire, he would not have died at St Helena.

"There is no competition till next year. If I lose this moment for showing all my works, it can never occur again. My heart beat, my imagination fired. I thought on Him on whom alone I rest; Lord, bless my decision! Amen.

"*3rd.*—Went out on various matters connected with my Nero, to get various things to paint from, and succeeded. Called in at Christie's by accident, and saw a fine copy of the head of the Sybil in the Pace, by Raffaele. Waited, and got it for 19s.; paid for it, and marched off with it in a cab, and drove home, glorying. Such heads are worth all Vandyke's, Velasquez', or Reynolds's, in style. They keep your eye in trim for great public buildings, as to largeness, and breadth, and style. As I was walking out Wyatt hailed me, and asked me to come and lunch in the belly of Copenhagen,¹ before it was put together! I went, and squeezed in with women, Sir John Campbell, etc., and a jolly party, and a great deal of fun we had. Drank the health of the sculptor, and the horse, and his rider. I was invited to dine, Tuesday, but could not go.

¹ For the colossal statue of Wellington on the gate at Constitution Hill.

"It

"It will be something to say, some time hence, when the statue is up, I dined in the horse's belly!

"*7th.*—Called on Hart, who told me that near St Miniato, in Florence, he took shelter in a shower of rain under a portico where in the dark was a fresco by Masaccio of a figure, the origin of Raffaele's Christ in the Transfiguration.

"Thus of the Christ in Transfiguration, the Paul in Elymas and one of the men in Paul at Athens, Masaccio is the origin.

"Hart seemed lounging and overwhelmed. Italy begets a lazy bewilderment. In the Vatican, he says, there is a whole suite of rooms painted by Pinturicchio, and a chapel of Fra Beato never seen unless asked for.

"*8th.*—Anxious about the next three months. My fate hangs on doing as I ought and seizing moments with energy.

"I shall never have an opportunity again of connecting myself with a great public commission by opposition and interesting the public by the contrast. If I miss it it will be a tide not taken at its flood.

"O God, bless me with energy and vigour to seize the moment and make the most of it. Amen, Amen.

"*11th.*—Read prayers and rendered thanks with true feeling.

"As there is great anxiety in my family about exhibiting, the following is curious:

Profits from various Exhibitions since 1820.			Loss on various Exhibitions since 1820.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Net Profit of Jerusalem . . .	1453	19 10	Loss on Exhibition of Solomon . . .	99	9 10
Net Profit of Mock Election . . .	190	7 0	Loss on Exhibition of Xenophon . . .	27	0 0
Net Profit of Chairing . . .	9	16 10	Loss on Exhibition of Eucles . . .	46	0 0
			Loss on Exhibition of Napoleon . . .	20	0 0
	1654	3 8	Loss on Exhibition of Passion . . .	22	4 0
Loss on others . . .	629	10 8	Loss on Exhibition of Reform Banquet . . .	248	16 0
	1024	13 0		£629	10 0
Profit on Lazarus . . .	441	8 6			
Net Profit on Exhibition since 1820 . . .	£1466	1 6			

	£	s.	d.
Net Profit on Exhibition	1466	1	6
Sale of Agony	525	0	0
Mock Election	525	0	0
Eucles	525	0	0
Xenophon	840	0	0
Napoleon	136	10	0
Passover	525	0	0
Banquet	525	0	0
Net Profit and Sale	£5067	11	6

"12th.—O God! bless the beginning, progression and conclusion of my taking my rooms for exhibition of my pictures this day. Amen.

"Took my rooms: so the die is cast!

"16th.—There surely is in human nature an inherent propensity to extract all the good out of the evil.

"One case. Out of what a mass of indigestion, fog, debt, discontent, opposition, vice, temptation and trial is every work of intellect accomplished.

"Oh, it is a fearful struggle, which nothing but the assistance of God could support me through.

"Worked hard and got well on.

"22nd.—I will not continue to record my prayers daily. I *feel* them, but it is too familiar to write them down and bring them in contact with daily expression of worldly matters.

"23rd.—Worked moderately. At the conclusion of a picture beware of the freaks of invention. The mind, long dwelling on one idea, gets weary and starts alterations. Immediately that begins fly to a new subject.

"24th.—Sent my opening advertisement.¹ Success! O

¹ Haydon's New Pictures.—On Easter Monday next will open for exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (admission 1s., catalogues 6d.), two large pictures, viz.—1. "The Banishment of Aristides with his Wife and Children," to show the Injustice of Democracy. 2. "Nero playing his Lyre whilst Rome is burning," to prove the heartlessness of despotism. These works are parts of a series of six designs, made thirty-four years ago for the old House of Lords, and laid before every minister to the present day. The plan was to illustrate what was the best Government, by showing from historic facts what was proved had been the worst. The third and fourth will exhibit the consequences of Anarchy and Cruelties of Revolution, and the fifth and sixth the Blessings of Justice and Freedom under a limited Monarchy. This exhibition will open in no spirit of opposition to the Government plan about to be put in force, but with the view of letting the public see that works endeavoured to be executed on the principles of the great masters of the British school, founded on those established by the greater men of other schools, are perfectly consistent with the decoration of any building, Grecian or Gothic, and that there is no necessity for endangering
merciful

merciful Protector, without Thy blessing who can succeed? Thou knowest the purity of my motives. In Thee I trust.

"The absurd principle now set afloat by the Commission of allegorizing everything is ridiculous. Everything is now spiritualized in the art, the basis of which is matter. The spirit of this, and spirit of that, when the absolute flesh and blood which represents the spirit is so completely in opposition to all spiritual notions.

"Instead of the old thoroughbred English notion of domestic happiness in a tea-party, we shall have the spirit of domestic felicity pouring out the tea, the spirit of benevolence putting in the sugar, while the milk will be poured by the genial spirit of agricultural protection, and the spirit of manufacture will spread the tablecloth.

"25th.—My birthday, sixty years old! O God! continue my eyes and faculties to the last hour of my existence. Bless me through my ensuing years. Grant I may live to accomplish my six great works, and leave my family in competence. Accept my gratitude for Thy mercies up to this moment, and grant I may so exercise the gifts with which Thou hast blessed me, that I may merit eternal life, and Thy approbation, through Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.

the practice of the British school by the adoption of the wild theories of a sect of foreigners, who have considered the accidental ignorance of an early age as a principle fit to guide an enlightened one. The British school was progressing to excellence five years ago, and would have attained it had not the weak recommendation of absurd fancies thrown the young men off the right road, and the whole school into confusion. Backgrounds are now considered a vulgarity, rotundity of imitation the proofs of a debased mind; nature a nuisance, and the necessity of models evidence of no poetry of soul; portraits are beginning to appear with coats of arms sticking to their noses; the petty details of decoration and patterns of borders take place of expression and features; and all those great doctrines, which the experience of centuries established, are now questioned with the dandy air of infinite superiority to Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Reynolds, Vandyke, Michael Angelo's Prophets, or Raffaele's Cartoons. The end of such a state of things may easily be predicted; and Mr Haydon respectfully hopes his humble attempt to prove there is no occasion to change the principles of the school for the purpose of decoration will be supported by the sound sense of the people. He was the first to petition the House for State support to High Art—he was the first to petition for schools of design—he was the first to plan the decoration of the old House of Lords, and to keep up the excitement till it was resolved to decorate the new—he has devoted forty-two years, without omission of a day, to simplify the principles of the art for the instruction of the people; and having been utterly neglected when all his plans have been adopted, he appeals to the public to support his exhibition, that he may be able to complete the series he has planned. The private day will take place on Saturday April 11, and will open at 10 o'clock on Easter Monday, April 13, to the public.

" "Rydal

“ ‘ Rydal Mount, Jan. 24th, 1846.

“ ‘ My dear Haydon,

“ ‘ I was sorry that I could not give you a more satisfactory answer to your request for a motto to the engraving of your admirable portrait of my ascent towards the top of Helvellyn. My son William, who is here, has just been with me to look at the impression of the print in the unfinished state as we have it. But from the first he has been exceedingly pleased with it; so much so that he would be truly happy to be put into possession of it as it then was, if an impression could be procured for him, and would readily pay for it if purchased. Pray let me have a few impressions when it is finished sent to Moxon, as I myself think that it is the best likeness, that is, the most characteristic, that has been done of me. I wish to send one also to America according to directions, which will be hereafter given. I hope you get on with your labours to your satisfaction.

“ ‘ Believe me, dear Haydon, faithfully,

“ ‘ Your obliged friend,

“ ‘ W. WORDSWORTH.’

“ 27th.—I went out in misery. There is nothing like the forlornness of feeling of knowing you have not a pound to meet the bill of a rascal who is hoping you may fail that he may make property of the costs. Coutts and Co. had written to say it was against their rules to help me,—still, personally, I had hopes. I went to-day. The bill would be in by twelve (£26, 10s.). I saw Mr Marjoribanks; I said, ‘ Sir, do help me.’ He is humane. ‘ You know it is against all rule. I regret to see a man of your eminence so hard run. Shall it be the last time?’ I gave him my honour. He begged me to sit down,—feeling as if I had been held by a prong over the burning pit and saw a reprieve. I signed a promissory note for two months, and he placed the amount to my account. He was looking much older than I. His head trembled a little and his hand shook. He said, ‘ I am fifty to-morrow.’ ‘ Why, sir, I am sixty.’ ‘ Sixty?’ says he; ‘ no!’ ‘ It is twenty-nine years ago since I opened my account. Mr Harman paid me £300, and I came to your house.’ ‘ Time passes,’ said he. Sir Edward Antrobus was looking old and wrinkled. I declare I feel as young as ever. These rich men always look older than we struggling men of talent.

“ I fear nothing on earth but my banker, when I have not five shillings on account, and have a bill coming due, and want help. The awful and steady look of his searching eyes; the quiet and investigating point of his simple questions; the ‘ hm,’ when he holds down his head, as if he had Atlas on his shoulders, and the solemn tone when he declares it is against the rules of the house; the reprieve one feels as the tones of the voice begin to melt and
give

give symptoms of an opening to let in light to the heart, are not to be described, and can only be understood by those who have been in such predicaments. Marjoribanks is always kind at last. The clerks seem to be wonder-struck at the charm I seem to possess in the house amongst the partners.

"The fact is, Coutts' house have always had a great deal to do with men of genius, and they have a feeling for them, and seem to think it is a credit to the firm to have one or two to scold, assist, blow up, and then forgive. This is the way I have gone on with them for twenty-nine years.

"Once my trustee overdraw £21. By degrees I repaid it—£5, £8 at a time—and I always kept my word with them, and once they spoke highly of me in my misfortunes, and once they paid £100 when I had not a shilling on account. This was in my palmy days.

"How grateful I am, God be thanked. 'He who trusteth in the Lord shall be even as Mount Sion'; I have found it so.

"29th.—The artists of the world are divided into Touchers and Polishers. The Touchers—Michel Angelo, Raffaele in his cartoons, Titian, Bartolomeo, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, David Teniers, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Wilson, Wilkie, Gainsborough, Vandyke—are the great men who had discovered the optical principles of imitating nature to convey thought. The Polishers are the little men who did not see a whole at a time, but only parts of a whole, and thus make up the whole by a smooth union of parts. Whereas the great men see the whole by the leading points which make up the whole, and conscious on optical principles of the power of distance to unite the leading points into a whole, leave the intermediate parts to be united by distance.

"February 4th.—In the greatest anxiety about money matters. Accommodation in the city out of the question. My friends with faces longer than my arm, croaking and foreboding.

"I have lost three glorious days, painted hardly at all, and have not succeeded in getting £5, with £62 to pay. I must up with my new canvas, because without a new large picture to lean on I feel as if deserted by the world.

"The reason of these perpetual failures in matters of decoration in England, whether in architecture, sculpture, or painting, is, that the management is left to commissioners and committees, which is all very well when the subjects to be settled are commercial or political and every member knows something of what he is to discuss, but is perfectly ludicrous where Art is concerned and nobody but the professional man knows one iota about the matter.

"Committees

"Committees are composed generally of men of rank and station, who have little to do, while each has a crotchet of his own. Crotchet after crotchet is proposed, till some day, after endless discussion, on a slack attendance, with hardly a quorum, up gets a persevering member, proposes his own crotchet, which is carried by a majority of one out of five, and this is called the prevailing sense of the committee.

"5th.—O, O, O! I sat all day and looked into the fire. I must get up my third canvas, or I shall go cracked; I have ordered it up on Saturday, and then I'll be at it.

"Perhaps this paralysis was nature's repose. I stared like a baby, and felt like one. A man who has had so many misfortunes as I have had gets frightened at leaving his family for a day.

"6th.—Thus ends the week; by borrowing £10 of Talfourd, £10 of Twentyman, £5, 10s. of my hatter, I contrived to satisfy claims for £62, but next week I must be at it again. Though I have Wordsworth's and the Duke's head engraving I can sell neither, and though I have not had a farthing on my *Lectures* yet, I am now revising a second volume.

"My two works are done, a third canvas is ready, and, as if under trial, I have yet to begin, cheerfully trusting in God, and believing my life conducted by Him, so that from trials inflicted my genius is elevated more powerfully than from sunshine and luxury.

"9th.—Jerdan and Bell dined with me yesterday, and we had a pleasant evening.

"Laid up with an inflamed lid; always get ill in the interval of great works. Did nothing. Considered deeply my next subject. They advised me to paint *The last Charette at the Revolution*. I prefer now the quiet beauty of *Alfred*. My heart is fixed on fine English heads; I have a great many in my eye, ready models, who will be proud to sit.

"10th.—My dear mother's birthday.

"Twenty-five minutes past eleven, began on the canvas of my third picture. O God, I pray Thee, on my knees, bless me through this third picture, as Thou hast blessed me through the last. Amen.

"As I and my pupil, Fisher, were embruning my white ground with raw umber before sketching in, who should call but Sir Robert Inglis.

"Up he came; saw all my series. I said, 'Now, Sir Robert, what chance have I in the House of Lords?' 'Do you wish me to answer as commissioner, or as gentleman to gentleman?' 'As both.' 'Then you are too late.'

"When

"When I took my sketch to Walmer and spoke to the Duke, he said 'it was too early.' When I laid it before Sir Robert Peel, he replied, 'He left all to the Commission.' In fact, they are determined I shall have nothing to do with it. I am always *too late, too early, or too importunate*.

"Well, I say again, as I said to my wife in 1837, after our release from Broadstairs, where for her health I had spent all, and we returned without a shilling: 'What shall we do, my love?' 'Trust in God,' said I, and suddenly came the Liverpool Commission. So say I now, 'I trust in God,' and we shall see who is most powerful, He or the Royal Commission. We shall see.

"A great many extraordinary things have happened where I am concerned, and so will a great many more.

"17th.—Settled everything before leaving town for dear Auld Reekie. God bless my arrival there, and grant success and safe return. God protect my dear family till I come back, and my pictures and property.

"In case of accident I hope my dear friends Dr Darling, 6 Russell Square, and Mr Serjeant Talfourd, will act as executors. In God I trust. Amen.

"18th.—Newcastle. Came in 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, 303 miles. Curious—twenty-six years ago I called on poor Bewick, the wood-engraver. I have lectured here since; and now I pass to lecture in Edinburgh once more.

"Thank God with all my heart I came safe.

"Old Bewick, who was eighty years old, *on dit*, was very proud of my calling, and used to couple the call of the Grand Duke Michael and myself as high honours, and talk of it in his boozings.

"20th.—Arrived at Edinbro' from Newcastle, after a delightful journey by Melrose, glimpsing Abbotsford, after which the Tweed became classical. Poor dear Sir Walter! he came into my mind incessantly.

"23rd.—Lectured on Fuseli, and was heroically received by a brilliant audience. Ah, Auld Reekie! I smile then again to my heart,—joy!

"25th.—Lectured on Wilkie. They listened as if entranced; not a breath, or a whisper, or a hum.

"26th.—Heard from Jeffrey. To his horror, I asked him to head the list for Wordsworth.

" 'Dear Mr Haydon,

" 'I shall go on your subscription list with pleasure, but do not feel that I have any right to be at the head of it; and doubt indeed whether the distinguished poet whom it chiefly concerns (and whose genius I love more than I am afraid he believes) would

would quite like to see me there. I shall be glad to be put down for a *proof*.

“ ‘ My health has for some years been a good deal broken, so as to prevent me from going out into society, or even to lectures. But I am still permitted to see a few friends at home, and they are kind enough, through the winter, to come and see me on Tuesday and Friday evenings, so that if you should be at leisure on any of these days, from nine to half-past eleven, it will give me great pleasure to see you.

“ ‘ In the meantime, with all good wishes,

“ ‘ Believe me always, very faithfully yours,

“ ‘ J. JEFFREY.’

“ 28th.—Dined with the worthy president of the Philosophical Association, Lothian. The lecturer on chemistry, Wilson, told me a young artist was so enthusiastic about me, when I was here in 1837, that he stood for hours close to my door to see me, and at last heard me cough, which he ever after used to relate with enthusiasm.

“ *March 3rd.*—Dined with Cadell, and examined all Sir Walter’s manuscripts of the novels, and was astonished at the purity of the writing; like Shakespeare’s, without a blot.

“ Cadell said he thought the anxieties and harass of such eternal visitors at Abbotsford during his embarrassments greatly contributed to his death. He has a capital portrait by Gordon; the very simple man.

“ Went to Lord Jeffrey’s in the evening. Sat by a very sweet and beautiful woman. Jeffrey looks as sharp as ever; but having been a severe critic in early life, is doing the amiable now. He must be seventy, but he is a very dear friend, and has an affectionate heart.

“ 6th.—What is the reason of this early publication of the 5th report of the Fine Arts Commission? It has always been published hitherto on the end of a session. Why now at the beginning? Are the secretary and his masters afraid of the probable consequences of Haydon’s exhibition, with his two pictures, showing the consequences of democracy and despotism, part of a series to illustrate the best government to regulate, without cramping, the energy of man, laid before every minister for thirty-six years, and the cause of the present move?

“ Called on George Combe. We were talking of the punctuality of the Duke of Wellington, when he said, a Mr Peale, son of Mr Peale an American portrait painter, told him Washington said to his father he would come early, and was seen walking backwards and forwards, looking at his watch. As the clock began to strike, Washington came to the door, and was in the painting-room

painting-room before the clock had done. Whilst sitting, a despatch was brought; he begged leave to look at it, read it quietly, and putting it down said, 'I am happy to tell you Burgoyne has surrendered to the army.' I replied, 'Remember that was good news, which made all the difference.' 'In good news,' said Napoleon, 'never hurry; but in bad news, not a moment is to be lost.'

"7th.—Dined with the Philosophical Society. Mackenzie, Lord Mackenzie's brother, was there, who was also at the dinner given in Rome by the Duke of Hamilton and the Scotch and English to Wilkie.

"The whole evening passed off most agreeably, and all were full of heart.

"13th.—Left Edinburgh at seven. Came to Melrose, and to Abbotsford (playing at feudal castles). Went to Dryburgh; much affected.

"14th.—Started from Newcastle, and arrived in London by train at eight. Thank God for the safety of my family and self!

"16th.—Filled up my lecture on Elgin Marbles for the press. Recovering my fatigue.

"17th.—Recovered. Read Mrs Merrifield's *Fresco*. Pounced on *Pontormo's Journal* with delight. From my own instinct, I have always practised in oil the habits of fresco. My enemies know that, and will give me no opportunity, till a race of young fresco painters are raised. Entered my painting-room again. God bless me in it!

"18th and 19th.—Occupied preparing for my exhibition; but the pain of mind I feel when not painting is excruciating. I wish it was over.

"20th.—My dear friend Kemp advanced me £100 on the anti-slavery drawings, which will give me a spring towards my exhibition.

"21st.—Saw Kemp, and arranged. Corrected the sheets of my second volume, and my Catalogue. Exceedingly fatigued. I shall be glad when my pictures are gone.

"23rd.—O God, Thou hast blessed me, I am sure. Accept my gratitude. Everything proceeds so far well. Think of my anxiety at Edinburgh how to get the means to open my exhibition. All was black, yet I felt trust in God. Home I came. The day approaches; my little money dwindled away; I was reduced to a few shillings. My imagination fired up. I wrote to four men,—Kemp of Spitalfields, Miller of Liverpool, Lothian of Edinburgh, and James the traveller (?)—to buy my drawings. Miller is too poor; James and Lothian have not replied. Kemp came with his good face, and advanced £100 on the drawings. Here am I

as ever—as if that condition kept me depending on God—again before the wind. Saw carpenters, etc. and set all in motion. ‘Now,’ as Napoleon said, ‘I can sleep, whilst my *employés* are getting ready for my orders.’

“26th.—Directed 224 envelopes for private day, with the tickets, and signed in the corner. Kept the men at work all day—nearly closed in the place. Pictures framed; all alive, as I relish.

“My dearest love, who has never left me for twenty-five years, is going by herself to Brighton, for her dear health. We were touched last night, as I tied up her trunk. I hope God will bless her with recovery.

“29th.—Saw my dearest love off. I hope she arrived safely. Got all covered in nearly. In driving along, the cab-horse fell. Would any man believe this annoyed me? As an omen, the same thing happened before the Cartoon contest. Such are human beings.

“Napoleon’s coach broke down on his return from Elba. Well, it is glorious to be able to fight a *last* battle; *nous verrons*. In God I trust. Amen.

“31st.—Last day of March; April-fool day to-morrow. In putting in my letters for the private day, I let three parts fall on the pavement—about 300. Another fall! Now for the truth of omens.

“April 1st.—Hung up all my remaining drawings, and finally arranged the exhibition. My pictures looked well. God bless it with success!

“4th.—It rained the whole day. Nobody came except Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse. Twenty-six years ago, the rain would not have prevented them. But now it is not so. However I do not despair.

“ ‘ PRIVATE DAY.

“ ‘ Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (upstairs to the right).

“ ‘ Admit Noodle, Doodle, and their numerous Friends to the private view of Haydon’s Two New Pictures, ‘*The Banishment of Aristides*’ and ‘*The Burning of Rome*,’ part of a Series for the Decoration of the old House of Lords.

“ ‘ On Saturday the 4th instant, from twelve till six.

“ ‘ B. R. HAYDON.’

“ Omens of failure in this exhibition.

“ 1st. The cab-horse slipped on the wood, and tumbled.

“ 2nd. I let all the letters tumble for the private day, and to-day, in trying to put up Wordsworth, he tumbled, knocked down Lord Althorp, broke the frame, and played the devil.

“ After

" After this what success can come?

" Do I believe this, or don't I? Half inclined.

" 6th.—Receipts 1846, £1, 1s. 6d.: ARISTIDES.

Receipts 1820, £19, 16s.: JERUSALEM.

" In God I trust. Amen.

" 7th.—Rain. £1, 8s. 6d.

" 8th.—Fine. Receipts worse, £1, 6s. 6d. Is it not funny, my writing down those omens? They have turned out so correctly forerunners of evil.

" 9th.—Fine weather. Things begin to turn, I think. I dare say I was overstrained with hard work, and my mental and intellectual being partook of it. Once more I begin to trust in my Merciful Creator, and have no doubt He will carry me through.

" 13th.—Easter Monday.¹ O God, bless my receipts this day, for the sake of my creditors, my family, and my art. Amen.

	£	s.	d.
" Receipts, 22	1	2	0
" Catalogues, 3	0	1	6
	£1	3	6

" An advertisement, of a finer description to catch the *profanum vulgus*, could not be written, yet not a shilling more was added to the receipts.

" They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream.

" I would not have believed it of the English people.

" 14th.—Receipts doubled to-day. Thank God. Amen.

" 15th.—Half the month gone. God bless me this day.

¹ Haydon's new pictures are now open at the Egyptian Hall, upstairs to the right. Admission 1s.; catalogue 6d. In these two magnificent pictures of the Burning of Rome by Nero, and Banishment of Aristides, the "drawing is grand, and characters most felicitous, and we hope the artist will reap the reward he merits," says the *Times*, April 6th. "These are Haydon's best works," says the *Herald*, same day. N.B.—Visitors are requested to go up into the gallery of the room, in order to see the full effect of the flame of the burning city. Nero accused the Christians of this cruel act, covered hundreds of them with combustible materials, and burnt them for the amusement of the savage Romans. (See Tacitus.) Haydon has devoted forty-two years to improve the taste of the people; and let every Briton who has pluck in his bosom, and a shilling in his pocket, crowd to his works during the Easter week.

Amen. Sent dear Mary £2 to keep on her bathing; left 4s. 6d. only in my pocket, with a hundred or two to pay.

" 16th.—My situation is now of more extreme peril than even when I began Solomon, thirty-three years ago. Involved in debt, mortified by the little sympathy the public display towards my best pictures, with several private engagements yet to fulfil, I awoke this morning at four, as usual, filled with the next in my series—Alfred and the Jury. I felt, 'Is it the whisper of an evil or a good spirit?' but I believe it to be that of a good spirit.

" I call on my Creator still to support me through trials severer than I have ever gone through, to the accomplishment of my remaining four. I call on Him who has led me through the wilderness for forty-two years, under every depression and every excitement, to sixty years of age, not to desert me in this the eleventh hour. O God, on my knees I ask for Thy blessing on this the third of my series, to grant that I may bring it to a glorious and triumphant conclusion, in spite of any difficulty, any obstruction, earth can oppose. Grant me eyes, intellect and health; and under Thy blessing leave the rest to me. O God, how often have I wearied Thy Invisibility with entreaty! and I have always finished the works I began, when I have earnestly prayed for Thy blessing. Bless my exertions, O Lord, now. Bless the beginning, progression and conclusion, not only of Alfred, but the remaining three; and grant I may accomplish the whole four remaining, with glory to Thy gifts, honour to my country and blessings to my family.

" Grant all these things, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen! Amen! Amen!

" 17th.—Worked hard, and got on with Alfred gloriously; made a small sketch, in a few minutes, of light, colour and shadow, and then rubbed in the whole picture another stage.

" It had a splendid effect. God be thanked! How mysterious is the whisper which, in such anxieties, impels to paint, conceive and invent! How mysterious!

" But why such anxieties? Why not allow the gift to work without the stumblings of affliction?

" 18th.—God bless me through my daily trouble this day, as Thou didst bless me yesterday. Amen.

" By the kindness of my dear friend Kemp I am able to send my dear love £2 to Brighton, and pay my wages at the exhibition. Thus far I have got over the troubles of the day. God be praised!

" Sunday, 19th.—O God! enable me to do my religious duties this day, in tranquillity and faith, filling my mind for a successful conquest over the struggles of the coming week. Amen.

" 21st.—Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week; B. R. Haydon,

Haydon, 133½ (the ½ a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people!

"O God! bless me through the evils of this day.

"I thank Thee. Thou hast done so. Amen.

"22nd.—Bless me, O God, through the evils of this day. Amen.

"God has blessed me. Thanks. Amen.

"24th.—Advanced Alfred gloriously. Borne down at first in misery. Six hours at work.

"25th.—Made a chalk-sketch of my dear old friend Caroline Innes, a daughter of Beechey's.

"26th.—Read prayers with all my heart, and then went to my friend Dennys, who bought Uriel, and had built a gallery for it. It was hung, and looked excellently. How grateful I am that, beginning it trusting in God alone, He raised me up a patron who bought it and valued it!

"30th.—End of the month. One of variety of fortune.

"For the blessings—gratitude. For the evils—submission. I made this appeal again, despising Napoleon for not trying the 18th Brumaire after Waterloo. But he was right. He showed greater sagacity. You can never repeat the cause of a success, without its producing a failure. You cannot do anything twice in life with the same effect on the world. I find it so; but in my ambition—perhaps vanity, pride, conceit—I believed I was destined to prove the reverse.—*Et voici le résultat.*

"My dangers are great.

"May 1st.—Every spring-time presses; money flies; the butcher, the baker, the tax-collector, the landlord, give louder knocks than before; away goes the only hope to the exhibition; for artists, like the evil spirits of hell, doubt and tremble, and yet abhor and do.

"3rd.—I put down in my Journal everything which passes through a human mind, that its weaknesses, its follies, its superstitions may be balanced against its vigour, propriety and sound convictions.

"5th.—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter's rent from Newton, my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half; and, therefore, there was only £10 left. I went into the painting-room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a thing is painful. After an hour's dulness, my mind suddenly fired up, with a new background for Alfred. I dashed at it, and at dinner it was enormously improved. I make a sketch to-morrow; then begin to finish with the Saxon noble.

"6th.

"6th.—I went out yesterday to look for my employer, to make him pay me £37, 10s. I had just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I called on the lawyer, an amiable man. He promised to try to get me time. I came home,—my exhibition bringing nothing; a lawyer's letter; my landlady's £30 for rent at the Hall unpaid,—I came home with great pain of mind; yet would any man believe, as I waited in the lawyer's chambers, the whole background of Alfred flashed into my head? I dwelt on it, foresaw its effects and came home in sorrow, delight, anxiety and anticipation. I set my palette with a disgust, and yet under irresistible impulse. In coming into the parlour, the cook, whose wages I had not been able to pay, handed me a card from a broker, saying he called for a quarter's rent from Mr Newton. I felt my heart sink, my brain confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery and a prison! It was hoisting the standard!

"This is temper. I went on with my palette in a giddy fidget. I brought it out, and looking at my great work rejoiced inwardly at the coming background. But my brain, harassed and confused, fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour. I awoke cold, the fire out; but I flew at my picture, and dashing about like an inspired devil by three had arranged and put in the alteration.

"I dined, expecting an execution every moment, and retired to rest in misery. I awoke continually; and this morning went off to Fairbairn of Leeds to ask him to pay me for his brother. He could not. I drove back, finding his brother was in town. He was out, and I flew up to my landlord Newton. He was irritable, and in bad health. He said I was in a bad temper. I promised him payment this day week. He promised to let me alone. Home I came, and made a complete sketch; and this moment comes a cheque from my dear friend Kemp, which has really saved me for the time.

"This is historical painting in England!

"16th.—The unexpected assistance I have received, the dangers I have escaped, the art I have accomplished, the health I enjoy, the objects I have in view, and the ruin I may endure with my dear Mary, agitate my brain and heart; but in God's blessing I am firm. I see 'One that is Invisible' who will bring me through. Amen. I certainly feel more than ever the value of minutes, the importance of my mission, and the overwhelming duty upon my heart of completing my six works.

"The struggle is severe; for myself I care not, but for her so dear to me I feel. It presses on her mind; and in a moment of pain she wrote the following simple bit of feeling to Frederic, who is in South America, on board the *Grecian*—a Middy. It

shows the inmost state of her soul, and what she really feels as to the danger of our position.

TO AN ABSENT CHILD

I

This is thy natal day, my child ;
And where art thou so dear ?
My heart is sad, and yet 'tis glad
To know thou art not here.

II

Oh ! tarry thou in sunny isles,
Where winds and waves have borne thee ;
And return no more, to thy native shore,
Where the care of years has worn thee.

III

There is a pain upon thy brow,
And thy face is pale with care ;
Then come no more to thy native shore,
For trial awaits thee there.

IV

There is a curl upon thy lip,
Which speaks of pride and sorrow ;
And a weight upon thy gay young heart,
Which dulls the hope of to-morrow.

V

Then tarry thou in sunny isles,
Bright as thy own blue eye ;
And come no more to thy native shore,
Where toil and care do vie.

VI

Oh ! could I waft me to those bright isles,
And dwell with thee, so dear !
Should I sigh for this land of oppression and toil,
Where each morn is expected with fear ?

VII

Then, pray for the day when we may dwell
In that sunny land together,
With those on earth we love so well,
And never again come hither.

MARY HAYDON, *Mère*,

" 13th.

" 13th.—Captain Waller told Lucas that Alava, who acted as the Duke's aide-de-camp at Waterloo, told Waller that, as he was joining the Duke early on the field, he thought to himself, 'I wonder how he feels and looks with Napoleon opposite.' The Duke shortly joined, and called out in his bluff manner, 'Well how did you like the ball, last night?' Putting up his glass, and sweeping the enemy's ground, he then said to Alava, 'That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get, before the day is over.'¹

" 14th.—This day forty-two years I left my native Plymouth for London and life. O God, bless me through the numerous anxieties of this day satisfactorily.

" 18th.—I closed my exhibition this day, and have lost £111, 8s. 10d. No man can accuse me of showing less energy, less spirit, less genius, than I did twenty-six years ago. I have not decayed, but the people have been corrupted. I am the same, they are not; and I have suffered in consequence.

" I used to accuse Napoleon of want of energy in not driving out the senate after Waterloo, as he did on the 18th Brumaire. But he knew men better than I. It would have been useless; he was not altered, they were.

" It becomes me now, in all humility, to pray God yet for health to complete my remaining four. Amen.

" 19th.—Cleared out my exhibition. Removed Aristides and Themistocles, and all my drawings. Next to a victory is a skilful retreat; and I marched out before General Thumb, a beaten but not conquered exhibitor.

" 23rd.—Awoke at three, in very great agony of mind; and lay awake till long after five, affected by my position. Prayed God, as David did, and fell asleep happier, but still fearing.

" I took the original sketch of Uriel, and went to my landlord and asked him to buy it; in vain. At last, I offered it to him if he would lend me £1 to pay an instalment, where failure would have been certain ruin. He assented, and I left a beautiful sketch. I then came home and darted at my picture. I have done a great deal this week under all circumstances, and advanced the masses of drapery for my Jury. There lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfelt for, rolled up; Aristides, a subject Raffaele would have praised and complimented me on! Good God! and £111, 11s. 5d. loss by showing it.

" God be praised! I have got through this week. Amen.

" 30th.—Worked gloriously hard, and finished the Saxon lord.

¹ The Quarterly Reviewer points out that there must be some confusion here between *Quatre Bras* and *Waterloo*, as the ball was on the night before the former and not the latter battle.

If I can manage Alfred and the left corner of head by 30th June, that will do. God be thanked for His blessings this week and this day.

"31st.—Alfred is well on, in spite of dreadful need. O Lord! carry me through the next and the dangerous month. Amen.

"June 1st.—O God I begin this month, June, in fear and submission. Thy will, not mine, be done. Carry me through, in spite of all appearances and realities of danger, for Jesus Christ's sake; and enable me to keep my health in eyes and mind, and to bear up and get through my six great works in spite of all the difficulties, calamities or obstructions which ever afflicted humanity.

"3rd.—Bless me, O Lord! 'Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we trust in the name of the Lord our God.'

"In proportion as you refine the *virtues*, so you do the *vices*, of mankind.

"Worked very hard. Went to Christie's to see the Saltmarsh Collection.

"The Rubens I recollect, thirty years ago, at De la Hant's. I remember it used to be a wonder to me, but I saw through it at once now.

"4th.—I felt every touch from experience. I know what feelings he must have had when he touched so and so.

"5th.—Called on my dear friend Kemp, who helped me to get over the difficulties which harassed me. Thank God!

"By the time the six are done they will all be mortgaged; but never mind, so long as I get them done. The great thing is to get them done.

"6th.—Worked hard till half-past two. Then went to Saltmarsh Collection. Finished Alfred. Something to do to the head, and Saxon lord. If I can but finish the left-hand corner and Alfred by 30th June, I'll do. If I had no pecuniary wants, I could. It is that which occupies my time.

"Sunday, 7th.—Read prayers, and poured out thanksgivings, and then went to see my Uriel at Dennys's, Addison Terrace. Dennys was dressed in black velvet, with slashed sleeves; and his fine head, fine gallery and fine pictures really carried me back to the *cinque cento*. Uriel looked well, and I said it would be honoured in Italy.

"11th.—I have £15 to pay to-morrow, without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours' peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows.

"£30 Newton, on the 25th. £31, 17s. 6d. Newman, same day. £26, 10s. Coutts, on the 24th. £29, 16s. 9d. Gillots, on the 29th. £17, 10s. 6d. to baker,—in all £136, 14s. 10d. this month

month, with only 18s. in the house; nothing coming in, all received; one large picture painting and three more getting ready, and Alfred's head to do. In God alone I trust, in humility.

"12th.—O God! carry me through the evils of this day. Amen.

"13th.—Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to my failure at the Hall. In God alone I trust, to bring me through, and extricate me safe and capable of paying my way. O God! It is hard, this struggle of forty-two years; but Thy will, and not mine, be done, if it save the art in the end. O God, bless me through all my pictures, the four remaining, and grant nothing on earth may stop the completion of the six.

"Sunday, 14th.—O God! Let it not be presumption in calling for Thy blessing on my six works. Let no difficulty on earth stop or impede their progression for one moment. Out of nothing Thou couldst create worlds. O God! bless me this week with Thy divine aid. From sources invisible to us raise up friends, save me from the embarrassments want of money must bring on. O God! grant this day week I may be able to thank Thee from my soul for extrication, and preserve my health and head, and spirit and piety to bear up and vanquish all obstructions. Amen. Amen.

"15th.—Passed in great anxiety; finally painted the background in the sketch, after harassing about to no purpose in the heat.

"16th.—I sat from two till five staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined, after having raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accidents; and Rochfort, the respectable old man in Brewer Street, having expressed great sympathy for my misfortunes, as I saw white locks under his cap, I said, 'Rochfort, take off your cap.' He took it off, and showed a fine head of silvery hair. 'This is the very thing I want: come and sit.' He smiled, and looked through me. 'When?' 'Saturday at nine.' 'I will, sir'; and would any man believe, I went home with a lighter heart at having found a model for the hair of the kneeling figure in Alfred? This is as good as anything I remember of Wilkie in my early days. I came home, and sat as I describe. I had written to Sir R. Peel, Duke of Beaufort and Lord Brougham, saying I had a heavy sum to pay. I offered the Duke's Study to the Duke of Beaufort for £50.

"Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter:

" 'Sir,

“ ‘ Sir,

“ ‘ I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal, I send as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments the sum of £50.

“ ‘ I am, Sir,

“ ‘ Your obedient servant,

“ ‘ ROBERT PEEL.

“ ‘ Be so good as to sign and return the accompanying receipt.’

“ And this Peel is the man who has no heart!

“ 17th.—Dearest Mary, with a woman’s passion, wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will not. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expenses; and hope His mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In Him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind for ever. O God, bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen.

“ In the morning, fearing I should be involved, I took down books I had not paid for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along, I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this £50. *I know what I believe.*

“ 18th.—O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said ‘ I see a quarter’s rent in thy face; but none from me.’ I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. ‘ Good-hearted Newton!’ I said, ‘ don’t put in an execution.’ ‘ Nothing of the sort.’ he replied, half hurt.

“ I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred’s and Mary’s heads, to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke’s boots and hat, and Lord Grey’s coat, and some more heads.

“ 20th.—O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

“ 21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

“ 22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

Finis

of

B. R. Haydon.

“ ‘ Stretch me no longer on this rough world.’—*Leav.*

“ End of Twenty-sixth Volume.”

This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven o'clock, on the morning of Monday the 22nd of June. Before eleven the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death. On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early, and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms; but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the Park. Mrs Haydon went out. About an hour after Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead, before the easel on which stood, blood-sprinkled, his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood; a half-open razor smeared with blood at his side; near it, a small pistol recently discharged; in his throat two frightful gashes, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary open at the page of that last entry, his watch, a Prayer-book open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, headed "Last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten":

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.

"I create good, I create, I the Lord do these things.

"Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and I fear the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged nothing but good would have come from me, because when encouraged I paid everybody. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen."

Beside this paper was another, his will, as follows:

"In the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will this day, June 22nd, 1846, being clear in my intellect, and decided in my resolution of purpose.

"I request that my dear friends, Serjeant Talfourd, Dr Darling, both of Russell Square, and David Trevena Coulton, of No. 1 Claremont Place, Brixton, will undertake the duties of executors, see a fair and just distribution of my assets, and protect and assist by their advice my dearest Mary, and my daughter and sons, Frank and Frederic.

"My dearest wife, Mary Haydon, has been a good, dear, and affectionate

affectionate wife to me—a heroine in adversity and an angel in peace.

“The property available is as follows:

“1st. My Curtius at the Pantheon, on which there is a lien of £80 to my landlord, Newton; 200 guineas.

“2nd. My picture of Alexander and a Lion is free (at the Pantheon); 300 guineas.

“3rd. My picture of Aristides (Pantheon), on which there is a lien of £300 to Messrs Bennoch and Twentyman of 78 Wood Street, Cheapside; 800 guineas.

“4th. My picture of Nero, on which there is a lien of £30 for rent due to Mrs Lackington of Egyptian Hall—²(Pantheon); 400 guineas.

“5th. Lupton has a portrait of Wordsworth, my property, engraved. He is to be paid 80 guineas.

“6. Wagstaff has a print of the Duke in profile, my property. Due to him 100 guineas.

“7. I owe a great sum to my landlord, William Newton, of 13 Cavendish Road, Regent’s Park. He holds pictures and books and prints, and the Judgment of Solomon, which is the property of the assignees of the late Mr Prideaux of Plymouth, bankrupt; he took possession of the picture at the Western Exchange, and paid the rent due, on my insolvency in 1830. His claim is for warehouse-room, for which he paid. He has been a good landlord to me.

“8th. The furniture in my house was three times seized by him, and released, and I gave him a power to enter again in 1836 for the same claims. Great additions have been made since.

“9th. I am nearly £3000 in debt from renewed claims and from my resolution to carry on High Art to the last gasp, till felt and acknowledged by the nation.

“10th. I have pressed heavily on all friends; but I have been generously supported. Jeremiah Harman, Thomas Coutts, Ed. Marjoribanks, Thomas Hope, Watson Taylor, Lord Mulgrave, Honourable Augustus Phipps, Sir George Phillips, William Newton, Henry Perkins, J. P. Bell, Bennoch and Twentyman, G. J. Kemp, the Misses Robinson and Poyntz advanced money to help me through my works.

“11. The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Egremont, Lord Mulgrave, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Robert Peel, the late Thomas Kearsey, etc. etc., employed and helped me, and William Hamilton. God reward them!

“12. Morally I fear it was wrong to incur debts on the risk of payment; but when one considers the precarious nature of the profession, pardon may be granted.

“13.

" 13. I have manuscripts and my memoirs in the possession of Miss Barrett, 50 Wimpole Street, in a chest, which I wish Longman to be consulted about. My memoirs are to 1820; my journals will supply the rest. The style, the individuality of Richardson, which I wish not curtailed by an editor. Correspondence and journals for the rest.

" 14. I return my gratitude to Sir Robert Peel, always a kind friend in emergencies. I hope he will consider the talents and virtues of my son Frank, and Sir George Cockburn will not forget my son Frederic.

" 15. I have done my duty to my children—educated them thoroughly. They are good members of society, and I hope will remain so, if, for no purpose of ambition, they never become borrowers or lenders.

" 16. I have done my duty to the art,—educated the greatest artists of the day—Eastlake, the Landseers, and Lance—and I hope advanced the whole feeling of the country. I hope my dear friend Sir Robert Peel will not forget my widow and family.

" 17. In the name of my God I hope for forgiveness for the step I am about to take—a crime, no doubt; but if I am judged immediately hereafter, I have done nothing all my life that will render me fearful of appearing before the awful consciousness of my invisible God, or hesitate to explain my actions.

" 18. I know my innate sin,—my innate tendencies to evil as a human being; but I have tried hard to subdue it, and I am sure He will be just, however awfully displeased, at the wickedness of my conclusion.

" 19. I forgive my enemies and slanderers from my heart, and hope my worthy and *unworthy* creditors will forgive me. I meant all in honour. God knows I have paid off vast sums of former troubles; and all the money advanced has been properly used in virtuous purposes, and not in vanity and vice.

" God Almighty forgive us all. I die in peace with all men, and pray Him not to punish, for the sake of the father, the innocent widow and children he leaves behind.

" I ask her pardon and my children's for the additional pang, but it will be the last, and released from the burthen of my ambition they will be happier and suffer less.

" Hoping through the merits of Christ forgiveness.

" B. R. HAYDON.

" To my Executors."

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act.¹

¹ For the medical conclusions on the post-mortem examination, and some additional facts as to the death, see Appendix I.

Haydon's

Haydon's debts at his death amounted to about £3000. The assets were inconsiderable.

Sir Robert Peel's kindness did not close with the painter's life. Liberal and immediate assistance was extended to the bereaved widow and family, and such comfort as the sympathy and help of friends could give was not wanting to those whom this unhappy and unfortunate man left behind him.

Thus died Haydon, by his own hand, in the sixty-first year of his age, after forty-two years of studies, strivings, conflicts, successes, imprisonments, appeals to ministers, to Parliament, to patrons, to the public, self-illusions, and disappointments.

His life carries its moral and lesson with it, or these memoirs are now given to the world to little purpose.

My object, up to this point, has been to give Haydon's own portraiture of himself. This is the aim which I have kept in view in selecting from and compressing his Journals. I have not tried either to raise him into a hero or to depress him below the level at which, on a review of all the circumstances of his life, he seems fairly entitled to stand.

In the preceding part of my work, having this conception of my duty as editor of his *Autobiography and Memoirs*, I have refrained, as far as possible, from the expression of my own judgment of the man and his conduct, and from any general estimate of his merits as a painter. I have done this advisedly, and at the cost of considerable self-restraint. But my work might, I think, properly be regarded as incomplete if I did not, now that the editorial part of my duty is completed, give the reader, as briefly as may be, my own conclusions as to the man and painter, founded on the records of him which have passed through my hands, and on such of his pictures as I have been able to find access to.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN

There can be little difficulty in decyphering this, if ever record of thoughts and acts can be trusted for *indicia* of character.

Haydon was self-willed to obstinacy. He rarely asked advice, and never took it unless it approved itself to him, without reference to the sagacity or information of the adviser. He was indefatigable in labour during his periods of application, but he was often diverted from his art by professional polemics, by fits of reading, by moods of discomfort and disgust, and other distractions which are explained by his circumstances. What he undertook he generally mastered, and he shows a rare "thoroughness" in the manner of his inquiries and studies, and a pertinacity
not

not often associated with so much vehemence and passion as belonged to him.

His judgment was essentially unsound in all matters where he was personally interested. His inordinate vanity (which is sometimes ludicrously exhibited) blinded him throughout to the quality of his own works, the amount of influence he could wield, and the extent of sympathy he excited.

He was unscrupulous in conduct, but not unprincipled, and, I believe, though many will question it, that he seldom contracted obligations without the intention and expectation of meeting them. But when a man once becomes embarrassed, it is hardly possible to estimate the value, or no value rather, of such intentions. His conduct in inducing his pupils to accept bills for his accommodation admits of no defence, and I cannot offer any palliation for his habits of begging and borrowing beyond those which these memoirs must suggest to all fairly judging readers,—I mean his necessities, his sanguine temperament, his occasional extraordinary successes, and his pervading conviction that he was the apostle and martyr of High Art, and, as such, had a sort of right to support from those who would not find him the employment he was always craving. His constant demand was for work and wages, and in default of these he asked for subsistence while he worked, in the hope that sooner or later the wages must come.

His religiousness is puzzling. Few men have lived in a more continuous practice of prayer; and though his are little more than requests for what he most desired, addressed to the Being in whose power he believed it to be to grant them,—begging-letters, in fact, dispatched to the Almighty,—it must not be forgotten that the prayers of many “eminently pious” people, and indeed of whole churches and sects, are little more than this. His faith in an overruling power was not strong enough to induce a calm and steadfast waiting upon God’s will, but neither, as it seems to me, is the faith of the most prayerful persons of this character. One thing I may say, that he seems to have lived in the habitual belief of a personal, overruling, and merciful Deity, and that this belief influenced his inward life, his relations with his family, and, so far as his necessities did not interfere, with the world.

His love of his art is, to my mind, inextricable from his belief in himself; and his struggle to advance the art was never without reference to the glorification of himself as the artist.

In taste he was as deficient as in judgment, if indeed the two be not different phases of the same element in character. This want of taste shows itself in the tone of his letters to men of rank, in which an unbecoming familiarity alternates with a gross servility

servility of expression. The style of his appeals to the public, in his advertisements and catalogues, is equally offensive in a different way,—from the turgid and undisguished expression of his own exaggerated estimate of himself and his works. But he seems really to have believed that the public eye was fixed on him, and struggled against facts to maintain this delusion to the last. I may regret, but I cannot wonder, that he did not meet with more sympathy. Considering how very boisterous and combative a martyr he was, I am rather astonished that he found so much. I believe that he died a victim to disappointment; that his exclusion from all share in the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament broke his heart; and that all his subsequent efforts to reassert his claims, through the Public, instead of the Fine Arts Commission, were void of true hope,—a frantic “lashing the sides of his intent” to approve himself a great artist, when he had really more than begun to doubt it.

As a husband and a father I have nothing for him but praise. His love for his wife was unabated to the last, and he did his duty manfully by his children.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS TIMES AS RESPECTS ART

In judging a man, one is bound to consider the times he lived in with reference to the nature of his work.

All evil, it has been said, results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions.¹ When we say that Haydon's failure and sufferings were his own fault, we only state half the truth. In different times his faults would not have wrought the same effects, and his better qualities would have had fairer play. The conditions in which he was placed were unfavourable, not only to turbulent natures like his, but to every artist with a high conception of his art. Things are so much altered for the better in this particular, however unsatisfactory they still may be, that it is difficult for us to appreciate the obstacles and stumbling-blocks which an artist, bent on employing his skill in public edifices, and for national or municipal purposes, must have found in his way forty years ago. It is very much to Haydon's pertinacity that we owe such improvement as there is, in this respect, nowadays. At that time the dominant form of Art was, undoubtedly, portraiture. West and Fuseli, Northcote and Opie, did, it is true, paint historical pictures; but the first owed his position mainly to a Royal employer; Fuseli lived more by the

¹ Spencer, *Social Statics*.

printsellers and publishers than by his patrons, and Northcote and Opie combined portrait-painting with history, and were supported mainly by that.

The class of pictures which now employs the largest number of artists, and is most sought after and best paid, combining some of the qualities of historical painting with still life—what is called *genre*-painting—may almost be said to have been founded by Wilkie, and to have grown up since Haydon first exhibited. This style affords a loophole through which to escape from the sole dominion of the portrait painter, in a time when the public functions of Art are still little appreciated. In works of this kind may be exhibited the highest qualities of invention and expression, though they give no scope for that largeness of treatment, that force and sweep of hand for which great spaces and wide distances are essential.

Failing this, there was very little resource forty years ago for the painter who did not feel inclined to paint portraits. Hilton lived in narrow circumstances, which would have been indigent but for some private fortune and his income as Keeper of the Royal Academy. The encouragement he found may give us a measure of what was to be hoped for by even the most gentle and inoffensive being who took to the higher range of Art. Etty amassed a fortune after he abandoned such large canvases as his Judith and Holofernes series, and his other pictures of that size and time, for attractive nudities and rich scraps of colour, of cabinet size. If ever Art was lowered by the conditions of a time, surely Etty's was. Haydon would not pine in neglect and silence like Hilton, nor condescend to small and sensual nudities or luscious bits of mere colour-painting like Etty.

He would paint large pictures with a high aim. The patrons did not want such pictures, the Academy did not favour them, the public could not buy them. They flocked to see them exhibited, but that was all.

The private patronage of that day was petty and mean, though there was no lack of rich and very kind friends of artists. Never did a painter receive more help than Haydon in all ways but the right one. Whether he was qualified to have done justice to any public employment that might have offered itself, especially in the latter half of his artistic life, may be doubtful; but between 1812 and 1823, I believe he was capable of producing works which, displayed under proper conditions, would have been nobly decorative or commemorative. But this chance he never had, for no single statesman or influential patron of his times seems to have admitted his doctrine that Art has a public function; and that if it is ever to be great in our day, it must be by being employed

employed nationally and politically,—the collective nation, through its public bodies, replacing the princes and popes of the great eras of Italian renown.

What private patronage can do to found a style and schools of Art has been best shown in Holland and Flanders. It is not to it that we can ever owe a Campo Santo, a Ducal Palace, a Sistine Chapel, or the Stanze of the Vatican.

Without at all shutting my eyes to Haydon's deficiencies in both the conceptual and technical parts of his art, I cannot but sympathise in his prayers for a great national Council Hall, or a dome of St Paul's, wherein to show the grasp of his mind and the mastery of his hand.

The New Houses of Parliament are as yet (after the great room at the Society of Arts) the only arena that England has opened for any of her painters who may indulge in aspirations like Haydon's.

OF THE QUALITIES OF HAYDON AS AN ARTIST

No part of my work, in connection with Haydon, has cost me more pains, with less profit, than this of settling and putting into words my judgment of him as a painter.

Yet I am, in many respects, favourably placed for forming a fair estimate, as being free from partisanship and a stranger to the heats which gathered about Haydon and his works in his lifetime and among his contemporaries. The difficulty I have felt arises from the works themselves, considered without reference to the feuds and struggles of their author.

I have taken advantage of all opportunities within my reach for acquiring a knowledge of Haydon's pictures. The Dentatus I only know from Harvey's masterly woodcut. The Macbeth, and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, I have not seen. But I have been able to examine, at leisure, the Solomon, Lazarus, Xenophon, May-day or Punch, the Mock Election, the Englishman's Breakfast, Christ's Agony in the Garden, the Poitiers, and the Curtius, some portraits, the Spanish Nun, and a small head of the Gipsy Model. The Waiting for the Times, the Statesman Musing, the Napoleon at St Helena, and the Duke at Waterloo, I am acquainted with only from engravings. I find in all these pictures, in varying degrees, the same beauties and the same defects. In the earliest the defects are least visible and the beauties greatest.

The Judgment of Solomon¹ seems to me, as a whole, beyond dispute the finest work Haydon ever executed, though there is

¹ Now exhibiting at the British Institution (June 1853).

nothing in it equal, in power of conception and execution, to the head of Lazarus.

I was fortunate enough, in some of my examinations of Haydon's pictures, to be accompanied by a friend,¹ who combines the artist's knowledge of technical means and eye for imitative detail, with that large appreciation of aims and intentions in which the criticism of artists is often deficient. His judgment, moreover, is that of one sympathising in many respects with Haydon, and cheerfully recognising his services as an earnest and eloquent advocate of the claims of High Art on the Government and the public. I claim, therefore, all respect for the opinions of one whom I know to be conscientious, as I believe him to be competent, and to whom I wish here to express my thanks for the use he has allowed me to make of his communication, which expresses, in the main, what I myself feel on the subject. "I am afraid," Mr Watts writes, "you will think I have forgotten the promise I made to give you my opinion on the characteristics of Haydon's art. But the fact is, I find it very difficult to arrive at a definite conclusion. Sympathising sincerely with him in his views upon Art, to their utmost extent, naturally inclined to appreciate the qualities he aims at, and doing full justice to the power and amount of knowledge displayed, I am surprised to find how little I am really affected at his works, and how difficult it is to retain any very distinct impression of them. This corroboration of public opinion in my own feelings I have been endeavouring to account for. When any qualities beyond common experience and knowledge, and above the most ordinary comprehension, are aimed at, the public estimate can only be valuable when it has received the fiat of time; but when the first difficulty has been got over, and the public interested, it is rare that what is really good has failed to maintain its place.

"I think we shall find, upon examination, that all Art which has been really and permanently successful has been the exponent of some great principle of mind or matter,—the illustration of some great truth,—the translations of some paragraph out of the book of nature. If Haydon read therein and strove to expound the lesson, he read too hastily to understand fully, and did not, like Demosthenes, take pains to perfect a defective utterance. His art is defective in principle and wanting in attractiveness, not sufficiently beautiful to please, not possessing those qualities of exact imitation which attract, amuse, give confidence, and

¹ Mr G. F. Watts, the designer of the Cartoon of Caractacus, and the painter of Alfred Encouraging the Saxons to pursue the Danes, which respectively gained premiums of the first class in the Westminster Hall competitions of 1843 and 1847.

even flatter, because they, in a manner, take the spectator into partnership, and make him feel as if they were almost suggestions of his own. 'This is what I have seen, and what I would do, if I had time to paint; *anch' io son pittore.*'

"The characteristics of Haydon's art appear to me to be great determination and power, knowledge and effrontery. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. The art of Phidias translated and expressed perfection of form in its full dignity and beauty; that of Angelico, Perugino, Francia and Raffaele, religion; that of Michel Angelo the might of imagination; the greater of the Venetians were the exponents of the power of nature in its rich harmony of colour; Correggio is all sweetness; Tintoretto is the Michel Angelo of colour and effect; Rubens is profuse and generous as autumn; and, if he is sometimes slovenly, he is so jovial and high-spirited that one forgives everything.

"All these, and many others, worked with earnestness and conscientiousness. Absolute truth, in combination with abstract qualities, or without them, will always successfully appeal to the spectator's intelligence. Haydon seems to me to have succeeded as often as he displays any real anxiety to do so; but one is struck with the extraordinary discrepancy of different parts of his work, as though, bored by a fixed attention that had taken him out of himself, yet highly applauding the result, he had daubed and scrawled his brush about in a sort of intoxication of self-glory.

"Indeed his pictures are himself, and fail as he failed. Whatever a man may suffer or lose in a cause, he will never arrive at the dignity of martyrdom unless he can persuade people that he has embraced the cause with views and aspirations unconnected with his personal gratification and advancement. In Haydon's work there is not sufficient forgetfulness of self to disarm criticism of personality. His pictures are themselves autobiographical notes of the most interesting kind; but their want of beauty repels, and their want of modesty exasperates. Perhaps their principal characteristic is want of delicacy of perception and refinement of execution. In these respects I have seen no work of his that is not more than incomplete. Pathos also is lacking. The good man, with his family, in the Mock Election, is in many respects an admirable bit of composition and painting; yet it appears to me that he is too much identified with the crowd, and almost looks as if he were following the fop to take an oath at the same table. In Punch the apple-woman is too rosy and too clean to sleep from any reason but health and enjoyment. He could give an idea of foolish pleasure and coarse delight; but
while

while there is bitter satire there is no touch of feeling. Hogarth would have given you some wretched child, made indifferent to the humour of Punch by sickness and hunger, made old by misery.

"In the Retreat of the Ten Thousand he has missed making the principal incident the most affecting; in Lazarus he has lost all by the general vulgarity of the astonishment.

"To particularise—I should say that his touch is generally woolly, and his surface disagreeable; that the *dabs* of white on the lights and the *dabs* of red in the shadows are untrue and unpleasing; that his draperies are deficient in richness and dignity, and his general effect much less good than one would expect from the goodness of parts, which I think arises principally from the coarseness of the handling; that his expressions of anatomy and general perception of form are the best by far than can be found in the English school; and I feel even a direction towards something that is only to be found in Phidias. But this is not true invariably: his proportion is very often defective, especially in the arms of his figures, and his hands and feet, though well understood, are often dandified and uncharacteristic.

"I have pointed out all the things that strike me as errors, because I know that you fully appreciate the greater qualities as I do, and because many of these defects you will fairly ascribe to the unfavourable conditions of his life. His first great work, the Solomon, appears to me to be, beyond all comparison, his best. It is far more equal than anything else I have seen, very powerful in execution, and fine in colour. I think he has lowered the character of Solomon by making him a half joker, but the whole has, at least, the dignity of power. Too much praise cannot, I think, be bestowed on the head of Lazarus; and in the absence of such important evidence as the Entry into Jerusalem would afford, it is hardly fair to pass judgment.

"It is somewhat remarkable that the only man who can be said to have formed a school in England after the manner of the Italian artists, is perhaps the only artist of any eminence who has had no imitators."

I believe that this criticism points out, honestly and accurately, the defects of Haydon's art, taking for granted, rather than expressing, its countervailing beauties. These appear to me, besides the general power in drawing and action, to be a fine feeling for colour in draperies and backgrounds, vigorous and pregnant conception, both of single heads, figures and groups, great occasional truth of expression, such as I have noticed in the Punch, and such as is strikingly exhibited in particular parts of the Mock Election (as in the head of the nurse behind the good

man), and, in the earlier pictures at least, a large and noble arrangement of the composition. Besides these merits, there is a lower one even more distinctly shown, that of great power of truthful imitation. The still life of Haydon's pictures is admirable, wherever he gave himself the trouble to elaborate it; so excellent, indeed, as to make even more apparent his unaccountable carelessness in parts of greater importance. This carelessness I attribute to the joint intoxication of an impetuous conception and an inordinate vanity. Physical defects of sight may also have had much to do with this inequality.

Throughout his pictures, as in his autobiographical painting of himself, I see the want of that delicacy which is equally required for the refined appreciation of the chastened and tender in form and expression, as of the self-denying, unobtrusive, and retiring in character. The absence of the former qualities I feel as painfully in Haydon's art, as the lack of the latter in his conduct. The want of calm is alike apparent in his pictures and in his life, and both, while they contain much to command admiration and sympathy, fail of that true dignity before which the mind bows, so to speak, involuntarily, and to which calm is essential.

Haydon will be remembered less as a painter than as a theorist and lecturer about his calling. He was the first artist who got a hearing in his insisting to the Government and public of England that Art is a matter of national concern. Before his time no one had urged this truth except the passionate and cynical Barry.

I have said elsewhere that it is difficult to assign the exact effect due to the constant and energetic pressing of this doctrine by Haydon. The doctrine itself is now admitted in theory, and a beginning has even been made of realising it in practice. It is undeniable that Haydon preached it for forty years; that he lived to see it triumph, and to die, by his own hand, under the heartbreak of disappointment, when the triumph of his cherished principle brought no employment for him.

By his assertion of the real value of the Elgin Marbles, in the teeth of dilettantism, Haydon has earned a title to the gratitude of artists and lovers of Art which is less likely to be contested. No one had so thoroughly mastered the secret of these great fragments as Haydon, and no artist of his day was so well qualified to do so, or so gifted with the power of making their beauties palpable by description.

In doing the world this service, he used many channels—his letters to the newspapers, his pamphlets, his conversations, the training and drawings of his pupils, and above all, his lectures. In all these ways he poured upon the public ear a vast amount of

of sound theory touching painting and sculpture. And as a populariser of Art his name stands without a rival among his brethren.

This merit, which I fearlessly claim for Haydon, is no mean one. Let the admission of it close gently and compassionately this record of a life, begun in high aspiration, urged through great varieties of fortune, reduced often to the deepest humiliation, and not always contained within the metes and bounds of right, embittered by perpetual conflict, cheered by the most buoyant self-confidence, misled in most points by a ludicrous vanity, and closed by a catastrophe, to which inveterate self-assertion and the love of effect concurred strangely with the distraction of pecuniary troubles and the sickening of hope deferred.

Since the First Edition of these *Memoirs* appeared, I have received from Mr Watts the following remarks, which have a close bearing on the subject of Haydon's relations to the public men of his time, and the question with which he was so possessed—the employment of artists on works of Art at the public expense. The remarks of Mr Watts are so full of matter for thought, and state so fairly and guardedly the obstacles in the way of any artist desirous of working in the most imaginative and elevated paths of his art, that I insert them without abbreviation. They contain answers to questions which can hardly fail to have been suggested to many by perusal of the *Memoirs of Haydon*, and they furnish a practical suggestion on a subject which every day is becoming one of more interest—the function of Art in popular education, and the means of employing it for the purpose of national teaching:

“Whilst the defects of Haydon's style may be more or less obvious to all, it must also be obvious that in him was wasted an enormous amount of working power; and in connection with this point it may well be permitted us at least to regret that practical England feels no natural love of Art excepting that of the imitative kind. It may be true that good excise laws and a good police are more necessary to the welfare of the nation than painting and sculpture, but patriots and statesmen alike forget that the time will come when the want of Great Art in England will produce a gap sadly defacing the beauty of our whole national structure. Setting aside the present practical value of Art as a means of general instruction and improvement—when all shall be a question of history, every possession and every want of our country will become matter of national perfection or national deformity. Pendants in Art to the great names in Literature will
be

be sparingly found ; nor is this to be attributed to want of talent, but want of opportunity. It was not, perhaps, to be expected that either Lord Grey or Lord Melbourne could make any serious attempts to carry out Haydon's views ; yet had they shown themselves more sensible of the general reasonableness of the broad principle, their claims to respect for comprehensiveness of mind would have been increased. First-rate materials were certainly in Haydon's case neglected, and one cannot help thinking that means of employing them might have been found. Working, for example, as an historian to record England's battles, he would, no doubt, have produced a series of mighty and instructive pictures, being a powerful draughtsman and a conscientious student of costume and historical details. The heroic, the indomitable and the enthusiastic would have found in him a congenial illustrator. Certainly that success which is to be achieved by audacity must have been his ; and the greatness of the undertaking, satisfying a mind that was always craving after the important, would have purged it of its vanity and left it free to its sounder workings. Self must have been forgotten if only for want of time to remember it.

"The modern artist may justly lay claim to all the advantages that can possibly be afforded him in the production of works that from their character and aim will be compared, both unconsciously and intentionally, with the splendid creations of the old masters. With reference to the things themselves there is no unfairness in such comparison ; but in transferring praise or blame from the work to the workman, it should be remembered that the conditions of modern times and northern climates are eminently unfavourable to the artist, not to lay stress upon the most important fact, that such works must in this country grow entirely out of the artist's desire to do something great—a stimulus that even in the most ardent mind may be weakened by difficulty, and destroyed by want of sympathy and inconsiderate criticism. Under the influence of these the working out of his designs will demand in the English artist of our own day an amount of exertion unknown to the old masters ; and in place of which they had but the delightful, and to the dexterous artist easy, task of imitation. In the nineteenth century and in the grey North, he who would paint an ancient subject or treat grandly an abstract one finds himself entirely without artistic materials ; and he must either invent or imitate what he has seen done by others. Even the human form is so shut up and hidden on ordinary occasions that it is only displayed to the artist under false conditions, and seems to him, and is in fact, unnatural in its appearance. In Italy to this day, though gorgeous costume no longer contributes its magnificence to the general splendour, one constantly sees forms and combinations that might be adopted, without alteration, in the grandest composition. That the harmonious and glowing effects produced by the old masters possess a degree of truth and power rarely or never found in modern Art is not surprising, as
they

they were in fact copies of reality, not seen now and then and upon great occasions, but as often as the artist left his painting-room. No doubt nature is always the same: similar impulses have actuated mankind for good and evil from the earliest times until now, and the laws which regulate the outward indications of that which is within, are alike general and invariable. But as Art, whose means of expression are combinations of line, colour and contrast, cannot be independent of the beautiful, the splendid and the various, the whole range of conditions in modern England presents to the artist who would produce the gorgeous, the splendid and the impressive (in effect) about as much the aspect of nature as does the Dutch garden with trees clipt into the forms of peacocks and vases. To the painter of actualities the materials are ever available and good. There is nothing to prevent the perfect success of another Hogarth. The details of everyday life and the police courts, looked at from a philosophical point of view, furnish subjects perhaps superior, certainly more affecting, than the majority of those treated by the earlier painters. But still the beautiful, the dignified and the glowing form part of our natural wants, and cannot be given up without regret. As long as painting shall be practised we shall find men like Haydon pining after something which they know of and feel, but do not see. A visit to sunny climates would have afforded Haydon many a valuable lesson. There he would have seen the unrestrained form acquiring that development he could but imagine and might be excused for exaggerating—the rich colour of the flesh that gives at once the key-note of the picture—the out-of-door life so suggestive of breadth and brilliancy.

“Tired with conventionality, a more healthy state of feeling is doubtless leading us back to nature in Art; but there is some danger of falling into the extremes ever consequent upon revolution. There is now a tendency to imagine that truth consists solely in the imitation of details, forgetting that many such details are natural only in a secondary degree. Deformities, pimples, warts, etc., are natural inasmuch as they are formed in existing circumstances as natural consequences of certain conditions; but they have nothing whatever to do with the primary, sublime principles of nature that are based upon perfection and beauty. Reality is not always nature; but a desire to be true will always, if earnestly acted upon, lead to great things and receive sympathy. With the principles of pre-Raffaellism Haydon would probably have had little fellow-feeling, even whilst appreciating, as he was fully capable of doing, the merits of its productions. His mind was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the decorative and the comprehensive, and had an impression of something the imitation of everyday nature could not give him, and which often produced unreality when he wished to be truthful. He could paint a pewter pot and a bottle admirably, because he had no impressions of them at variance with the actual appearance; but he usually failed utterly in modern costume, preconceived

preconceived notions of flowing drapery interfering with his perception of reality. Yet his theory is almost invariably admirable, and his remarks upon nature acute and just : nor can it be doubted that, though perhaps over-anxious to be the prophet of a new creed respecting the application of Art to public purposes, he was sincere in his desire to bring about this important object ; nor is there reason to believe, had his own love of fame been gratified by success, that he would have grudged employment and success to others. On the contrary, his Journal proves that he was capable, not only of appreciating the merit of a contemporary, but also of active personal exertion to bring that merit before the public ; and it must unfortunately be confessed that such generosity is rare, and should receive its meed of applause. Whether in his badgering of ministers, appeals to the public and attacks upon institutions, he mistook the means only as far as his own conduct was concerned, or whether the mistakes extended down to and through his principles (always admitting the justness of his opinion that Art should be introduced into public buildings), may be fairly questioned. Under the auspices of one whose remarkable desire to promote the arts and sciences, and indeed the public welfare in every direction, and whose active personal exertions, fully seconding his good intentions, call for national admiration and confidence, many of Haydon's views are now being carried out in the New Houses of Parliament. But it is by no means clear, although many opportunities may be given to individuals, and many excellent works produced, that Art itself will thus receive any very great impulse. The work must progress slowly ; the public will seldom see it when completed ; no artist who has not conquered a certain amount of public estimation, and who consequently is not confirmed in his style, views, manner, etc., can hope to be employed. Now, as one avowed intention of those who promote the work is the creation of a national school of Art, and the awakening of a national sense of Art, it may not be impertinent to inquire whether the object would not be more rapidly and effectually attained by familiarising the public with works of Art in such a manner that their absence would be felt as a want, so that a bare wall would become an unsightly object ? A desire to return to the earnestness of the artists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries has already done much ; and we might carry the principle still further, not by affecting the artistic ignorance of those periods, but by encouraging a race of workmen who, growing up in happy indifference to the critic, and in ignorance of the consuming desire to astonish, might become great unconsciously. Such a state of things, though no longer existing naturally, might perhaps be stimulated and engrafted upon actual conditions. Why should not the Government of a mighty country undertake the decoration of all the public buildings, such as town halls, national schools and even railway stations ? The trustees and officers of such buildings would, no doubt, readily consent, provided it were understood they were to incur no expense ; and
the

the Schools of Design and Royal Academy could furnish numbers of young men sufficiently advanced and sufficiently unspoilt to carry out, under direction, simply and impressively, designs that might be supplied by competition or taken from standard works. The honoured name of Flaxman might be invoked,—a name much more honoured by strangers than by his own countrymen, who have so much reason to be proud of him: his exquisite designs, painted on a large scale, either in *chiaroscuro* or in a monochromatic style, would do more to form a pure taste and correct judgment than any works perhaps that have ever appeared. Or, regarding the project merely as a means of bringing out latent talent and improving taste, and considering walls as slates whereon the schoolboy writes his figures, the great productions of other times might be reproduced, if but to be rubbed out when fine originals could be procured: for the expense would, in reality, if the thing were properly managed, very little exceed that of whitewashing. It would be a good deed to rescue from oblivion many great works that may soon cease to exist. There are many noble efforts of human genius that are fast going to destruction under the inevitable effects of damp and years, and many which any day may be destroyed by convulsions and revolutions, even though time could spare. No engraving can adequately render the effect of a large and magnificently coloured composition. Why should not the works of great artists be thus republished? No one will seriously attempt to urge that the reproduction of such works will be sufficient to form great artists, any more than the reprinting of the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost* will make poets. But, besides the object of making these grand creations known to the public in something like their original power and splendour, the effort would demand of the workman an exercise of his faculties in a very different form from any which is required in mere copying, and would act very much like the training that produced the results in other countries and times still so deservedly admired. Before the artist can express his ideas he must perfect himself in the language he uses. It is a natural language—a mother-tongue—to him, it is true, and only presents great difficulties because his means of study are so dependent upon, and so much influenced by, external circumstances. These external conditions, commencing with a more intellectual character in the demand for Art, are exactly what the modern artist wants. It would be remarkable indeed if a nation so distinguished in other branches of intellectual expression should be deficient in one which is so nearly related both to Literature and Science.

“ If the existence of such a deficiency be asserted, the singular amount of talent displayed by English amateurs would prove the contrary. Whatever shortcomings may be fairly alleged must therefore be otherwise accounted for, and may be ascribed to certain evident reasons,—such as the early necessity of making an effect by superficial qualities, precluding in the young artist attention to his general cultivation and improvement,—the absence
of

of demand for works of grave intellectual character on a large scale ; for practice on a large scale is necessary to give comprehensiveness of thought and power of hand, until the mind be familiarised with such undertakings completed and in progress—the habit of painting to catch the public eye, and consequently following the fashion and taste instead of rising above the one, and improving the other—and last, not least, the influence of bad criticism. From these unfavourable influences the rising race of artists might be rescued by giving such of the most promising students of Art as might be willing to engage themselves as workmen missions as historians and public instructors. There is no reason the young artist should not paint pictures for exhibition and sale on the walls of the Royal Academy ; but there is every reason he should be emancipated from unconditional dependence upon the incongruous competition and hasty judgment to which the annual exhibition subjects him. The demand for pictorial instructors is evident, from the enormous number of illustrated publications that daily issue from the press, and the avidity with which they are purchased. Could the experiment of instructing by means of Art be tried on an impressive scale, the popularity and success would probably exceed all expectation. If, for example, on some convenient wall the whole line of British sovereigns were painted—mere monumental effigies, well and correctly drawn, with strict regard to costume and details, careful avoidance of meretricious effect and everything that would destroy simplicity and intelligibility and corrupt taste, with date, length of reign, remarkable events, etc., written at the side or underneath, three worthy objects at least would be attained—valuable and intellectual exercise to the artist, highly interesting decoration to the space, and instruction to the public. Subjects of the noblest kind and infinite in variety will readily suggest themselves.

“ A national school of Art must be the result of a national want and a national taste. Both may be created by accustoming the mind and eye to the short road to knowledge and the interest of the method of instruction. It would, therefore, be most advisable to begin at the beginning, and that designs intended for public instruction and artistic training should be of that purely historical and simple monumental character before suggested. It is unreasonable to expect that men already in possession of distinction will consent to become the mere workmen wanted, or that they can give up the commercial advantages of reputation ; besides, habits of mind and manners of seeing things become confirmed quite as much as bones and muscles, and after a certain time of life cannot be successfully called upon to perform unusual operations.

“ Young minds and young hands are required, especially for fresco, the material unquestionably best adapted to mural decoration and most important as a discipline. Granted that the most beautiful and various effects can only be represented in oil, the fresco painter is always able to use the medium, and all the better for the course of study absolutely necessary to enable him to paint

paint in fresco, which demands a thorough knowledge of his profession in its widest range. As the effects to be obtained are few and simple, the work must depend for success more upon the intellectual and less upon the sensuous. As the painter cannot depend upon successive repaintings, accidental effects, and working up—as errors cannot be disguised by smartness and defects smudged into the vagueness of the background—all must be honest and true. He must know exactly what he intends to do ; his picture must be, so to speak, completed before he begins to paint ; and such a picture, being the result of calculation, becomes scientific in its nature, demanding habits of thought greatly to the improvement, as must be obvious, of the intellect. No system that could be invented would be so calculated to counteract the peculiar errors always laid to the charge of the English School. Fresco is also inexpensive with regard to the materials, and must be rapid of execution. A few isolated works of Art, however excellent, and whether on wall or canvas, cannot be expected to create a public want or public taste. In order to bring about an extended improvement and increase desire for it, Art must find its way everywhere. All who go to Italy must be struck with evidence how entirely it entered into all the ordinary requirements of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The naturally favourable conditions of those and earlier periods might be artificially produced to a very great extent ; and the results, taking root, might hereafter flourish with natural vigour. Under judicious management, and with an army of workmen, there would be no great difficulty in bringing about such a consummation ; and certainly larger sums than would be required have been expended, and are still likely to be expended, upon objects far less national and important. These ideas, though crude and submitted with all deference, may not be entirely out of place at the end of this Autobiography, embodying in many respects similar views to those so often advocated in it. With regard to the letter printed in the first edition, and of which these remarks are a continuation, should any observations appear, considering the peculiar circumstances, wanting in delicacy and little indulgent as criticisms, the writer begs to explain that they were but intended by him for private suggestions of points for the critics' consideration ; and that, expressing his willingness to be quoted, he did not contemplate appearing in public in the character of a critic. If in that character any of his remarks should have annoyed friends or relations of the late Mr Haydon, he desires hereby to express his sincere regret."

ADDENDA

NOTES TO PAGES 415 AND 441

[The following extracts are taken from the Journal of Sir Walter Scott, 1825-32.

"June 29, 1827.—A distressing letter from Haydon; imprudent, probably, but who is not? A man of rare genius. What a pity I gave you that £10 to Craig! But I have plenty of ten pounds sure, and I may make it something. I will get £100 at furthest when I come back from the country. . . .

"May 5, 1828.—Breakfasted with Haydon, and sat for my head. I hope this artist is on his legs again. The King has given him a lift by buying his clever picture of the election in the Fleet prison, to which he is adding a second part, representing the chairing of the member at the moment it was interrupted by the entry of the guards. Haydon was once a great admirer and companion of the champions of the Cockney school, and is now disposed to renounce them and their opinions. To this kind of conversation I did not give much way. A painter should have nothing to do with politics. He is certainly a clever fellow but somewhat too enthusiastic, which distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me, and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them."]

NOTE TO PAGE 459

"*The only quarrel we ever had was about that arrest.*"

That this was the only quarrel arising out of money matters between Haydon and Wilkie is improbable. The arrest which Haydon here mentions is referred to by Wilkie in the subjoined extract from his Journals, which does not appear in the published Life, and which came to my knowledge for the first time in the *Illustrated London News* for Saturday, October 30th, 1853, after this page was printed off. There are few matters in which it is more necessary to hear both sides than in quarrels arising out of money relations and difficulties; and in the case of one with Haydon's peculiarly loose views on money obligations, this becomes doubly necessary:

"12th November, 1821.—Had a call this morning from Mr Haydon, to say that he had just been *arrested*, at the suit of Rennell the printer, for a debt of £66, and the sheriff's-officer had brought him out in his gig to see if I would bail him. I expressed much dislike to this; but, rather than see him go to prison, said, that if he would get another as good I would be one to bail him, but would not bail him alone. He therefore *promised* that he would get Mr Perkins, of Great Marlborough Street, to join me, or some other friend equally good. In consequence of this, and his assurance that he would use every exertion to raise the money to discharge the debt, and his repeated promise that he would not leave town till it was discharged and the bond destroyed, I acquiesced, and put my name with his to the bond. In the afternoon I called at Perkins's, to ask if Haydon had called on him. He said he had: but that he, being out, did not see him. Of course, he could not be bail for him. I was led to call on Perkins to ascertain this in consequence of having received a very unbecoming letter from Haydon, filled with upbraidings, promises, and threats; and at the same time submitting to ask for secrecy, but neglecting entirely what was most his duty to have informed me of—namely, whether he had found anyone else to join me in bailing him. Haydon's conduct on this occasion appears strikingly offensive, and brings me to the determination of giving up his acquaintance."

The following letter should be interposed between the second and third of Wordsworth's letters, at pages 687, 688:

"Rydal, Sept. 10.

"*By* is certainly a better word than *through*; but I fear it cannot be employed on account of the subsequent line:

" 'But *by* the chieftain's look.'

To me the two 'bys' clash both to the ear and understanding, and it was on that account that I changed the word. I have also a slight objection to the alliteration 'by bold' occurring so soon. I am glad you like 'Elates not.' As the passage first stood:

" 'Since the mighty deed,'

there was a transfer of the thought from the picture to the living man, which divided the sonnet into two parts. The presence of the portrait is now carried through till the last line, when the man is taken up. To prevent the possibility of a mistake I will repeat the passage as last sent, and in which state I consider it finished; and you will do what you like with it:

" 'Him the mighty deed

Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face. But he such seed
Hath sown as fields,' etc.

"I hope

" I hope you are right in thinking this the best of the three. I forget whether I thanked you for your sketch of the Slave Trade picture. Your friendship has misled you. I must on no account be introduced. I was not present at the meeting, as matter of fact; and, though from the first I took a lively interest in the abolition of slavery, except joining with those who petitioned Parliament I was too little of a man of business to have an active part in the work. Besides, my place of abode would have prevented it, had I been so inclined. The only public act of mine connected with the event was sending forth that sonnet which I addressed to Mr Clarkson upon the success of the undertaking. Thank you for your last letter. I am this moment (while dictating this letter), sitting to Mr Pickersgill, who has kindly come down to paint me at leisure, for Sir Robert Peel, in whose gallery at Drayton the portrait will probably be hung by that of my poor friend Southey.

" I am, dear Haydon,

" Faithfully yours,

" WM. WORDSWORTH.

" P.S.—Your suggestion about the engraver is very candid; but, the verses taking so high a flight, and particularly in the line 'lies fixed for ages,' it would be injurious to put forward the cold matter of fact, and the sense and spirit of the sonnet both demand that it should be suggested at the sight of the *Picture*."

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

Medical testimony as to Haydon's health and habits. Particulars as to his suicide. Mr Bewicke's account of the painting of Lazarus.

SINCE the first edition of these *Memoirs* appeared, I have received from Dr Elliotson and Mr Walter J. Bryant, the medical gentlemen who made a post-mortem examination of Haydon's head, an account of the results of that examination, which, in their opinion, showed conclusively the existence of disease in the brain. Any constitutional tendency to this must have been increased, in their opinion, by the painter's habits of life, no less than by the embarrassments and contests in which most of his career was passed, and the crowning disappointments which clouded its close.

He suffered from suppressed gout, habitually drank port-wine negus, and ate heartily and fast. He worked long and irregularly, and always in an excited state. Though a most affectionate husband and father, he was irritable and imperious with his family and servants, and, when not painting, spent much time alone, and often in a darkened chamber.

On examining the wound made by the pistol-shot (which had produced fracture of both tables of the skull and lacerated the brain, though the ball had not pierced the substance of the brain itself, lodging under the skin three or four inches from where it struck), the bones of the head were found to be very thick and dense; the *dura mater* was thickened and adherent. There were innumerable bloody points through the brain, and in the basilar artery were osseous and atheromatous particles to a great amount, while the arteries could be easily pulled away. Dr Elliotson considers these appearances to indicate long-standing irritation of the brain itself. Mr Bryant considers that, though the thickened state of the vessels of the brain was of long-standing, the inflammation of the brain itself was comparatively recent. It is conceived by his family that Haydon's fatal determination was immediately due to a disappointment sustained about a fortnight before his death. He had been promised an advance of money by a friend, to liquidate his debts; while dining with him he was suddenly informed that this advance, owing to a change in his friend's circumstances, could not be made. He drank deeply, came home intoxicated for the first time in his wife's recollection, was never well afterwards (though he became calm, subdued and affectionate in his manner), and often complained of headache.

On the morning of the suicide, his wife and daughter, on their way upstairs, trying the door of the painting-room, found it locked, when Haydon sharply exclaimed, "Who's there?" In a few minutes after he came upstairs to his wife and daughter, expressed regret at his hasty exclamation, kissed them both, returned to his painting-room, and in a few minutes after the report was heard. It was not his practice to keep razors in his painting-room, and it may probably be fairly inferred that he provided them that morning for a fatal purpose.

After firing the shot, finding that death did not follow, he appeared, from the traces of blood, to have gone from before the easel (the painting on which was covered with blood) to the door, where with his right hand on the door-handle he inflicted a fearful and determined gash in his throat with the razor from right to left, and then to have returned to the easel and made a similar cut from left to right. Both cuts wounded the jugular, but neither severed the carotid artery, each cut coming to a fine point and just laying bare the trachea. There was characteristic determination even in this final and fatal act.

It is Mr Bryant's opinion, in which Dr Elliotson concurs, that Haydon's manner of painting accounts for the disproportions and irregularities observable in his pictures and so difficult to explain in one of his undoubted knowledge of anatomical construction. He wore concave glasses, so concave as greatly to diminish objects. Through these glasses he used to contemplate his model and picture from a distance. He would then run up to his picture, raise his glasses, and paint, using the naked eye. He would then run to a mirror and examine the reflection of his picture, often through two pairs of such concave spectacles, and then would return again as before, raising the spectacles to work on his picture. Such a mode of painting does really appear quite sufficient to account for disproportions, and it is difficult to understand how it could have been followed with such success as Haydon, on many occasions, unquestionably attained.

I have also received, while these pages were passing through the press, an interesting letter from Mr Bewicke, Haydon's pupil, and the model of Lazarus, which I append entire, as it gives characteristic traits of the painter, and shows, moreover, the estimation in which Sir Walter Scott held the head of Lazarus. Why does not some admirer of the British school of painting purchase the picture, if it be only to cut out the head of Lazarus and present it to the National Gallery, where this much at least of Haydon's picture might hang without discredit by the side of the Lazarus of Sebastiano del Piombo?

" Haughton House, near Darlington,

" Nov. 8, 1853.

" Sir,

" In perusing your exciting *Memoirs of Haydon*, I was struck and interested by the description of my sitting to him for the head, etc.,

etc., of Lazarus (p. 318), and I beg to corroborate the truth of the circumstances therein stated. I remember well that I was seated upon a box, placed upon a chair upon a table, mounted up as high as the head in the picture—and a very tottering insecure seat it was—and painful, to be pinned to a confined spot for so many hours; for the head, two hands and drapery of the figure were all painted at once, in one day, and never touched afterwards, but left as struck off, and anyone looking close to the painting will perceive that the head has never been even ‘softened,’ so successful and impressive it appeared to both painter and model, and so much was it the emanation of a wonderful conception executed with a rapidity and precision of touch truly astonishing. And when it is considered that the mind of the painter was harassed and deeply anxious by the circumstances of his arrest at the beginning of his work, when concentrating his thoughts on the character and expression to be represented, anyone at all acquainted with the difficulties of the art of painting will readily concede this portion of so difficult a subject to be a feat of marvellous dexterity and power in the art. I think I see the painter before me—his palette and brushes in his left hand—returning from the sheriff’s officer in the adjoining room—pale, calm and serious; no agitation—mounting his high steps and continuing his arduous task; and, as he looks round to his pallid model, half breathingly whispering, ‘Egad, Bewicke! I have just been arrested: that is the *third* time; if they come again, I shall not be able to go on.’ He soon seemed absorbed in his subject and to forget his arrest in the intensity of the effort to create so extraordinary an embodiment. After he had worked in the head he stood aghast before it, exclaiming, ‘I’ve hit it now!—I’ve hit it!’ By the time the two hands and figure were completed he was exhausted; and, for myself, I seemed as dead as Lazarus was—no circulation, stiff as death. He laughed and joked, and helped me down from my ‘high estate’; and a cup of warm tea refreshed and resuscitated as cadaverous a Lazarus as the painter could have wished for.

“The reason of my writing to you is partly to mention the coincidence or resemblance of your remarks upon the expression of Lazarus with the exclamation of Sir Walter Scott when he saw the picture in Edinburgh, as I happened to be present with him. Sir Walter seemed awe-struck; his attention was riveted to this remarkable figure in the picture, and he said to me ‘I never saw so extraordinary a *conception realised* on canvas before; it is truly wonderful—appalling—it takes one’s breath away,’ etc.

“I sat to Mr Haydon for many of the heads in his pictures of ‘Christ’s Triumphant Entry’ and ‘Lazarus,’ and my portrait is in the former picture between Hazlitt’s and Keats’s, near that of Wordsworth.

“As a Second Edition of your work is preparing, I beg to call your attention to that part, at p. 523, where it is stated the poet Goethe writes, that his soul is elevated by the contemplation of the drawings of Haydon’s pupils from the Elgin Marbles. And

I ask you, Sir, to do me the justice to state that it was myself alone who was employed to execute these works for the poet, and who received his acknowledgment and remuneration through the Consul.

“ In some part of the work, where Mr Haydon enumerates his pupils, I perceive that the names of Mr Chatfield and myself are omitted. This need not be so ; and if this omission has reference to the circumstance of the difference that latterly existed between Mr Haydon and myself, I can only allude to the estrangement at present by observing that it was inevitable.

“ I may mention that many of your readers of the *Memoirs* feel a disappointment that a characteristic portrait does not embellish the work ; and the only likeness that I remember as coming up to the mark was one done by himself in chalk before his marriage, and I believe sent to the country to his intended beautiful wife, with ‘ *Do you know me ?* ’ written below it. It was characteristic and spirited, at his best time, and favourable in expression.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“ WILLIAM BEWICKE.

“ Tom Taylor, Esq.”

APPENDIX II

The following documents throw a light on the amount of Haydon's professional income at various periods.

Extract from Balance-Sheet filed in Insolvency in the Year 1830

		£	s.	d.
1810.	Received premium voted by the British Gallery for the picture of Dentatus	105	0	0
1814.	Sold Judgment of Solomon for	735	0	0
	Received premium for same from British Gallery	105	0	0
	Sold picture of Romeo and Juliet for	52	10	0
	Received for sketch of the Entry into Jerusalem	30	0	0
1815.	Received by anticipation of Mr Phillips for picture of Christ's Agony in the Garden	300	0	0
	Received for picture of Macbeth	50	0	0
1816.	Do. do. do.	60	0	0
	From friends	350	0	0
	Premium with pupil, Mr Robertson	210	0	0
1820.	Receipts for Entry into Jerusalem £1800			
	Expenses	664		
		1136	0	0
	Received premium with pupil, Mr Prentice	181	13	0
	Received from friends	200	0	0
	Received for Entry into Jerusalem £956 8 6			
	Expenses of same	521	6	8
		435	1	10
	Received premium with Mr Major, a pupil	210	0	0
	Ditto Mr Jones	210	0	0
1823.	Receipts from Lazarus	£651	10	6
	Expenses of same	210	2	0
		441	8	6
	Received from friends	50	0	0
	By cash received for Portrait	50	0	0
	Do. Silenus	150	0	0
	Do. Portraits	614	0	0
1825.	Do. Pharaoh	525	0	0
		847		1826

		£	s.	d.
1826 and to July 1827.	} By cash received for Alexander . . .	5250	0	0
1827. July to May.				
	} Subscriptions for Eucles . . .	338	17	0
1830.				
	Exhibition of Mock Election . . .	321	11	6
	A commission	100	0	0
	Three portraits	78	0	0
	Purchase of Mock Election by his Majesty Sketch	525	0	0
		8	14	0
July 1828	} Remainder of subscriptions to Eucles . . .	191	3	0
to July				
1829.	} Exhibition of Pharaoh	61	7	0
	Do. Chairing Members	168	8	0
	} Sale of studies for Mock Election . . .	60	0	0
	Do. Chairing	300	0	0
July 1829	} Do. of sketches	62	0	0
to Jan.				
1830.	} Two small pictures	50	0	0
	Do. of sketch	25	0	0
	} The Eucles Exhibition up to 29th May . . .	109	0	0
	Subscriptions to Punch received . . .	73	0	0
19th Jan.,	} Received of Mr Kearsey for a small paint- ing	30	0	0
23rd				
Feb.	} Received of Mr Strutt for sketch . . .	10	0	0
	Parties unknown	10	0	0
Feb.,	} For exhibition of Punch and Eucles at Western Exchange	114	0	0
March,				
April,	} Subscription for the purchase of Punch . . .	94	0	0
and				
May.	} Subscription of Mr Clark	20	0	0
	Parties unknown	20	0	0
Feb.,	} Subscription of Mr Bowden (loan) . . .	30	0	0
March,				
April,	} Mr Carlon to take up bill	28	10	6
and May.				
	Mr Wilkie (loan)	12	0	0

Since my marriage I have been in the receipt of £52, 10s. per annum, the interest of £1000 settled upon her by the will of her first husband, Mr Hyman, of Plymouth. He became bankrupt, and his assignees paid the £1000 to Mr Boyer, a solicitor, then of Devonport, for the trustees of my wife, and the money is lost by their permitting him to retain it until his insolvency

420 0 0

£10,746 4 6

Causes of Insolvency

Heavy rent; want of adequate employment; law expenses, and a large family.

Extract

Extract from Balance-Sheet filed on Insolvency in 1836

		£	s.	d.
1831.	Received from profits of profession in this year	637	10	0
1832.	„ the like	798	6	3
1833.	„ the like	631	10	0
1834.	„ the like	675	16	0
1835.	„ the like	927	0	0
1836.	„ the like, including subscriptions at various times to the picture of Xenophon	947	0	0
		£4617	2	3

Insolvency attributed to heavy law costs, to the loss sustained by the exhibition of Earl Grey's picture, and to having been attacked by *Fraser's Magazine*.

APPENDIX III

*Extracts from Sir Joshua Reynolds's Private Memorandum Book, copied by Beechey, and by Haydon from him, 1st April, 1840, with Notes of Beechey's and Haydon's.*¹

Mr Pelham.—Painted in lake and white, and black and blue. Varnished with gum mastich dissolved in oil, with sal. saturnin. and rock alum. Col. (colour) yellow, lake, and Naples and black, mixed with varnish. July 7, 1766.

Miss Kitty Fisher.—Face cerata (I suppose varnished.—Beechey.) (Of course not: rubbed with wax first.—B. R. H.) Drapery painted con cera e poi v—(varnished).

Lord Villiers.—Given to Dr Barnard. Painted with vernice, fatto di cera and Venice turpentine—mesticato con gli colori, macerato in olio; carmine in lieu de lacca.

1767.—*Count Lippe.* Senza olio in finishing.

(Exhibited at the British Institution since: had stood well.—B. R. H.)

My own, Do. Mrs Goddard, Do.

Miss Cholmondeley.—Con olio e vernice. Con Yeo's lake and magilp.

(Note of Beechey's—"Yeo's lake." Mr Yeo was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and made colours for his amusement.)

1767.—*Lord Townsend.* Prima con magylp, poi olio, poi mag. (magylp) senza olio; lacca; poi verniciato con vermilion.

Doctor Armstrong.—Painted first in olio poi verniciato poi cera solo, poi cera e vernice.

Speaker.—The face colori in olio mesticato con macgylp poi verniciato; cielo* macgylp e poi per tutto verniciato con colori in polvere senza olio o magilp (*cielo—the background). (In fact, a dry scumble.—B. R. H.)

(Some soot fell on a picture of Sir Joshua's drying by the fire. Sir Joshua took it up and said, "A fine cool tint," and actually

¹ These memoranda of Reynolds have been already published, some of them in *Northcote's Life*, and others by Sir C. L. Eastlake, in his *Materials for a History of Oil-painting*. I thought it best, however, to reprint them here, for the sake of Beechey's and Haydon's remarks, and also as this copy seems more literal and fuller than that given by Sir C. L. Eastlake.—ED.

scumbled it beautifully into the flesh. From Jackson who had it from Sir George Beaumont.—B. R. H.)

Master Burke finito con ver (vernice) senza olio o cera ; carmine.

Duchess of Ancaster.—Prima magylyp—secunda olio—terza olio.

Lady Almeria Carpenter.—Mrs Cholmondeley. Mag. senza olio.

Mio proprio.—Given to Mr Burke. Con cera finito quasi, poi con mast. ver, finito interamente, poi cerata senza colori.

"*Offe's*¹ picture painted with cera et cop. (copaiva) solo ; cinabro. (Varnished with a little vermilion used as a stain over all.—Note by Beechey.)

Glazing.—Senza olio ; varnish of mastic solo, Yeo's yellow, verm. and blue.

Sir Charles and Master Bunbury, 1768, July 29.—In vece di nero si puo servirse di turchino e cinabro e lacca giallo (probatum est, Nov. 20th, 1768) (i.e. It has stood.—B. R. H.) Second sitting too yellow.

The glazing di cinabro e turchino.

Senza cera.—(Note.—Instead of black, he made use of Pr. blue and vermilion.—Beechey.)

April 3rd, 1769.—Per gli colori cinabro, lacca, ultramarine e nero, senza giallo.

Prima in olio, ultimo con vernice solo e giallo.

May 17th, 1769.—On a grey ground.

First sitting, vermilion, lake, white, black.

Second do., 3rd do., ultramarine—last senza olio, yellow oker,* black, lake, verm. touched upon with white. (*Here is evidence Sir Joshua used yellow in flesh, in opposition to Northcote's assertion.—B. R. H. 1st April, 1840.)

Mrs Bouverie.—The face senza olio and the boy's head ; the rest painted con olio, and afterwards glazed with varnish and colour, except the green, which was glazed with oil and then varnished. The veil (*sic*) and white linnen (*sic*) finished senza—(without oil ?).

July 10th, 1769.—*My own picture* painted *first* with oil ; painted with lake, yellow oker, blue and black, cop. e cera vernice.

Doctor Johnson and Goldsmith.—First olio, after with copaiva with colour, but without white. The head of Goldsmith with cop. and with white.

Mrs Horton.—Con copaiva senza giallo : giallo quando era finito de pingere, con lacca, e giallo quasi solo, e poi glaze with ultramarine.

June 22nd, 1770.—Sono stabilito in maniera di dipingere. Primo e secundo o con olio o copivi, gli colori solo nero, ultram. et biacca. Secondo medesimo. Ultimo con giallo okero e lacca e nero e ultramarine e senza biacca ritoccato con poca biacca e gli altri colori. *My own* given to Mrs Burke—(fine proceeding.—B. R. H.).

¹ His niece, Theophila Palmer. See subsequent note of Beechey's, 1832.

(This it seems was "his most approved method"—no yellow till the last colouring.—W. Beechey.)

Olio.—primo biacca e nero.

2nd.—Biacca e lacca—terzo lacca e giallo e nero senza biacca in copivi or copaiva.

(These are all glazing colours.—Beechey.)

Beechey's note, 1832

"*Offe.*"—Theophila Palmer, his niece, sister of the Marchioness of Thomond, who was (so ?) called by Sir Joshua and Dr Johnson. She is now Mrs Gwatkin.

"*Sono stabilito, etc. etc.*"

His vehicle was oil or balsam of copaiva. His colours were only black, ultramarine, and white, so that he finished his picture entirely in black and white, all but glazing—no red or yellow till the last, which was used in glazing, and that was mixed with Venice turp. and wax as a varnish. Take off that, and his pictures return to black and white. (Excellent.—B. R. H.)

May, 1770.—*My own picture.* Canvas imprimed; cera finito con vernicio.

June 12th, 1770.—*Paese** senza rosso, on giallo nero e turchino e biacca. Cera.

(*Note.—This is a landscape of his in possession of Sir George Phillips, which appears to be painted without red. I suppose from Richmond Hill, a landscape without red, with yellow, black, blue, and white lead.—Beechey.) (Turchino is Prussian blue. I remember Sir George Phillips buying the landscape in the last great sale of Sir Joshua's works, at Christie's, where he also bought the Piping Boy for 430 guineas—I pulling his coat to go on, at which Lady Phillips was very angry, because she thought it too much.—B. R. H.)

The Nicean Nymph with Bacchus.—Principiato con cera sola, finito con cera e copaiva, per causa it cracked. Do. *St John.* (Of course.—B. R. H.)

"*Offe*" fatto (fatta) interamente con copaiva e cera. La testa sopra un fondo preparato con olio e biacca.

Lady Melbourne.—Do. sopra una **Tela di fondo.* (Note.—Balsam of copaiva and wax upon an oil ground; it must crack, and peel off in time.—Beechey, 1832.) (Of course.—B. R. H. 1840.)

(**Tela di fondo.*—Prepared cloth to paint on, or a raw cloth ?—B.) (N.B.—"A raw cloth."—B. R. H.)

Hicky Vernice: carmine, azurro, Venice turp. e cera; stabilito in maniera di servirsi di Jews pitch. Lake, verm. carmine azurro e nero (*Vernice, Ven. turp. e cera**).

(*Note.—"Varnish, Venice turp. and wax," a comical varnish.—Beechey.)

My own, April 27, 1772.—First acqua and gomme dragon.* verm. (vermilion), lake, black, without yellow, varnished with egg after Venice turpentine.

(Heavens

(Heavens—murder ! murder ! It must have cracked under the brush.—B. R. H.)

(*Note.—I rather think gum tragacanth, for that is a gum which mixes well with water, and makes a mucilage. That and powdered mastic dry hard.

This wax was thus prepared :—pure white wax scraped into very thin slices, and covered with spirit of turpentine, cold. In twelve hours it becomes a paste. With this and sugar of lead he mixed Venice turpentine or copaiva, or any balsam. His egg varnish *alone* would in a short time tear any picture to pieces painted with such materials as he made use of.—Beechey.) (Indisputably true.—B. R. H.)

29th April, 1776.—Mrs Basset.

	Asphaltum and verm. solo,	} Crossed out by Reynolds.
	glazed and retouched.	
May 3rd.	Naples cinnabar, red lead,	
	Cologne earth and black.	

June, 1776.—Blue, light red, verm., white, perhaps black.

Duke of Dorset.—Finito con cera solamente, poi vernicata con cera e turp. Venetia.

Hope (for New College, Oxon).—Cera solamente.

October, 1788.—La meglio maniera con cera mesticato (a) con turp. de Venetia. (*Justitia*¹) ma di panni, cera sol.

Strawberry Girl.—Cera sol.

Doctor Barnard.—1st. Black and white.

2nd. Verm. and white dry.

3rd. Varnished and retouched.

October, 1772.—Miss Kirk.—Gum Dr. (gum tragacanth ?) and whiting : poi cerata, poi ovata, poi verniciata e ritoccata.

Cracks.

(Beechey says, "This manner is the most extraordinary." It is insanity. He had at his elbow a mocking fiend !—gum and whiting ! then *waxed*, then *egged*, then *varnished*, and then *retouched* !

In November, 1844, Mrs Gwatkin sent me up a leaf from Sir Joshua's book as a document to refute Sir Martin Shee's assertion that no such book existed, and on the leaf was this very part.—B. R. H.)

August 15th, 1774.—White, blue, asphaltum, verm. senza nero. Miss Foley, Sir R. Fletcher, Mr Hare.

August 26th.—White, asphaltum, verm., minio (red lead), principalmente giallo di Napoli, ni nero, ni turchino. Ragazzo con sorella. Glaze con asphaltum and lake.

Sir M. Fletcher.—Biacca, nero, ultramarine, verm. sed principalmente minio,* senza giallo l'ultima volta ; oiled out and painted all over.

(*Red lead won't stand. It becomes green.—Beechey.)

Dr Hare.—Except glazed with varnish e giallo di Napoli, finito

¹ One of his Christian Virtues at New College, Oxon.—Ed.

quasi con asphaltum, minio, verm. ; poi in poco di ultramarine qua e là, senza giallo.

Mr Whiteford.—Asphal. verm., minio, principalmente, senza giallo.

Blackguard (?) Mercury and Cupid.—Black and verm., afterwards glazed.

Sir John Pringle.—Verm. minio, giallo di Napoli e nero.

Mrs Joddrel.—Head oil, cerata, varnisht with ovo poi varn. con wolf, panni cera senza olio, verniciato con ovo poi con wolf.

Prima.—Umbra e biacca, poco de olio.

Secundo.—Umbra, verm. e biacca, thick, occasionally thinned with turpentine.

Nero cinnabro, minio, e azzuro, thick. *My own Florence ** upon a raw cloth, cera solamente.

(*Perhaps his own head in Florence Gallery.—B. R. H.)

The Children of Mrs Sheridan.—Poi cerata.

Mrs Sheridan.—The face in olio, poi cerata ; panni in olio, poi con cera senza olio, poi olio e cera.

(O Reynolds—Reynolds ! The drapery first with oil, then wax without oil, then oil and wax.

Beechey says the colours in this picture leave the canvas in masses, except the head, which is perfect.)

Mrs Montague.—Olio e cera, asphaltum, nero e cinnabro.

Lady Dysart.—Primo olio, poi cera solamente pour il viso.

My own picture marked F behind.

Finished con vernicio de Berming. (copal varnish from Birmingham) senza olio.

Lord Althorp.—Minio e nero sol. ; poi giallo e verm. senza biacca, olio.

Mrs Montague.—Olio, poi cerata ; ritoccato con biacca.

Samuel.—Flesh glazed with gamb. (gamboge) and verm. Drap. gamb. and lake. Sky retouched with orpim.

(All faders except verm.—B. R. H.)

Appresso Perino del Vaga.—Saint Joseph dipinto con verm. e nero, velato (glazed) con gambog. e lacca e asphaltum, poco de turchino nella barba ; panni turchino e lacca.

My own picture sent to Plympton.—Cera, poi vernissata senza olio. Colori, Cologne earth, verm., and white, and blue, on a common colourman's cloth, first varnished over with copal varnish.

My own, painted at the same time on a raw cloth, do.

(Beechey has written, " Good heavens ! ")

(Wilkie in 1809 saw this picture at Plympton. It was in perfect preservation. The corporation have since sold it. It was offered to the National Gallery, and ignorantly refused. Who has it now I know not.—B. R. H.)

Miss Molesworth.—Drapery painted with oil colour first, after, cera alone.

Miss Ridge. Do.

Lady Cranby. Do.

Præsepe.—(Nativity or birth of Christ.—Beechey.) Burnt at Belvoir Castle.

A raw cloth senza olio ; Venice turp. and cera.

(Sir George Beaumont wrote me he saw it the summer before it was burnt, and it was perfect.—B. R. H.)

Hope, August, 1779.—My own copy. First oil, then Venice turp. e cera ; verm., white and black, poi varnisht with Venice e cera ; light red and black, varnisht.

1781.—*Dido*, oil.

Manner. Colours to be used.—Indian red, light red, do. blue and black, finisht with varnish without oil, poi ritocc. con giallo.

(Bought by Lord Farnborough for George IV. at the great sale—900 guineas—perfect preservation.—B. R. H.)

(Finis of extracts from Reynolds,

which, I, B. R. Haydon, have copied faithfully, correctly, and, without addition or alteration.

So help me God,

this day, April 1st, 1840.)

Beechey's Notes on Reynolds's Practice

First and second time of painting in oil or copaiva ; the colours only black and white and ultramarine ; lastly, with yellow oker, lake, black, and blue without white lead, but retouched with a little white. This it seems was his most approved method.

No yellow till the last colouring.

3rd. These were all glazing colours.

"*Offe*"¹ painted entirely with balsam of copaiva and wax upon an oil ground. It must crack and peel off in time.

Lady M—on the same kind of ground, and I imagine treated in the same kind of way.

On Hickey's Varnish

I am settled in my manner of using asphaltum. His (Hickey's) varnish—Venice turpentine and wax—a comical varnish. It must be removed the first time of cleaning, and the glazing with it. Venice turp. only. It was, I suppose, thinned with spirit of turp.

I once painted a picture on wood primed with wax, which cracked all over before it was finished.

The oil softens the ground in drying ; so the ground becomes softer every day, whilst the surface gets harder. It must crack.

Sir Joshua (Beechey adds), never studied chemistry much.

(Not much chemistry was wanted here.—B. R. H.)

I dissolved mastic in alcohol, then mixed it with sugar of lead water, and strained it through a linen cloth, then mixed it in clear drying oil. It dried dead and hard, very like Rembrandt ; by adding more oil it became a butter without stickiness.

¹ The portrait of his niece, Theophila.

One drop of copaiva made it better.

Frankincense and elame are the best gums for mixtures of every kind, and will not deceive you like resin, *who* is a deceitful fellow, and cannot be depended on.

They both dry without a skin.

Neither Rembrandt *or* Cuyp can be imitated with our common materials. (This is prejudice.—B. R. H.)

There is no Venice turpentine in this country. They make a substitute with common white resin dissolved in spirit of turpentine.

I have now got some real Venice turpentine, and have made many mixtures with it. It is what Wilson always used, but how he made his vehicle he would never say. When it dries, it does not dry with a skin, but dries from the bottom, *all through*.

I shall mention some of the best.

Dissolve sugar of lead in as much alcohol as will just cover it, over a gentle fire, or place your bottle near the fire, and it will soon melt and become a perfect fluid. While it is hot pour some of it on a small quantity of the Venice turpentine, and mix them well together with a knife, and then thin it with oil or spirit as you want it.

The same solution of lead with mastic varnish, and thinned with a single drop of balsam of copaiva and oil, is beautiful.

To make a drying Oil

1 lb. of alum. Heat it in a shovel till white ; powder it, with 1 lb. of sugar of lead well powdered. Add a gallon of oil, linseed. Stir them together three or four times a day for a week ; pour for use into a jar, large mouth. Covered with cloth, and expose it to sun.

(Better boil the materials together.—B. R. H.)

Most excellent

Very fat linseed oil thinned with great deal of turp.,

Mixt with paste, and sal. sat.,

Made thinner with raw linseed. Then add mastic varnish.

It makes a more manageable vehicle than any I ever used.

(This is excellent, and true.

The first coat must be hard before another is put on, or it cracks ; the atmosphere hardening the last coat, and the under coat struggling for light and air splits the covering.—B. R. H.)

Wilson told me his varnish was white of egg, which he lamented he had ever made use of ; nothing could be worse for a fresh-painted picture.

The background of Sir Joshua's pictures, the furniture and accompaniments, etc., were often painted by Northcote or Marchi in oil, and do not crack or peel off ; but Sir Joshua's vehicle being composed of wax and varnish (generally copal from Birmingham) dried very hard, and whenever he had occasion to pass over their

work,

work, which he frequently did before it dried hard, it is always found to crack more than those parts which he painted himself, *i.e.* which he painted entirely from beginning. But his canvas was generally primed in oil: however his colours might adhere to it at first, as soon as they became hard and dry they cracked and left the canvas.

Serres Varnish

Put in an earthen pipkin glazed on inside sixteen ounces of rectified spirits of wine; one ounce of picked gum mastich in its natural state; four drachms (?) of gum sandarach, and half an ounce of gum elame.

When these gums are dissolved and incorporated, add to them two ounces of genuine Venice turpentine.

The gum elame gives a consistence to the varnish, and prevents it from chilling.

(Beechey adds, that this is a literal receipt from Mr Serres; but I suppose it is made by a slow heat like other wine varnishes, and should be often shook up.—B. R. H.)

Query whether any spirit of wine varnish is a safe one for oil pictures, as it may dissolve the colours in using.

Sacc. sat. dissolved in alcohol.

Cera. diss. in turpentine.

And Venice turpentine dissolved in alcohol, mixed cold.

Ditto, in drying oil instead of turpentine. Both excellent.

Venice turpentine creeps in drying—so do all resins with too much oil.

Paste thinned with drying oil, or linseed oil mixed with Ashburner's varnish and turps, dries hard and dead and works well.

Paste is common brown turpentine soap sliced very thin in a jug or any other open vessel, covered with water, and placed either in a cool oven, or near a fire, till it is perfectly dissolved, making a tender jelly when cold. March 30th, 1830.

Dissolve sugar of lead in warm water, very strong; add this to the soap cold, stir them well together, then add spirit of turpentine, and separate the paste by squeezing it together with a knife, and adding more turpentine.

Dissolve saccharum sat. in alcohol over the fire, and let it cool (quantity immaterial), pour it on linseed oil, about twice the quantity of spirit, stirred well together. Then add mastic varnish, about equal quantities, half the quantity or less with the mixture.

An excellent vehicle, dries well, the best I ever had, to be kept under water.

Used to pour oil on it while hot; it appeared to do well.

Mastic, sacc. sat. and spirit of wine dries hard.

Excellent vehicles and dryer.

Discovered by me by an accident.—W. B., March, 1832.

Dissolve sugar of lead in spirits of wine, as much as will cover it. When dissolved mix it with linseed oil. Then add mastic v. If wanted more coagulated, add mastic varnish.

Ohio turpentine dissolved in alcohol ; then add sac. ground in oil and turpentine—no oil—mixed with oil it makes a tender, melting kind of vehicle and dries solid. June 24th, 1835.

Experiment on the back of an old canvas rubbed-out portrait. Gum sandrac, ground with sacc. sat. in spirits of wine, turpentine, and then mixed with a little oil.

It mixes with mastic varnish, or resin, ground with sugar of lead in oil.

This resembles the Venetian more than anything I ever tried. It dries solid, and not sticky.

The frankincense is the best of all resins. You may always depend on it. It is beautiful ; first dissolved in alcohol, etc. It mixes with oil and turpentine like the pulp of a grape.

(This is the climax.—B. R. H.)

Lime newly burnt, slaked with warm water till it becomes as thick as dough. Then take the curds of milk of the same quantity as the dough of lime, and mix them together. This makes a vehicle in which you may mix oil.

Green colour. Whiting put in a pipkin over a fire, and oil of blue vitriol poured on it till it is absorbed. Then grind it in oil.

(Finis of Beechey's notes.—B. R. H.)

Having thus gone through the experiments of Reynolds, and the notes of my dear, old, good-hearted friend Beechey, I conclude with my astonishment at the childishness of many of them.

Reynolds was always pursuing a surface ; was willing to get *at once* what the old masters did with the simplest materials, and left time and drying to *enamel*. That enamelled look, the result of thorough drying hard and time, must not be attempted at once. It can only be done, as Reynolds did it, by artificial mixtures, which the old masters never thought of. And, therefore, the great part of Reynolds's works are split to pieces from their inconsistent unions.

To wax a head, then egg a head, then paint in oil on these two contracting substances, then varnish it, then wax, oil, then paint again all and each still half dry beneath, could end only in ruin, however exquisite at the time.

Whilst West's detestable surface has stood from the simplicity of his vehicle, half of Sir Joshua's heads are gone, though what remain are so exquisite, one is willing to sacrifice them for the works we see.

Reynolds said once, " Northcote, you don't clean my brushes well." " How can I ? " said Northcote ; " they are so sticky and gummy."

This is confirmed by these receipts. They must have been so.

A gentleman told Wilkie he sat to Sir Joshua. Sir Joshua dabbled in a quantity of stuff, laid the picture on its back, shook it about till it settled like a batter pudding, and then painted away.

ADDENDA (Beechey)

Sir Joshua having made use of Ven. turp. and wax as a varnish accounts, in a great measure, for the pale and raw appearance of his pictures after cleaning.

Rubbed ever so lightly with spirits of turpentine the glazing colours must inevitably be removed.

Venetian turpentine and wax must in time also become opaque, and if it dries hard (which I doubt) it must crack and turn yellow, if not leave the canvas altogether.

A most extraordinary practice for so sensible a man. Every one could have told him carmine would not stand in oil, or his varnish be permanent.

Those pictures which he painted on unprimed wood, or unprimed cloth, remain fixed, because his first colouring is partly absorbed; but painted on a ground prepared in oil, the wax and varnish separate as soon as it becomes dry and hard, having nothing for these materials to adhere to, and the paste used in lining cannot penetrate through the oil priming, so as to come in contact with the painting in order to secure it. The picture-cleaners take off what Sir Joshua thought the most precious part of his colouring, *i.e.* what he finished with, which produced what he called "a deep-toned brightness." The practice was good, but the means deplorable.

Hoppner used wax and mastic varnish with his oil colours, in a moderate degree, and his pictures stand well.¹ But Sir Joshua loaded his pictures with that mixture *without oil*, and seemed delighted to dabble in it without considering the consequences. It is, however, a most *delicious vehicle* to use, and gives the power of doing such things and producing such effects as cannot be approached by anything else, *while the pictures are fresh*, but time seems to have envied his fame, and to delight in the destruction of his most beautiful works.

Rembrandt followed the same mode of practice, but employed other materials—materials which were permanent. Rembrandt only painted his lights with a full body of colour; his shadows were always smooth and thin, but very soft.

Sir Joshua loaded his shadows as much as his lights. There is a binding quality in white, which always dries hard like cement. Dark colours the reverse, and if thickly painted, crack with any vehicle except oil.

Vandyke's vehicle was principally oil mixed with a little varnish. The head of Gevartius seems to have been painted with it only, and that is bright enough for anything.

I think Rembrandt seduced Sir Joshua, for he seems to have used something of the consistence of butter, which is a most bewitching vehicle certainly.

¹ They do not stand. To wit, Lord Hastings (Moir) and another at Windsor.—B. R. H.

He also produced his extraordinary effects by glazing, which the picture-restorer easily removes, and which, in many instances, has been removed, and the possessor thought his picture the better for it.

Sir Joshua, in his notes, has remarked he saw one picture by Vandyke which had not suffered by cleaning, in Flanders.

My Lord Cowper has a family picture which is perfect. The finest I ever saw.

APPENDIX IV

*Account by Sir Joshua Reynolds of his Resignation of the
Presidency of the Royal Academy.*

(The following was among the extracts copied for Haydon from Sir Joshua's original memoranda, in the possession of Mrs Gwatkin. There are other papers among Haydon's MSS. which have formed part of the same collection, but they are so fragmentary that I have been unable to give them a coherent form. The style of this statement rather gives colour to the notion that Sir Joshua had some literary aid in his *Discourses*.—Ed.)

The consequence which every man is to himself, and the imaginary interest he vainly supposes the public take in what concerns him or his private affairs, may reasonably be supposed to be the origin of the various apologies for the life and conduct of very insignificant individuals. However I wish to avoid the ridicule that attends such appeals to the public, yet it has been suggested to me by my friends, that as the public appear to have already interested themselves from the daily account in the newspapers, and the statement of the dissensions in the Academy in those papers and other publications not very advantageous to the President, it is proper that a fair account ought to be laid before the public, that the ridicule that might otherwise attend it was obviated by having presided in a public office, of however comparative inferior rank that office was—it is still such as the world has thought proper to interest themselves about its success or miscarriage. That if you can show that the opposition you met with in the Academy was in the prosecution of your duty, and the insult which you lately received was unprovoked and unmerited, it is a duty you owe yourself and your character so to do, and at once clear yourself from the clandestine, as well as public, insinuations that are now circulating in the world. To do this it is necessary to go back a few years, to get at the original cause of this dissension amongst the Academicians.

Years ago the Academy lost its Professor of Perspective, Mr Wale. To fill this office, no candidate voluntarily appearing, the President personally applied to those Academicians whom he thought qualified, and particularly to Mr P. Sandby and Mr Richards, begging them to accept the place, and save the Academy from the disgraceful appearance of there not being a member in it capable of filling this office, or that they were too indolent to undertake

undertake its duty. My solicitations were in vain. A Council was then called to deliberate what was to be done. Sir William Chambers proposed that as from the orders in our institution the Professor must be an Academician, he recommended that we should endeavour to find out some person, out of the Academy, properly qualified, and elect him an Academician expressly for that purpose, and I remember his adding that it was the custom so to do in the French Academy. This method of proceeding was adopted, but, no person so qualified occurring to the Council, nothing more was done for the present. At a succeeding Council I proposed Mr Bonomi. Mr Edwards, an Associate, was likewise proposed.

It was then hinted with great propriety by our late Secretary, Mr Newton, that he apprehended we should think it necessary that the candidates should produce specimens of their abilities. We all acquiesced in this opinion. I acquainted Mr Bonomi what the Council required, and Mr Edwards's friend gave the same information to him. The President soon after received a letter from Mr Edwards, in which he proposes himself as a candidate, but that, if specimens are required, he is past being a boy and shall produce none. Mr Bonomi sent his specimen to the Exhibition, which was a perspective drawing of his own invention of Lord Lansdowne's library. At the following general meeting for the election of an Associate, the President reminded the Academy that the Professorship of Perspective was still vacant, and that Mr Bonomi was on the list of candidates to be an Associate, with a view particularly to fill that office; that as they had seen his specimen at the Exhibition, they were to judge whether or not he was qualified for the place he solicited, he carefully avoiding to utter a single word in his commendation. When the President sat down, Mr P. Sandby, the Professor of Architecture, without being called upon by the President or anyone else, rose and said he did not know Mr Bonomi, having never seen him in his life, but, judging from the drawing at the Exhibition, he thought him eminently qualified to be Professor of Perspective to the Academy.

Notwithstanding this high authority in his favour Mr Bonomi was not elected an Academician. At a succeeding election of Associates Mr Bonomi wished to decline being any longer a candidate. I pressed him to continue his name on the list, that I would speak more fully upon the business at the next election than I had hitherto done, and that if I failed I never would ask him again. Accordingly, at the next election following, the President, after mentioning that Mr Bonomi was again a candidate, complained of the little attention that had been hitherto paid to filling the chair of Professor of Perspective. That it was full as disagreeable to him to drop counsel in unwilling ears as it was irksome to them to hear it. That nothing but a sense of duty could make him persevere as he had done for these five years past at every election, continually recommending them to fill this place,

that

that it would continue to be his duty at every future election, and begged them to relieve him from this disagreeable task, and for once to set aside their friends, or even candidates of the greatest merit in other respects, and give their vote to the general interest and honour of the Academy : in short, to make the Academy itself whole and complete before they thought of its ornaments. That it could not be questioned that it was as much his duty as President and general superintendent to preserve and keep the Academy in repair, as it would be the duty of Sir William Chambers, when a pillar of the Academy was decayed, to supply the deficiency with a new one. Sir William, he acknowledged, had one great advantage ; by his *fiat* the business was done at once, whereas the President had been five years ineffectually recommending the Academy to do what was certainly as much their duty to support, as it was the duty of the President to propose. He concluded this part of his discourse by exhorting them to save an infant Academy from the disgraceful appearance of expiring with the decrepitude of neglected old age. It is necessary here to mention that the President having been informed that there was a party in the Academy who had resolved that Mr Edwards, who was already an Associate, should be the Professor, whether he did or did not produce a specimen, and that they were resolved to unite in their votes in favour of any one of the candidates, to prevent Bonomi from standing upon the same ground with Mr Edwards ; for this end they fixed their eyes on Mr Gilpin, an artist of acknowledged merit and certainly deserving their suffrages, but it may be suspected that it was not to his merit at present but to a faction (in which he most certainly had no concern) he was indebted to an equal number of votes with Mr Bonomi. It became then a very irksome task for the President to be obliged to give the casting vote against him, whom he would be glad to have favoured upon any other occasion.

The President therefore took this opportunity of expatiating on the propriety and even the necessity of the candidates, whoever they were, producing specimens of their abilities, and when those were before them that they would give their vote in favour of the most able artist, uninfluenced by friendship, country, or any other motive, but merit ; that the honour of the Academy depended upon the reputation of its members for genius and abilities, and reprobated the idea, which had been adopted, as he had been informed, by many Academicians, that great abilities or being able to produce splendid drawings were not necessary. Such sentiments, he said, might be excused if we were electing a person to teach perspective in one of those boarding-schools about London, which are dignified with the name of Academies, but to be able to do well enough was not the character of a Professor to a Royal Academy, which required its ornaments and decorations as well as what was merely necessary ; that the highly ornamented ceiling of the room in which we were then assembled sufficiently shows that Sir William Chambers thought (and he thought justly) that

that something more than merely what was necessary was required to a Royal Academy.

Having now finished my relation of the causes that induced me to take this step, I cannot conclude without obviating a suspicion that I think will naturally arise in every reader's mind, that something is still concealed, and that an implicit confidence ought not to be granted to him who tells his own story.

I shall only state what I have heard myself openly given or informed by letters as reasons against Bonomi : if there are other causes, let the person whom the party have chosen for their leader and spokesman stand forth and convince the world that his insulting the President in his chair was reasonable and proper, and no more than what his conduct deserved, as appears from the great support that motion received.

The whole appearance was new to me. Instead of the members as usual straggling about the room, they were already seated in perfect order and with the most profound silence. I went directly to the chair, and looking round for the candidates' drawings, I at last spied those of Mr Bonomi thrust in the darkest corner at the farthest end of the room. I then desired the Secretary to place them on the side table, where they might be seen. He at first appeared not to hear me : I repeated my request ; he then rose, and in a sluggish manner walked to the other end of the room (passing the drawings), rung the bell, and then stood with his folded arms, in the middle of the room. Observing this extraordinary conduct of the Secretary, I took one of the drawings in my hand, and — took the other and placed them on the tables ; the Secretary, who has thought proper to join the party, which in reality may be called in regard to him rebellion, not deigning to touch them ; he only said he had rung the bell for the servant, which servant, it is curious to remark (as it shows the rude spirit and gross manner of this Cabal) was to mount that long flight of steps in order to move two drawings from one side of the room to the other.

The drawings were now placed where they could be seen, though no Academician but Mr P. Sandby deigned to rise from the seat to look at them.

The President, having resumed his seat, opened the business of their meeting—that it was to choose an Academician in the room of Mr Meyers ; that he should not now take up their time by repeating what he had so often recommended, that they would put aside every candidate and turn their eyes on him who was qualified and willing to accept of the office of Professor of Perspective, which had been vacant so many years to the great disgrace of the Academy ; that as Mr Bonomi's rival, by not sending to the Academy a specimen of his abilities, appeared to have declined the contest, he hoped—hoped, he confessed, rather than expected—that the votes for the honour of the Academy would be unanimous on this occasion ; that they would consider the question before them as, ay or no, is the author of those drawings which
are

are on the table qualified or not qualified for the office he solicits?

As soon as the President sat down, an Academician who is and has been long considered as the spokesman of the party, demanded who ordered those drawings to be sent to the Academy. President answered, it was by his order. He asked a second time in a more peremptory tone. The President said, "I did." "I move that they be turned over or sent out of the room. Does anyone second this motion?" Mr Barry rose with great indignation. "No." says he, "nobody can be found so lost to shame as to dare to second so infamous a motion—drawings that would do honour to the greatest Academy that ever existed in the world!" Mr Banks with great quietness seconded the motion. On the show of hands a great majority appeared for the expulsion. The President then rose to explain to them the propriety of Mr Bonomi's drawings being there to oppose with Mr Edwards's, which were expected and ordered by the Council, but he was interrupted from various quarters, that the business was over: they would hear no explanation; that it was irregular (Mr Copley said) to talk upon business that was past and determined. The President acquiesced, and they proceeded in the election, when Mr Fuseli, a very ingenious artist, but no candidate for the Professor's chair, was elected an Academician by a majority of twenty-two against eight.

The next morning the President resigned by letter to the Secretary both his Presidency and his seat as Academician.

(Copied for me by Joshua Reynolds Gwatkin, by leave of Mrs Gwatkin, Sir Joshua's niece, aged eighty-nine, at Plymouth, October 8, 1845, from Sir Joshua's original manuscript.

B. R. HAYDON.)

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